This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06729475 5

242

James Lenox

THE

WORKS

OF

GRACE KENNEDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DECISION."

In Six Volumes.

VOL. IV.

DUNALLAN.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM OLIPHANT,

22, SOUTH BRIDGE STREET:

AND SOLD BY M. OGLE, AND W. COLLINS, GLASGOW; J. FINLAY, NEWCASTLE; J. HATCHARD & SON, HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO. J. NISBET, J. DUNCAN, AND B. J. HOLDSWORTH, LONDON; AND R. M. TIMS, AND W. CURRY, JUN. & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXVII.

PRINTED BY A. BALFOUR & CO.

DUNALLAN;

OR,

KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE;

A STORY.

VIEW OF ARMORE

Vol. IV.

Edinburgh Published by W. Oliphant, 22 South Bridge Street 1807

DUNALLAN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, gentle sleep! thou art, indeed, frighted away," exclaimed Catharine Dunallan, after a night spent in vain efforts to attain that repose which had seldom before deserted her, and to banish from her thoughts the idea of the approaching day. On that day she was, for the first time since her childhood, to see her destined husband. He was her relation, though a distant one, and heir to her father's title, which descended only in the male line. To preserve this title, and the estates of both families undivided, had been equally the ambition of Catharine's father and of the father of her destined husband.

Lord Dunallan had obtained a promise from his daughter, when very young, to agree to his wishes on this subject. She had then loved him with all the ardour of nearly undivided affection, and would readily have promised any thing he had chosen to ask; but as her understanding im-

proved, and she found that in the society, limited as it was, in which her father permitted her to mix, she liked and disliked with almost equal warmth, she became painfully aware of the selfishness and injustice which had induced him thus to sacrifice, perhaps, the whole happiness of his only child to his own ambitious views; and she looked forward with dread to an event which would unite her for ever to a being she might detest; yet she loved her father so tenderly, that it was painful to her to indulge a thought injurious to him. The evil day, too, had always seemed at a distance, for the young Dunallan had been long abroad, and, during wars and revolutions, had found means to travel through countries where few peaceful travellers had dared to venture. His love for this wandering life had seemed to increase; and Catharine, who knew that his father had obtained a similar promise from him, to that which she had given to Lord Dunallan, suspected in secret, that repugnance to this unchosen marriage was the cause of his banishing himself from his country. At, last, however, his father was taken dangerously ill. Dunallan was written for—instantly hurried home, and arrived in time to soothe the last hours of his parent.

Lord Dunallan wrote to his young relative on the death of his father, and soon received an answer to his letter, which concluded thus:

"My father's last moments were disturbed by his anxiety for the completion of a scheme formed by your Lordship and himself, to unite the title and fortunes of our families. He informed me that Miss Dunallan had consented to this union of interests. Urged by him at such a moment, I could have no choice. In six months, therefore, if I live, I shall have the honour of waiting on your Lordship, wherever you choose, to fulfil my part of the engagement."

Lord Dunallan was extremely displeased with this letter. His pride and affection for his daughter had almost triumphed over his love of family—but old ideas soon returned—it was in human nature, he wisely recollected, particularly in youth, to despise what was easily obtained. He determined to seem less anxious about this first wish of his heart, and then Dunallan would see its advantages. He did not write to him again for some time, then hoped, he said, soon to see his young relation, he flattered himself he might call him his young friend: but let him come as a friend and relation. His daughter was his companion and solace. The thought of separation was so painful, he wished he could forget it for ever.

To this letter he received no answer till within a few days of the expiration of the six months, when Dunallan announced his intention of waiting on Lord Dunallan early in the ensuing

week: and requested in gentler terms than formerly, though still cold, that in a few weeks Miss Dunallan might be permitted to return with him to Arnmore; or that he might be informed of her wishes, which he should feel himself bound to acquiesce in if possible. "Business of importance," added he, "calls me to London, perhaps abroad, and possibly for years. Wherever duty may call me, however, I beg Miss Dunallan may be assured, that the choice of her own residence shall only require the sanction of her father to secure my assent."

It would be vain to attempt describing the state of Catharine's feelings during the few days which intervened between that on which her father gave her this letter to read, and the morning of the day on which Dunallan was expected.

"My dreams of happiness have passed away for ever," thought she, as she slowly dressed; then, throwing open the window to breathe the freshness of the morning, she, for a time, forgot all her griefs while gazing at the scene before her. The sun had just risen. She had seldom seen its first rays before, and the woods, the distant mountains, and still misty lake, appeared more than usually beautiful. Almost unconscious of existence, she watched the brightening scene, till at last, recalled to herself by some one softly entering her apartment. She turned round. "My Elizabeth! how kind! but this is too

early. You cannot have recovered from the fatigues of yesterday."

Her cousin assured her she was perfectly recovered; and, having heard her window opened, she suspected that sleep had equally forsaken both. "And you know, dear Catharine," added she, "you promised if I would go quietly to bed last night, you would satisfy my curiosity completely this morning; so now, we shall have two hours to converse about every thing before a creature is awake."

"Oh! Elizabeth, every thing I have to converse about is disagreeable. I cannot find an idea to rest upon that is not painful. Even that scene, (pointing from the window,) even that is painful, for it reminds me of the cause of my being obliged to become for ever the companion of a man who regards our union with repugnance; whose affections are probably possessed by another; and whose character, even if that is not the case, is just what I detest. Oh! that I could give him those woods and fields without myself. I should find nature beautiful any where were I only free; and how many thousand times more valuable should I esteem the heart which I could win, were I a portionless girl."

Elizabeth sighed, but remained silent for a moment. "Tell me, dear Catharine," said she, "why is Mr. Dunallan's character so disagreeable to you? and why did you never mention this in your late letters to me?"

"Because——I cannot very well tell why. There is just a something in all I hear of him that I dislike. You know, Elizabeth, of the letters he wrote to my father—so stiff, so formal, and cold. I thought them quite insulting."

"It is plain," replied Elizabeth, "that he feels himself forced to marry, and that he spurns this force upon his inclinations; but, dear Catharine, I do not feel very anxious about this. When he sees and knows you, he will love his father's memory for the very thing he now most revolts at."

"Dear Elizabeth, has my father been tutoring you? You use his very words; and when you use them, I will say they are very foolish. Can you think that a man who has been travelling all over Europe—in France, Italy, Poland, in short, wherever agreeable women are to be met with—will find a simple country girl, who has scarcely ever associated with any but neighbours as simple as herself, so irresistibly charming? Particularly, too, when that girl is so prejudiced against him, that any agreeable qualities she may have will be invisible; for, you know, my face betrays all my feelings?"

"I know, my dear Catharine, that this very expressiveness of countenance, which makes you unable to conceal any thing, is the very charm which I think irresistible."

"Particularly when my face will say, 'Mr.

Dunallan, you are hateful to me, and have been so for years.'"

"But tell me why he is so hateful to you? and why have you been so secret with me on this subject?"

"Well, I will; but I have so much to tell you I do not know where to begin. I am sure, however, you will feel as I do when you know all. You remember when I was a child, and he a boy about fourteen, that he then disliked me, and we quarrelled continually."

"But, Catharine, you surely cannot allow yourself to be prejudiced by what passed then: you, a spoiled, self-willed, domineering little girl; and he a thoughtless, rambling boy."

"Never thoughtless, Elizabeth; always solemn and considerate, even then. I do not, however, form my opinion of him on such trifling grounds. I only remind you of this, to show you that naturally we do not suit each other; for even children discover what is agreeable to them in other children. Think what you choose about that, however, I have enough besides to tell you. I ought to begin, I believe, by informing you that he professes being extremely religious, much more so than other people, and is very gloomy and strict. He is called the 'Saint of Arnmore,' by the gentlemen of his own county. You shall judge whether his actions are quite consistent with these pretensions. You know, I believe, how

uncommonly tender his father's affection was for him; yet nothing would prevail on Dunallan to remain at home. I myself heard the old gentleman say, that he had intreated him only to name his wishes, and that he would consent to them. He offered him his largest estate, or both estates, while he himself should only retain a moderate annuity; but not all this eagerness for his society, in his only surviving parent, could induce this cold and self-willed being to remain, even for a few months in the year, at home; and yet he made a disgusting parade of visiting prisons, relieving distress, and representing to the different authorities wherever he went, the defects and abuses which he detected; while his father, in bad health and retirement, was left to the care of mercenaries."

"Shameful hypocrisy!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I have heard of his benevolence and charities; and his kindness to myself when a child, and ill treated by your governess, had rather impressed me in his favour, but this trait in his character is indeed very bad."

"I have more to tell you, my dear Elizabeth. After his father's death, Dunallan dismissed every servant in the house, some of whom had lived with old Mr. Dunallan for more than twenty years; and did not give the smallest present or reward, to any one of them, excepting to a very young and pretty girl, who had only been a few

weeks in the house, to whom he gave money, and with it, hypocritical being, a Bible!"

"Shocking! But how do you know all this?"

"From the young girl herself. She came all the way from her father's cottage at Arnmore, to ask me to take her into my service; and very wisely thought that these proofs of Dunallan's partiality would recommend her to me, as, she said, she knew my 'Ladyship' was going to be married to Mr. Dunallan."

"And what is become of her?"

"I immediately sent her back to her father. I dreaded extremely that Dunallan should suppose I was making any inquiries respecting him; for though I must feel interested in all I hear of him, I have never sought for any information. All I have heard has been by accident, excepting his opinion of myself, which I believe, was purposely left for me to read, by our acquaintance Mrs. Lennox."

"Mrs. Lennox! you surely know how to appreciate any thing she says?"

"Oh, certainly I do: but this letter was addressed to her son, and was from Dunallan himself."

"But Mrs. Lennox would do any thing, my dear Catharine, to break off your marriage, in the hope that you might be won by the charms of her stupid George."

"Yes; but George is very different from his

mother, and has no preference for me. I know he is engaged to another, and this letter was the means of putting me in possession of his secret. About two years since, when I was on a visit at Mrs. Lennox's, she gave me a book which I had wished to read. In this book I found folded, and laid in, as if for a mark, a sheet of written paper. I had seen the book lying in the breakfast parlour, and it never occurred to me that it could be any thing but a quotation from it: and as I read, I supposed it a character depicted for the use, or rather warning of young ladies, to whom the book was addressed. I almost remember the words, I have thought so often of them since. It began thus,—'She was, when a child, violent and self-willed; careless of all around her, if she attained her own object. Unchecked by any one, her faults, from all I hear, have strengthened with her years: and now she is the opposite of what, in my eyes, is lovely, or loveable in woman. I allow, my friend, that when joined to feminine softness, talents in women are very desirable, and greatly increase their power of charming; but without that softness, they are very disagreeable to me: in short, I see, and thank you for the kindness of your intentions, but I cannot feel reconciled to my proposed union with Miss Dunallan.' Here, my dear, Elizabeth, I stopped, as I perceived I had by mistake been reading a letter from——it was easy to guess

whom. I immediately went in search of Mrs. Lennox, and said I had inadvertently read a letter addressed to her son. Before she could possibly have seen what I held in my hand, she exclaimed, 'Oh! what have I done! You have found Mr. Dunallan's letter to George. What shall I do! George will never forgive me.' George fortunately entered the room at that moment, and as I saw Mrs. Lennox was merely affecting to dread her son's displeasure, I told him of my mistake, showed him what I had read, and assured him, as he really appeared distressed at my having seen this character of myself, that I thought it fortunate I had, as I might correct the faults imputed to me. George took an early opportunity of imparting to me his own views and wishes. He saw his mother's plans for him, and dreaded that I might suspect he had entered into them. I have felt as a sister for George ever since that day: but I must not now spend time in talking of him. Tell me, Elizabeth, do you think it possible for me to look forward to a connection for life with this man without dread?"

Elizabeth shook her head, but remained silent.

"I believe," continued Catharine, "you agree with me in thinking what I have already told you, sufficient to take away all hopes of happiness from such an union: yet this is not all. I have described him as a son, and as a master; I have

still to make you acquainted with him as a friend and a brother. You have met with Mr. Clanmar. You know that he and Dunallan were educated together when boys. They afterwards travelled together in Holland, Germany, and other countries. You have heard that Mr. Clanmar, to the inexpressible grief of his friends, brought home a young German lady as his wife, whose character suffered extremely from the suspicious circumstances attending her marriage: in short, had her first child lived, his legitimacy might have been disputed; and this marriage was brought about, the Clanmars say, by Dunallan, whose influence over young Clanmar was then unbounded. The young lady is singularly interesting, and was a mere child at the time of her marriage; so the poor Clanmars are now, in some degree, reconciled to it: but they openly declare they can never regard Mr. Dunallan but as the most detestable of hypocrites; in short, there is something worse than I know in this story, at least there are dreadful suspicions. Young Clanmar, who is universally esteemed as one of the most amiable tempered men in the world, and indeed as very perfect in every way, never mentions Dunallan's name; and though formerly so devotedly attached to him, they now have no intercourse whatever."

"Dear Catharine!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "is

possible Lord Dunallan knows all this, and yet
ın suffer you to be united to this man!"

"Yes, my own Elizabeth, my father knows it
l; but he hates the Clanmars, who have al-
ays opposed him in the county, and supposes
ıey have exaggerated these stories. I fear
owever, they are too true; for I can see no rea-
ın for people, so remarkable for pride of birth
; they are, choosing to exaggerate stories which
:e disgraceful to the wife of him, who will soon
e the representative of their boasted family. But
ow, my Elizabeth, I shall tell you the history of
is only sister, as we may be interrupted. She
as been dead, you know, about two years, and
ft two children. She was older than Dunallan,
ıd before he left Oxford, had, with her father's
ınsent, married a young Englishman of family
ıd fortune. It was on Dunallan's quitting Ox-
ırd, that he first showed his dislike to living at
ome; and he spent much of his time in England
: the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Harcourt.
'or some time Mr. Harcourt continued one of
ıe gayest and most fashionable men about Lon-
on, but he gamed so deeply, that he very soon
ıined his fortune. Dunallan went abroad in less
ıan two years after leaving Oxford, and remain-
d absent, until called to England by Harcourt's
ıtreaties, whose creditors had become very
:oublesome. He so arranged matters, that Har-

court was permitted to accept of an appointment in India; but, ever cold and unfeeling, he compelled his unfortunate sister to remain in this country, though separation from her now unfortunate but still beloved Harcourt almost deprived her of existence. Dunallan's command of fortune, however, made him all powerful. Harcourt himself intreated his wife to remain. She died two years afterwards of a broken heart. Her children are with Dunallan, or rather with an aunt of his, whom he has got to superintend his domestic concerns, including me, I suppose. And now Elizabeth, you know his character, tell me, my real friend, what do you think I ought to do? I have given my promise to my father; I cannot retract it: but if I could delay—if I could induce Mr. Dunallan to give up his pursuit. He has the worst opinion of me. What can I do?"

Elizabeth continued silent for a few moments, then asked her friend whether she thought it quite impossible to change her father's wishes.

"Quite so, my Elizabeth. Ah, if you knew the various means I have tried in vain. I ought not to wish it," added she, rising, and bursting into tears; "I have had many happy years from his kindness; I ought not to repine at sacrificing the rest of my life to him."

"Allow me to speak on the subject to Mr. Dunallan when he arrives," said Elizabeth.

"But would that be fulfilling my promise to

ny father? No, no; I must go on. Come here, ny Elizabeth: look at those woods; look at those listant mountains, and those soft hills still nearer. Look at that smooth lake, as it reflects its sur-ounding scenery, and tell me what you feel."

Elizabeth gazed with admiration at the glorious cene before her, and then replied, "I feel, Ca-harine, that I could never be very unhappy with ature around me so sweet, so sublimely beauti-ul and soothing; unless I had lost for ever some eloved object, with whom I had enjoyed its harms; or was, by some insurmountable ob-tacle, separated from such a friend. I have eared to ask the question, Catharine; but there s no separation in your case, I fervently pray, vhich makes an union with Dunallan so dreadful o you."

"No, my dear Elizabeth; you yourself are the earest friend I have in the world; and you, I ope, will be more with me than you have of late een. My father has watched over my happiness n this respect. In the limited circle in which e has allowed me to mix, there is no one for hom I feel a preference: and I agree with you n thinking, that while I have a heart to feel, nd while nature and my friend are left to me, I annot be quite unhappy. Whatever happens, owever, life is not a long affair with any of us; articularly the miserable," added she, her eyes gain filling with tears.

Elizabeth threw her arms around her friend, and wept with her, but could find no subject of consolation.

"Who is this aunt of Dunallan's?" asked she at length.

"She is the most unfortunate human creature I ever heard of," replied Catharine, "she has lost her husband, and her whole family of six children. She is talked of as a good sort of woman, but a religious enthusiast. I suppose, poor soul, her misfortunes have affected her understanding, and I feel that I ought to pity her. Yet, what a companion! Dunallan is equally gloomy and enthusiastic. Oh! my father, what a cruel choice! As he says of me, he is the complete opposite of what I could ever find it possible to love. But here comes Martin, and I must bid adieu to this subject. My heart feels relieved by conversing with you, my own Elizabeth; but, perhaps, if I am not to appear very unhappy to my father, it will be necessary to avoid in future such softening intercourse."

Elizabeth agreed; and embracing each other, as if in giving up this soothing confidence, they had given up their last consolation, Elizabeth left her young friend with the wondering Martin, who had come earlier than usual to call her lady on this eventful day.

Martin had suspected, however, that Mr. Dunallan's arrival was no cause of joy to her young

ress. Catharine's early rising, and the tears
er eyes, confirmed her suspicions, and made
less unwilling to agree to her lady's determi-
on to wear a very plain morning dress.
atharine had no desire to please Mr. Dunal-

If she could have concealed her face, or
rived it of the power of expression, she would
e been more satisfied. She had an additional
se of uneasiness in the numerous spectators
must witness her feelings. Lord Dunallan,
a a dread of his daughter's gentle submissive
s, and melancholy sweetness of manners,
ch were now the only means she used to in-
e him to pity her; and perhaps from a dread
is own feelings, when about to part from a
d he loved next to his family and name, had
ted the neighbouring families in succession
several weeks. To none of them had Catha-
imparted her dislike to her approaching mar-
e; and though the younger part wondered at
r beautiful companion thus agreeing, like one
ie royal family to be united to a person she
scarcely ever seen; and the elder envied the
er who had so submissive a child; yet both
ibed this submission to pride, and the same
of family so remarkable in Lord Dunallan.
harine had perceived this, and the idea of
r observing all her actions thus prejudiced,
led and discouraged her; yet she resolved
to transfer their disapprobation from herself
er father by the slightest hint of the truth.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Dunallan was alone in the breakfast room when Catharine entered. He received her with tenderness; kissed her forehead; and pressed her hastily to his bosom; glanced at her pale countenance; then saying he had forgot something, (she did not hear what,) he left her: but she heard him sigh deeply, which brought tears into her eyes, and confirmed her determination to conceal from him and every one else the dejection she felt.

Elizabeth soon joined her, and then Mrs. Lennox, her son George, and Rose his sister: the St. Clairs of the Isle, Sir Archibald and Lady Cameron of Glenmore, their son, and two daughters.

Every eye during breakfast was turned towards Catharine. Elizabeth endeavoured to divert the attention of the party, by proposing plans of amusement for the day, and this in some degree succeeded.

"Miss Dunallan has expressed no preference," said young St. Clair at last. "Miss Dunallan, I know you are fond of riding. Shall we ride?"

"Oh no! dear Miss Dunallan," exclaimed Rose Lennox, "do consent to the sailing party."

"But if Catharine prefers riding," said Miss Cameron.

"We can ride first," replied Catharine, "and then sail. The day is charming; we shall have time for both, if we order the horses immediately."

The horses were soon ready; and the younger visitors of the party set of, all gay, and in expectation of enjoyment. *She* only was sad, whom each thought had most the power of being happy.

Young St. Clair assisted Catharine to mount her horse. He had observed the dejection, which she in vain attempted to conceal, and his manner showed her that he had. He put the reins into her hand, but laid his arm on the neck of the horse. "He is very gentle," said he, stroking him.

"Yes," replied Catharine, "he obeys the slightest touch of the reins."

St. Clair looked earnestly but tenderly at Catharine, and said in a low voice, "You, Miss Dunallan, will always find it so with all whom you condescend to guide, or lead,—or love," added he, in a still lower voice.

Catharine looked languidly away, bowed coldly, and rode on.

Catharine had willingly agreed to the wishes

of her young friends, because she hoped i would, while riding or sailing, forget herself a her griefs; but though the day was charmi and her companions increased in gaiety, s could not banish thought, and became every n ment more sad.

The lake was smooth, and the air soft a balmy; the surrounding scenery even more th usually beautiful; yet Catharine thought only her approaching meeting with her hated cous and the time they continued to sail seemed te ous, though she dreaded its termination. At l they landed at a short distance from the cas St. Clair offered his arm to Catharine. Elizab walked on her other side, and on turning rou a part of the wood, they came in sight of t house, at the entrance to which a travelling c riage had just stopped. Catharine looked eage towards it, until she saw a gentleman, of a t and graceful figure, alight rather slowly from and her father advance to meet him. She su posed it was Dunallan, and becoming as pale death, she involuntarily shrunk back. St. Cl who felt her tremble violently, intreated her sit down on a garden seat near where they sto "We have had such a fatiguing day," said "I am surprised at any lady having strength such exertions." Catharine trembled so exc sively, that she was obliged for a few moments comply with his request. Annoyed, however,

the looks and attentions of St. Clair, and by the inquiries of the rest of the party, who soon joined them, she struggled to regain composure, and leaning on Elizabeth's arm, again proceeded towards the house. St. Clair intreated her to lean on him, but she coldly declined his offer, and looking back for Rose Lennox, who instantly came to her, put her arm within hers, and in a whisper begged her to remain near her.

Lord Dunallan and the stranger now approached. Catharine dared not raise her eyes, but became very pale, and trembled violently.

"It *is* Mr. Dunallan," whispered Elizabeth, "I recollect him perfectly. He looks very mild." Catharine remained silent. The rest of the party were walking before, and Lord Dunallan first introduced Dunallan to them, then approaching. "Catharine, my love, your cousin. Elizabeth, you remember Mr. Dunallan." Catharine looked up for a moment; Dunallan's eyes were mildly fixed upon her; her's fell under his, and she blushed deeply. She felt ashamed of the appearance of bashful timidity, which she was conscious must be the impression her silence and blushes would convey to Dunallan; yet she could not speak; but recollecting all she had heard of him, and her own situation, contempt, pride, and dislike of his character regained their influence; and, though silent, she walked on with her head raised, and her eyes looking down with an ex-

pression of great haughtiness. Dunallan entered into conversation with Elizabeth. The very tone of his voice was disagreeable to Catharine; because so different from what she expected it to be from the person she had so long pictured in her imagination. It was singularly mild and low.

"I have travelled in so many climates, and been exposed to such scorching suns, that I am surprised and flattered at your recollecting me, Miss Murray; yet I believe it is the expression of a friend's countenance we remember. I should have known you also, had I seen you smile."

"And Miss Dunallan, should you have known her?" asked Elizabeth.

"I believe not:" then looking past Elizabeth for a moment, "Yes, Miss Dunallan is less changed than I thought, the first moment I had the pleasure of seeing her."

Catharine pressed Elizabeth's arm; for Dunallan breathed a short sigh after saying this.

Elizabeth was not surprised at his sigh, when she looked at Catharine; for she had no idea her friend could look so little agreeable.

They walked on for a short way in silence. Dunallan then remarked the improvements which had taken place around Dunallan Castle during his absence.

"Can you admire our poor Scotland, after

having visited Italy and Switzerland?" asked Elizabeth.

"I have seen no scenery *to me* more beautiful than what now surrounds me since I left Scotland," replied Dunallan; "That at Arnmore only surpasses it," added he, smiling.

"Yours is a very happy taste, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, in rather an ironical tone of voice.

"Is it so unfortunate as to differ from yours, Miss Dunallan?"

"I certainly have never seen any place I preferred to Dunallan Castle," replied Catharine, "but I have never been out of Scotland, and imagine I should admire the scenery of some other countries still more, unless their describers greatly flatter them."

"I believe," answered Dunallan, "that even after you have seen those countries, you will not condemn my taste."

Catharine made no reply.

The party soon reached the house, and as it was late, separated to dress for dinner. Catharine followed Elizabeth to her room.

"Well, my dear Elizabeth, you see we have differed in opinion already."

"Yes, dear Catharine; but I must have you to lay aside that expression of haughtiness; and that contemptuous tone of voice. You provoke hostility."

"But I cannot help it, Elizabeth, and I confess you surprised me by entering so cordially into conversation with a person who you know has so many faults, and of whom you yourself expressed so bad an opinion before you met."

"I really had forgot for a time, what you told me, dear Catharine, there is something so singularly sincere and pleasing in his looks and manner."

"I have not looked at him yet," replied Catharine, "and cannot so soon forget his father or his sister, or his friend; but good bye, Elizabeth, I wish I *could* forget, and feel some of the complacency for him which you do."

When Catharine entered the drawing-room before dinner, she found most of the party assembled. A glance around the room, however, told her that Dunallan was not there. She felt relieved, and joined Mrs. Lennox and others, who were examining some prints which Lord Dunallan had just received from London. Catharine accepted of a seat placed for her by St. Clair, who protested against her standing after having suffered so much from fatigue. As the prints were in a large volume, it was impossible to see them when sitting. St. Clair and young Cameron therefore supported the book, so as to place the prints in an advantageous situation. Lady Cameron and Mrs. St. Clair chose to stand behind Catharine. Elizabeth, Rose, and the

others, also stood near her, while she, thrown back in her chair, scarcely conscious of what passed, languidly expressed her opinion, which was constantly appealed to by all the party. Dunallan entered during this scene. Catharine did not immediately change her attitude, but turned her eyes towards the door. Dunallan stood for a moment near the party, then, with a look of displeasure, turned away, and joined Lord Dunallan, who was standing in a window, absorbed in his own thoughts. Catharine felt her face glow, and leant forward to conceal it. Dunallan's was the same indignant glance which she used to dread when a child, because she always knew she deserved it. Now she was unconscious of its cause. She soon, however, recollected his opinion of her; proud, selfish, spoiled by prosperity; and she supposed her looks conveyed to him these impressions, surrounded by adulation as she was at that moment. "But what right has he," thought she, "to restrain or to dictate to me?" She raised her head, and again leaning back in her chair, began to talk to St. Clair, who, all animation and attention, watched and read her expressive countenance.

"Have you seen those prints, Mr. Dunallan?" asked his Lordship, approaching the table.

Dunallan followed slowly and stood behind Rose.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Catharine, when the

next print was shown. "Beautiful!" exclaimed every one except Dunallan.

"Mr. Dunallan, do you not think it beautiful?" asked Rose.

"I have seen the original painting," replied Dunallan, "and I think the print might have been much better."

"I too have seen the original painting," said St. Clair, "but must still agree with Miss Dunallan in thinking the print exquisitely fine."

Dunallan was silent.

Another print was shown.

"That is surely very fine," said Rose. "To me it appears beautiful."

"It is so," said Dunallan, "and does justice to the painting from which it has been taken."

"Particularly that part," remarked Catharine, pointing to the foreground, which was very unmeaning.

"No," replied Dunallan, in a calm voice, "but the painter of that piece is famous for his distances, while his foregrounds are always defective. Miss Lennox's taste is perfectly correct in admiring that part of the print to which she pointed."

"Oh," said Rose, "Catharine and I are both right."

Many more prints were turned over, but Catharine gave no opinion; and St. Clair seemed so much inclined to dispute whatever Dunallan

said, that she felt quite relieved when dinner was announced.

The day passed on. Catharine felt constrained by being conscious that she was observed by every one. She dreaded that her looks should betray her feelings. She wished to appear not unhappy to her father; yet, in making this attempt, she feared that the calm, and as she thought, very proud-looking Dunallan, might suppose she was pleased with her future prospects, which she felt became more alarming to her every time she ventured to think. These contending feelings gave to her countenance an expression of abstraction and uneasiness; while her indifference, and careless answers to those around her, by whom she was accustomed to be treated with a deference and attention which had unconsciously led her to disregard all they said, gave her the appearance of a dissatisfied spoiled child. Her eyes often met Dunallan's, and each time the expression of his seemed to increase in disapprobation, and she thought even in contempt. Catharine felt this extremely. Adulation, endeavours to soothe, if she was out of temper, and solicitude to discover her wishes, she was always accustomed to, and scarcely perceived; but, excepting from Elizabeth, or her own heart, she seldom saw a look, or heard a word of reproof. Every family in the neighbourhood had wished, in some way, to connect her with them. Of high

birth, and immense fortune, very beautiful, and, in general, amiable in temper, she was indisputably the most charming and most admired young lady in that part of the country. Her father's intention of uniting her to her cousin was well known; but, at the same time, all who were acquainted with her character supposed, that, though disengaged affections, and pride of family, might lead her to agree to her father's wishes before she saw the person proposed, that if she disliked him, nothing would induce her to proceed. Dunallan's long absence, and Lord Dunallan's ill-concealed displeasure, had increased their hopes. Mrs. Lennox felt certain that George, from the affectionate manner in which Catharine treated him, was not indifferent to her. The St. Clairs thought their Arthur irresistible, where there was no other engagement; and so did St. Clair, who was extremely handsome, and almost as much admired by the ladies as Catharine was by the other sex. Poor young Cameron was too modest to think himself worthy of such an angel; yet every gentle look she bestowed on him was the foundation of a day dream,—so delightful, that its demolition by her next look of total indifference equalled it in wretchedness. He lingered still near her, though he a thousand times determined to separate himself as far as the antipodes from her bewitching smiles, and killing indifference. His mother knew of his passion, and endeavoured to

gain Catharine's confidence by every gentle and winning method, and to recommend her son, by her constant praises of his excellence as a son and a brother. The Miss Camerons looked up to Catharine as the model of all perfection, and paid her the deference of the heart. Mrs. Lennox flattered her. Rose really loved, and was really loved by her. Lord Dunallan was quite satisfied, however, that none of these young men, nor their friends, had made any impression on Catharine's heart; and felt rather gratified that Dunallan should see the devotion of these families, the heirs of whom each possessed fortunes twice as large as his. Lord Dunallan watched Catharine's looks on this day. She saw that he did; and also that he was anxious to make all go on smoothly. But it would not do. St. Clair seemed to watch every opportunity of disputing with Dunallan, or of making him appear ridiculous, which, from his natural quickness, and very frequently exercised talent for satire, he generally found himself able to do whenever he attempted it with others. Dunallan's calmness, his temperate replies, and his unmoved politeness, were however too much for St. Clair, and he evidently lost his temper.

"Let us have some music, my love," said Lord Dunallan to his daughter. "Mr. Dunallan, I suppose, prefers Italian to any other." "No, my Lord, I prefer Scotch," said Dunallan. "In-

deed! Is it possible for one who has travell to preserve a taste so simple?"

"My taste is very simple, my Lord. In mu I prefer that with which I can associate so pleasing idea."

"And is Scotland so happy as to have insp ed your most pleasing ideas, Mr. Dunallan asked St. Clair with affected simplicity.

"More so than Italy, at least," replied Dun lan. "There is a charm, to be sure, in the ic of *home* to every one," said St. Clair.

Dunallan for the first time seemed moved. did not say *home*," replied he. "You, Mr. Clair, know I could not *mean* it."

There was an expression of so much pain, well as displeasure, in Dunallan's countenan when he said this, that Catharine felt touch She addressed him in a gentle tone of voice, a though he did not instantly regain his composu they soon entered into conversation. They ta ed first about music, and Catharine played a sung whatever he wished. He continued n her during the rest of the evening, and thougl conversation he often differed from her in c nion, and his looks expressed less of that pl sure and admiration with which she was gene ly listened to, than curiosity, and a wish to r her mind in her countenance, yet she felt, wl they parted for the night, that his look was one of disapprobation.

"I will not stay a moment with you, dear Catharine," said Elizabeth, following her into her apartment, "for you are quite worn out; only tell me in one word, are you not more pleased than you expected?"

"You need not be so careful of me, dear Elizabeth, I shall not soon sleep."

"Well; but answer me."

"I cannot answer you, Elizabeth. He is quite different from what I expected."

"Do not you find him very agreeable in manner?"

"Oh! agreeable and polished enough to make me certain he will despise my defects."

"Ridiculous! Your defects, Catharine. But good night. I see you think as I do."

Catharine again declared she could not sleep. But Elizabeth insisted on leaving her; and though at first a thousand confused and interesting thoughts kept her awake, they soon assumed the form of dreams, and these were lost in more profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning at breakfast, Lord Dunallan said, that if his friends would excuse him, he wished to pay a visit in the neighbourhood, which would detain him all the forenoon, and he was anxious before his departure, to discover whether there was any plan of amusement arranged for the day. Every one declared they would find amusement for themselves, and begged his Lordship to take no charge of them.

"Catharine, my love," said Lord Dunallan, "you will show your cousin the additions I have made to the library." This particular charge of her cousin committed to Catharine, brought a blush over her countenance, and an expression of displeasure.

Dunallan looked for her answer. She only bowed her assent very coldly.

"I believe, my Lord, I ought to relieve Miss Dunallan from this task, and accompany your Lordship part of the way. I wish to call on my young friend Clanmar."

"Clanmar!" exclaimed Catharine, quite thrown off her guard by surprise.

Dunallan looked for an explanation. Catharine blushed deeply. "I thought—I supposed —I did not know—I had been led to believe"—and she stopped.

"I believe I understand you, Miss Dunallan. You had been led to believe that Mr. Clanmar had reason to think himself injured by me, under the mask of friendship."

Catharine blushed again still more deeply; but was silent. There was something about Dunallan that quite deprived her of all presence of mind. Every look, every word he uttered, every expression of his open and animated countenance, was in direct contradiction to the character she had formed of him in idea; and his plain avowal of the truth on this occasion left her unable to say a word. She was relieved by Mrs. Lennox, who said, "One hears such stories of all one's friends, that it is necessary to believe absolutely nothing."

"Would it not be better, Mrs. Lennox," asked Dunallan, "to discover from our friends themselves whether there is any truth in such stories? if there is, our advice may be of use; if not, we may put our friend on his guard, or assist him in disproving them."

"Your theory is beautiful, Mr. Dunallan," said Mrs. Lennox, "but I fear impracticable; for the first consequence of telling a friend that such a one said so and so of him, would be a challenge;

and I believe Mr. Dunallan is an enemy to duelling."

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, "but it is not necessary to mention names on such an occasion."

"But," said Mrs. Lennox, "I should doubt the truth of what was told me; particularly," added she, laughing, "if it detracted from my own merits, unless I was informed who said it, and all about it, every way."

"I did not advert to being disbelieved, I confess," replied Dunallan, smiling. "I have yet to learn how to act upon such an occasion."

"But the situation of gentlemen and ladies is entirely different," rejoined Mrs. Lennox, "we stand in no awe of duels; so we can politely insinuate that we suspect there has been some misstatement, some mistake of names or persons. Oh, a hundred ways, which by degrees brings us to the bottom of every thing. I am pretty certain I could discover even Mr. Dunallan's authorities, if he told me some evil story he had heard of me."

Dunallan declined entering the lists with so dangerous a person, and retired with Lord Dunallan, who seemed rather anxious to depart. Catharine felt relieved by his absence; and after she had engaged the rest of the party in such amusements as suited their different tastes, she retired with Elizabeth to converse with her about

Dunallan, and her own hopes and fears respecting the future.

This and several other days passed away without apparently producing much difference in the feelings of any of the party. Lord Dunallan continued to press his visitors to prolong their stay, and Catharine joined her intreaties, from a dread of the party becoming so small as to force a more intimate intercourse with Dunallan, whom she found every hour more difficult to understand, and whose presence was a continual restraint to her, because, though she hardly avowed it to herself, she dreaded his opinion, and was conscious that of her it very often was unfavourable; but though he so frequently differed from her, and even in what she esteemed trifles, showed that difference of opinion; yet he was uniformly so gentle and polite in his manner, that she could not make herself believe he wished to offend. A thousand times in a day she would say to herself, "Why do I dread his disapprobation? Let him disapprove, let him abandon this heartless, interested engagement; let him despise me, and leave me in peace." Yet the next time she joined in conversation, or gave her opinion, her eye involuntarily glanced towards Dunallan; and if he was of the same opinion, or seemed pleased with what she had said, she felt a lightness of heart which led her on to speak, until she had said something, or laughed at, or

joined in ridiculing some opinion or person undeserving of such treatment; and then Dunallan's grave expression, when every one else laughed, made her uneasy, and unable to enjoy any thing that passed.

"That stern cast-down of his eyes—that fixedly grave look, when we are only amusing ourselves," said she to Elizabeth, "is such a reflection upon us all, even upon my father, it is quite intolerable."

"Mr. St. Clair is to blame, however," replied Elizabeth, "for those reproving looks. He knows Mr. Dunallan's strict way of thinking about ridicule, and religion, and some other things; yet he always contrives to introduce these subjects into conversation in the very way to provoke Mr. Dunallan's grave looks: and I think you must allow, Catharine, that Mr. Dunallan has always the just side in an argument, and leaves Mr. St. Clair without a word to advance but some silly piece of sophistry, or foolish jest, which only discovers the weakness of the side he has taken."

"But St. Clair is never serious," replied Catharine, "he only wishes to amuse us, while Mr Dunallan is always so grave, and so full of wisdom, and seems so anxious to lead the conversation to wiser subjects."

"True," replied Elizabeth; "but indeed, Catharine, I greatly prefer his conversation to Mr. St. Clair's. I find it much more interesting. You

know I have always found those men most agreeable, who treated us women most like equals and rational creatures. You, my dear Catharine, have been more accustomed to flattery, and admiring deference of opinion from the other sex than I have, and of course will feel the total want of this in Dunallan more than I do."

"No, Elizabeth, it is not that foolish flattery I regret; but I am not accustomed to contemptuous, and disapproving looks; and I confess I do feel them," added she, bursting into tears.

"My dearest Catharine, you entirely mistake his looks. You generally rely on what I say; and I declare that were I asked what I thought his feelings for you were, I would say, that he already felt deeply interested, and even tenderly for you."

"Dear Elizabeth," exclaimed Catharine, rising, and speaking with much emotion, "what an idea. For once you think as you wish. Feel tenderly! Is watching every word I say, in general to differ from me tenderness? Was that remark he made to me this morning, 'that young women of fortune seemed to forget they were responsible creatures' tenderness? He seems to consider me a spoiled child, an useless being, guided by no principle, but at the mercy of my own caprice. Oh, Elizabeth! I see he despises me; and he has taught me to despise myself;

for I feel, on reflection, that his opinion of me is not unjust."

"I still think you quite mistaken, however," replied Elizabeth, "in the opinion you suppose he has formed of you. You remember the description he gave the other evening of a lady, a friend of his, Mrs. Henry Williams?"

"Perfectly, and I remember his looks when he turned to me while describing her; they said, 'Attend, silly girl; compare your aimless, trifling, useless life, with that of this truly virtuous and religious, and marvellously active wife, and daughter, and mother, and friend, and sister, and every thing!' I shall be introduced to this paragon, Elizabeth; she lives near Arnmore, and I suppose Dunallan means me to regard her as my model; with her schools, and cares for the poor, 'which,' as he said, 'did not consist in merely giving them money without inquiring into their temporal, and still more important concerns.' Oh, I remember his very words!"

"But, dear Catharine, what can you condemn in his words!"

"Oh, nothing! I wish I could."

"But, Catharine, I was going to tell you what he said of you."

"Of me!"

"Yes." After describing Mrs. Henry Williams, he turned to me, and said in reply to my admiring praises of her character, "Your cousin,

I think, greatly resembles Mrs. Williams in her natural disposition, if I have rightly judged from the little I have seen of her; and I think would have probably been a very similar character, had she been educated in the school of adversity, like poor Mrs. Williams."

"Is it possible he said this of me?" asked Catharine, eagerly.

"Precisely as I have repeated it," replied Elizabeth.

Catharine remained absorbed in thought for a few moments; then waking from her reverie, she exclaimed, "But, Elizabeth, what is become of all the unexplained evil stories we have heard of this same unaccountable Dunallan? his father, his sister."

"Oh, they cannot be true," replied Elizabeth; "you know the history about Mr. Clanmar must be without foundation, since he called here yesterday, and seemed to regard Mr. Dunallan with the greatest affection and respect."

"He is a mystery altogether," said Catharine, gaily. "And so I am like Mrs. Williams, only I require adversity," added she, painfully; "perhaps Mr. Dunallan may supply this deficiency to me."

A few evenings after this conversation, Lord Dunallan sent to request his daughter's company in the library. Catharine dreaded this *tête a tête*,

but immediately attended her father. She found him surrounded by papers. "My dear child," said he, "come and sit down by me. I wish to consult you on a subject very interesting to both of us. You know the fortune I shall leave you and your cousin will be immense. I am sure you will join me in thinking that my sister, your Elizabeth's mother, ought not to suffer inconveniencies from the narrowness of her fortune while we are so affluent. Her children are now advancing in life; and I have been thinking, that to leave each of them an independence would be most agreeable to my sister, who is rather proud on these subjects, but who would not act contrary to the interests of her children. After your marriage, my love, I shall consider my fortune as a trust for you, therefore"——

"My dearest father," interrupted Catharine, "do not speak thus. Follow your own generous wishes. I have never thought of this. My aunt has always appeared comfortable and happy. I knew she was beloved by you. If there is any way of increasing her happiness, I intreat you do not hesitate, or think of the future."

"How you run on my Catharine. I never can get you to listen to these subjects; but now, my love, it is your duty to attend to them. The wife or the mother who disregards these matters, may bring ruin and disgrace on those most dear to

her. But to return to my sister, here is the letter I have written to her, and the addition I wish to make to the fortunes of her children."

Catharine read the letter, then said, "I suppose, my dear Father, you mean the sum you have mentioned for each of my cousins."

"You are very magnificent in your ideas, my love, I mean what I have mentioned as a provision for the whole. Do you approve, my Catharine?"

"Oh, most heartily; but do, my dearest Father, make it to each."

"Pho', child, you are foolish. But I must see Mr. Dunallan; after what has passed between his father and me, I think myself accountable to him for the way in which I spend my fortune."

"I may go, I suppose," said Catharine, rising.

"No, my love, stay."

She reluctantly resumed her seat, and Dunallan soon appeared. He was informed of the business by Lord Dunallan.

"I request—I intreat, my Lord, you will never think of consulting me on such matters, nor suppose for a moment that I am capable of desiring to control your Lordship in the manner in which you choose to spend any part, or the whole of your fortune." He was retiring. Lord Dunallan intreated him to stay.

"You will greatly oblige me, Mr. Dunallan,

if you will act as the heir of my fortune—give me your opinion—let me feel that you are satisfied. You are acquainted with what passed between your Father and myself. In my situation you would feel as I do, that I cannot alienate any part of my fortune from the husband of my child without his concurrence. I beg, therefore, that on all occasions you will allow me to consult you respecting my affairs."

He again offered the letter to Dunallan.

"Impossible, my Lord," said he, drawing back rather coldly, "I can interfere no farther in your Lordship's concerns than to say, that, if any transaction passed between you and my father, which your Lordship conceives gives me any title to interfere in the disposal of your fortune, you will allow me to withdraw that title by any act which can do so."

"I know of no act, Mr. Dunallan," replied his Lordship, proudly, "which can cancel the promises of a man of honour to a friend after the death of that friend. But it is possible to deprive myself of the pleasure I intended."

"My Lord," said Dunallan, "pardon me. I knew not the nature of the engagement to which you alluded. Command me—I am willing to do precisely as you wish."

Lord Dunallan seemed unwilling to proceed in the business. Dunallan laid his hand on the letter, and looked for his Lordship's permission

read it. He bowed coldly. Dunallan perused it carefully, then asked if Lord Dunallan would permit him to add a few words. "Certainly," replied his Lordship, smiling in reply to Dunallan's conciliating looks and tone of voice. Dunallan wrote a few words, and then returned the letter to his Lordship, who read the words he had written, and then presented it to Catharine, and said, smiling, "I think my love, Mr. Dunallan and you have had some secret communication about this affair."

Catharine read the words Dunallan had written—"I therefore, my dear sister, request your acceptance of the provision I have mentioned." Dunallan had added, "For each of your dear children." "I hope, my dear father, you will be persuaded by Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, eagerly.

"But, my dear, I must sell an estate to raise this sum."

"No, my Lord," said Dunallan, "that is unnecessary, my father left—but," looking at Catharine, "your Lordship and I can settle all that at another time."

Lord Dunallan then proposed walking, as the evening was charming, and they found that the rest of the party had gone out. They walked together for some time, but at last Lord Dunallan, recollecting he had something to say to his steward, who had just passed them, he left Catha-

rine to entertain her cousin. She had hitherto carefully avoided being left alone with Dunallan, and the more so because she had observed that he seemed rather anxious to detain her, when, notwithstanding all her care, she did happen to be found alone by him. She now looked in vain for the rest of the party; they were not in sight, and as she had just been admiring the beauty of the evening, and had proposed to her father that they should walk to a particular hill a good way off, she could find no pretext for leaving Dunallan. He offered his arm, and they walked on for a few moments in silence. Catharine dreaded his saying any thing which might advert to their peculiar situation, and searched in her own mind for some subject of conversation as far from it as possible, but could find none. She was relieved from her search by Dunallan, whose first question seemed to say he had been equally anxious to avoid the subject.

"Do you generally spend the winter at Dunallan Castle, Miss Dunallan?"

"Yes. We have spent two winters at Edinburgh, but all the other winters of my life have been spent at Dunallan Castle."

"Have you found your winters at Edinburgh pass more happily than those at Dunallan Castle?"

"Not nearly so happily."

"Indeed!"

"No, because on the whole we lived more retiredly at Edinburgh than we do here."

"And why so, may I be permitted to ask?"

Catharine hesitated. She could not tell Dunallan what she believed was the true cause—her father's solicitude to prevent the possibility of her forming any engagement which might prevent their future union. "My father's chief pleasures," said she at last, "consist in reading, and attending to county affairs, and the associates he prefers are either learned men, or those friends who reside in our neighbourhood. In Edinburgh, our society consisted of a few old gentlemen, Sir Hugh Cawdor, Professor B——, Dr. L——, and a few others, and one or two of our country neighbours, who went to town because we did."

"And you tired extremely."

"I did, because I knew gayer scenes, and society more suited to my taste, might easily have been enjoyed by me, had my father permitted it. Even Elizabeth, who is so much more grave and sensible than I am, used to tire of our evenings at Edinburgh, and laugh at my miserable walks with my duenna, in the meadow; for we lived in that dull part of the town called George's Square."

Dunallan smiled, and asked "whether she had never joined in any public amusement?"

"Oh yes, my father went with me as often as

I chose to the Theatre; but I tired of the bad actors who are generally to be seen there. Oh I prefer Dunallan Castle a thousand times to that stupid town, which I never could suffer till towards the spring, when I was permitted to walk, or drive about to see the beautiful views in its neighbourhood."

"You have, indeed, many sources of amusement and pleasure at this beautiful residence, Miss Dunallan, and I must compliment you on the taste you have displayed in laying out those picturesque grounds in the glen. I knew not until to-day, that the plan was entirely yours. When I was here formerly, nothing was to be seen there but woods—thick impenetrable woods."

"Ah," said Catharine, sighing, "I was greatly occupied whilst my plan was carrying into execution. I believe I was never more happy; but when it was finished, I almost wished I could have restored the thick woods again. I wearied of its new form. I then amused myself by having that little Gothic building erected, which I endeavoured, by reading many books on architecture, and by procuring numberless plans, to make very perfect. I read every day for a month or two in that peaceful retreat, and I got suitable books, and Gothic furniture; but I soon tired more there than any where else; and though I had declared my determination that *there* I should enjoy complete solitude, and must not on any ac-

ɔunt be disturbed, I soon longed for some in-
uder. I had my harp carried there also, but
red of the novelty of playing and singing alone.
low I scarcely ever go there but when I am in
ıch low spirits as to hate company; and I pre-
ɛr any other walk to the glen."

"Are you so very inconstant, Miss Dunallan?" sked her cousin, smiling.

Catharine blushed. She had talked on in her sual way, exactly saying what came into her ıead, and what was indeed the real truth; but his question, and the smile which accompanied t, recalled to her ideas how strongly this account ıf herself must confirm Dunallan in the opinion ıe had formed of her. She hesitated, then determining to affect nothing, she replied, "I suppose *am* very whimsical and inconstant, for none of he pursuits I have ever followed have afforded ne half the pleasure I expected."

"Because," replied Dunallan, with much genleness, "you have been given a mind, my dear Miss Dunallan, which cannot be satisfied with :he pursuits you have hitherto followed. What you have with so much ardour, made your first ınd favourite objects of pursuit, (will you pardon me for saying it,) ought only to have been resorted to as recreations for a mind such as yours. You will not be surprised when I own to you, that your character has been my particular study

ever since I have been here. I have endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the nature of your pursuits. I have learnt with what unwearied eagerness you followed them; and have now heard you confess your disappointment. I have seen your glen, your Gothic building, your garden, your green-house, your music-room, your library, your paintings."

"Oh! stop this enumeration," exclaimed Catharine, "I am sufficiently ashamed of my changeable unsatisfied feelings. But there are some things, Mr. Dunallan, in which I have never changed. My father and Elizabeth are always the same to me. It is because I have had but few living objects of interest, that I have endeavoured to fix my affections on those which are incapable of satisfying the heart."

"When Elizabeth is with you, do you never feel any of this weariness and dissatisfaction?" asked Dunallan mildly.

"Not so much; and if I had several Elizabeths, I dare say I should never feel it."

"My dear Miss Dunallan," replied her cousin, "do not suppose that I presume to censure you, or any pursuit that has afforded you pleasure. I rather wished to express the admiration I felt, for the correct and beautiful taste which has led you, in comparative retirement, to arrive at a perfection in those pursuits which I have looked

for in vain amongst those who have had opportunities of forming their ideas from the first models in the world."

"Flattery! even from you, Mr. Dunallan! this I did not expect."

"I do not flatter, Miss Dunallan. I speak my real sentiments. All I have seen done by your direction, to improve the scenery around you, has, in my opinion, been charmingly done. Your Gothic reading retirement is in the most correct taste; your garden—all, indeed, appears to me in an uncommon degree perfect. Your paintings are so, from the just taste which has prevented your attempting what is beyond the power of almost any but artists to attain. Your music, from the same reason, is singularly pleasing. In short, you must not be displeased with me when I say, that I greatly admire both your natural powers, and the energy with which they have been cultivated. And allow me to add, that the more interest I feel in the possessor of these powers, the more anxious shall I be to see them directed to objects which will afford her a more pleasing reward than the weariness of which she complains, and which, though felt I believe by all who are engaged in trifling pursuits, becomes the supreme misery of a superior mind."

There was something so earnest, yet kind and gentle in Dunallan's voice and manner, that Catharine felt softened. "I long most earnestly,"

replied she, " to have such pursuits in my power."

" And may I ask," returned Dunallan, " were you completely your own mistress, what would be the first object of your wishes ?"

" Oh !" said Catharine, " friends—friends whom I could love. I would search for them wherever I went; and I should go every where, and see every thing that is worth seeing."

" And where would you first go, in this search ?"

" To London perhaps."

" To London in search of friends !" interrupted Dunallan smiling.

" I should expect to meet the most polished and agreeable society of my country there," replied Catharine, " and amongst them I surely might find some to love, and many to admire; a sentiment I have scarcely ever experienced, and thought so very delightful when I did."

" Delightful indeed !" replied Dunallan, " but after you had found friends, and objects of admiration ?—"

" I should in their society enjoy whatever offered: books, the theatre. We might travel in other countries, in search of those beauties and perfections not to be found in our own. Oh ! I should never be unhappy anywhere, surrounded by those I loved."

They had now reached the summit of the hill

to which Catharine proposed walking. After having slowly ascended by a path rendered almost dark by the deep woods which surrounded and overshadowed them, they at once, on turning a rocky point, came upon an opening in the road which discovered a scene of extreme grandeur and beauty. The hill on which they stood, steep, rocky, and covered with hanging woods, was washed at its base by the gently swelling waves of a far-extended inland bay, whilst all around rose woody hills and bold towering mountains, sometimes nearly meeting, and then receding, as if to disclose the beauteous lakes that lay within their sheltering grandeur, and now reflected in softened majesty the wild and varied beauties of their guardian mountains. Far beyond was seen a boundless ocean, peaceful and sublime, and here and there the faint but picturesque outline of some distant islands, half mingling with the clouds that glowed around the setting sun. All nature seemed hushed in silent pleasure. No sound was heard but the distant plash of oars from the little fishing boats that slowly glided homewards. The song of the blackbird, soft and wild, added sweetness and sadness to the feelings inspired by the universal calm, and sublime grandeur of the scene.

"What a scene!" exclaimed Dunallan. They both for some moments gazed in silent admiration.

"I do not remember this magnificent view," resumed he. "How could I, even as a boy, be so dead to all that is great and beautiful in nature?"

"It was not then known to be so fine," said Catharine. "It is so only from this side of the hill; and no one had thought of clearing away the wood, which was so close and thick as wholly to intercept the view."

"This, then, is another instance of your taste, Miss Dunallan," said her cousin.

She smiled.

"And do you weary of this also?" asked he.

"Oh never. But this glorious scene inspires feelings almost as painful as weariness. One's mind feels so bounded, so confined, so dark—amidst such splendid displays of nature."

"Of nature!" repeated Dunallan. He paused and looked at Catharine. "What or who is nature?" continued he. "Shall we, when we gaze on such a scene as this, say 'The heavens declare the glory of *nature*—the earth is full of *her* glory?' Why, my dear Miss Dunallan, should we substitute a mere idea in the room of the glorious Being who has created that profusion of magnificence and beauty, and who formed in the human heart a capacity to feel so deeply what is magnificent and beautiful? Why, by ascribing this glory to a vague idea, separate ourselves still farther from its real and ever-present Author,

he so powerfully solicits and demands our affections, and claims even the first place in our hearts? It is because love is the natural consequence of admiration, that we feel a sort of oppression on our feelings when we most intensely admire the glories around us, without raising our hearts to their Author. We cannot love inanimate nature in the degree we admire it. We cannot love an undefined idea; and we do not make ourselves acquainted with the character of the real Author, nor regard the light he pours around us in every part of his creation."

Catharine felt awed by Dunallan's manner; but after a pause replied. "Was nature always as we now see it, we should certainly wish to discard whatever might prevent us from attempting to ascend in thought to its divine Author: but I have seen that bay dark and gloomy, and dangerous—the trees on its banks rent by the storm—the boats tossing on the waves.—I have been detained hours in this shelter, watching their perilous landing, whilst wives, and children, and mothers, were suffering anguish from their terrors: Then—"

"Then," mildly interrupted Dunallan," the lesson was only different, and taught what is equally necessary to be known,—that the Being who generally speaks to us in the language of love and mercy can also frown." The sound of

approaching voices now interrupted this conversation.

"I hear your friends advancing," said Dunallan, apparently rather disappointed by the interruption; "before we part may I ask, whether the life you described to me at the beginning of our walk was the life you would deem most happy?"

"If I recollect aright what I said, it was," replied Catharine.

"It was merely a life of pleasure and amusement," said Dunallan.

"And would not that be happiness?"

"No: and if you expect it to be so, be assured, dear Miss Dunallan, you will be disappointed."

"What life then would be happy?"

"A life of usefulness alone."

The party now approached, and seemed surprised at finding Catharine and Dunallan.

"I thought you were with Lord Dunallan, my dear Catharine," said Rose, "Mr. St. Clair assured me that you were."

"And so I was, for a short time, dear Rose," replied Catharine.

St. Clair seemed displeased and uncomfortable; young Cameron miserable. Catharine still leant on Dunallan's arm; and taking a last look of the bay, and its surrounding mountains, now darkening in the twilight, they turned to descend the hill. The path admitted of two only. Ca-

tharine and Dunallan walked on in silence. Her thoughts were fixed on his last words, "a life of usefulness;" she wished to know his ideas of such a life. The conversation this evening had increased her esteem for Dunallan, yet she felt even less able than before to understand him. She wished, however, that she could, and determined that, in future, she would not avoid his society. As they were entering the house, she said to him, smiling,

"Mr. Dunallan, you must tell me what you think is a useful life at some other time."

"I shall be most happy to tell you," replied he, "and if you would agree with me—if in this we could be of the same opinion;" he hesitated—then stopped, and left the sentence unfinished.

St. Clair was near, and heard what passed. They then joined the party in the drawing-room. St. Clair almost immediately addressed Dunallan in his usual slighting tone of voice and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Dunallan, are you one of those people who approve of young ladies teaching poor children to read the Bible, &c. &c. instead of sending them, in the good old way, to be taught by some old woman in the village?"

"I think," replied Dunallan, with unmoved calmness, "that where there is an old woman capable of teaching, it would be a pity to supersede her in her profession; but I think young ladies most properly and most amiably employed

in superintending and encouraging the old wom
in her labours."

"Well," resumed St. Clair, "I confess I ha
not been able to perceive the benefit poor ch
dren can receive from the instructions of you
ladies, that they might not equally receive fr
that of old women; and I mean, when I ge
seat in Parliament, to offer my services to the
ladies, to bring in a bill to guard the professi
against those pretty intruders; and that for th
sakes, as much as that of the old ladies; for
know nothing so likely to injure the charms
the lovelier sex as the air and manner of a scho
mistress."

All the young ladies laughed excepting Ros

"I beg, Mr. St. Clair," said Mrs. Lenn
"that you will have the goodness to let that su
ject remain at rest. Teaching the poor is t
fashion of the day, and my poor Rose has be
infected by it; but she has an inaptitude abc
her at doing any thing, even a fashionable thi
fashionably. Instead of subscribing, as I do,
Lady Mary D.'s school in our neighbourhoc
and always going to its examinations, and pı
senting the children with new dresses—for th
have such a neat uniform,—instead of this, ı
poor Rose must have a dozen little miseral
things, who are too sickly to walk so far as t
school, in her room, and teach them to read t

Bible, during those very hours I wished her to devote to her harp."

Rose blushed, and tears started into her eyes.

"You know, Mamma, I was to rise two hours earlier for my harp."

"Oh, yes, my dear, and look like a ghost from want of sleep! Ridiculous!"

"Surely," said George Lennox, "ten hours of sleep is too much, either for health, or in a moral point of view."

"Dear George," said Mrs. Lennox, "do not encourage your sister. She will think I was quite cruel in preventing her spending the precious hours necessary to acquire those accomplishments, which are quite indispensible, in teaching a few miserable cottagers, what, if they are to live, they will learn equally well in the next village."

"Which is four miles off," said George, "and the school not large enough to admit nearly all the children who have strength to walk; consequently, half the girls around us have scarcely any means of instruction."

"I did not know you were so intimately acquainted with their affairs, George," said his mother, trying to smile.

"I am perfectly acquainted with their situation," replied George, "and long most earnestly to see it improved."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Sir Archibald

Cameron, addressing Lord Dunallan, "I think there is something very amiable in the enthusiasm for improving the state of the poor, which is so general at present amongst well-disposed young people."

"Very amiable indeed," replied his Lordship, with an air of absence.

"Certainly," said Mrs. St. Clair, "improve the lower orders as much as possible by proper means; but not by young ladies forgetting their places in society, and doing that themselves which ought to be left to more proper persons, while they neglect . . ."

"Their harps," interrupted Dunallan playfully.

"Oh, I forgot, Mr. Dunallan, that you were an advocate for ladies' schools."

Dunallan attempted to change the subject, which seemed disagreeable or uninteresting to most of the party; but St. Clair appeared determined to pursue it, and appealed to Catharine for her opinion.

"I have not formed any," replied she languidly; her thoughts had indeed wandered from a subject in which she felt little interest.

St. Clair looked disappointed at the careless indifference of her manner; she perceived this, and said smiling, "I can tell you, however, what my opinion is, without taking time to consider what it ought to be. I believe it is proper to

have the poor children taught all that may afterwards be useful to them; but I think it would be very tiresome to do it myself; and I suspect that the young ladies who do it have, in general, (perhaps almost unconsciously,) some secret view to praise, or, in short, something more agreeable than the mere pleasure of imparting knowledge to the ignorant."

St. Clair laughed, "Ah! Miss Dunallan," exclaimed he, "your penetration leads you to the truth direct, without a tedious attempt to form a wise opinion."

"The discovery of such truths, however," said Dunallan, in a tone of voice almost severe, "does more honour to the penetration of the head than to the feelings of the heart."

Catharine reddened, and bowing to Dunallan said, "It is perhaps fortunate for me, Mr. Dunallan, that of late I have found it necessary to avoid consulting the heart; I might otherwise have felt your compliment too deeply." She then rose, and went towards her harp, to conceal the tears she could not restrain.

St. Clair glanced indignantly at Dunallan, and then followed her; an expression of pleasure, however, was also on his countenance. Dunallan became very thoughtful, and the ladies looked at each other.

"You see the consequences of your foolish schools, Rose," said Mrs. Lennox in a whisper

to her daughter; "you have made your young friend quite unhappy."

Rose seemed to believe herself the cause of what had passed; and going towards Dunallan said, in a low voice, "I believe Catharine is quite right; I did hope I should be doing something worthy of praise in teaching those poor children."

Dunallan smiled, "But that was not your motive for doing it, Miss Lennox."

"Oh, perhaps it might; at any rate, it does not signify how it was. Don't you like the harp? Let us go near."

Dunallan followed the sweet girl. St. Clair was attempting to recommend himself to Catharine by the most flattering description of a scene he had witnessed that day—a family who, from great wretchedness, had been placed in a situation of comfort by Catharine's bounty. Dunallan listened eagerly. St. Clair used all his eloquence to reconcile her to herself. Rose joined in admiration of her friend's goodness; young Cameron also was more eloquent than usual in the eulogium he bestowed on this idol of his heart. All seemed anxious to make up to her for the cruel speech of Dunallan; but in vain; a cloud was fixed on Catharine's brow which nothing could remove during the whole of the evening. She tired of the harp, and intreating Rose to take her place, and putting her arm within

Elizabeth's she passed Dunallan with an air of extreme coldness, and led her friend to another part of the room, showing by her looks that she did not wish to be followed. Elizabeth, when she saw that the gentlemen were attempting to converse with the party of young ladies they had left, said in a low voice, "I feel that you have some cause to be displeased, dear Catharine, but do not, my friend, show your feelings so much; try at least to conceal them for a short time."

"I cannot," replied Catharine, "I never felt more miserable."

"You do not feel more so than he does," said Elizabeth, glancing towards Dunallan, who stood in deep thought near Rose's harp.

Catharine followed Elizabeth's look, and then sighed deeply. "His misery is no comfort to me. He must be miserable, thinking of me as he does. Oh! what wretchedness is before us both!"

During the remainder of the evening, Catharine purposely avoided meeting Dunallan's looks. When parting for the night, he held out his hand as usual; she gave him hers; he held it for a moment, and she involuntarily looked up. Dunallan's manner seemed to ask forgiveness, but Catharine turned coldly away. He pressed her hand gently in his, saying, "Good night," in a voice more than usually soft. Catharine felt she had cause to be displeased, yet was touched by

his manner. Elizabeth, on this occasion, did n
defend Dunallan, for she too had thought hi
harsh. When they again met, Catharine's ma
ner was distant and somewhat haughty. Eliz
beth's was also colder. Dunallan seemed pai
fully sensible of the change. He endeavoured
different times to induce Catharine to enter int
conversation with him, but she purposely avoi
ed it; and once that he found her alone, sh
turned so markedly from him, that, though h
still appeared anxious, by every other means, t
regain her approbation, he no longer attempte
to resume that intercourse which had, in som
degree, subsisted between them before that u
fortunate evening. He looked unhappy, hov
ever, and Catharine now felt her power. Th
almost unconsciously gave her pleasure, whic
she still more unconsciously betrayed in her ma
ner; and it was Dunallan himself who led her
perceive this: she felt that he read her very sou
and was soon convinced, by the indifference
his manner, that if her displeasure had given hi
pain, her feeling satisfaction in that pain had n
only done it away, but had also lowered her
his opinion.

abeth's she passed Dunallan with an air of
eme coldness, and led her friend to another
: of the room, showing by her looks that she
not wish to be followed. Elizabeth, when
saw that the gentlemen were attempting to
verse with the party of young ladies they had
said in a low voice, " I feel that you have
e cause to be displeased, dear Catharine, but
iot, my friend, show your feelings so much;
at least to conceal them for a short time."
I cannot," replied Catharine, " I never felt
e miserable."
You do not feel more so than he does," said
abeth, glancing towards Dunallan, who stood
eep thought near Rose's harp.
Catharine followed Elizabeth's look, and then
ied deeply. " His misery is no comfort to
He must be miserable, thinking of me as
loes. Oh! what wretchedness is before us
h!"
During the remainder of the evening, Catha-
: purposely avoided meeting Dunallan's looks.
ien parting for the night, he held out his hand
usual; she gave him hers; he held it for a
ment, and she involuntarily looked up. Dun-
n's manner seemed to ask forgiveness, but
harine turned coldly away. He pressed her
d gently in his, saying, " Good night," in a
:e more than usually soft. Catharine felt she
l cause to be displeased, yet was touched by

—but it is impossible. Yet I should wish . . . could you only love him, Catharine, Oh! how happy should I be, happier than I can express."

"Be happy, then, my dear Father," replied Catharine, attempting to smile; but the tears gushed into her eyes, and she turned away to conceal them.

Her father remained silent for some moments, then sighing deeply said, "Mr. Dunallan, I think, my Catharine, ought to please. He is mild, and sensible, and polite in his manners; he is handsome; his conversation does not seem uninteresting to you; he is singularly well informed. In short, what do you find disagreeable in Mr. Dunallan?"

"I do not find any thing *dis*agreeable," said Catharine; "but . . . "

"Do you not, my love?" interrupted Lord Dunallan joyfully. "How you delight me! Well, I will ask no more."

Catharine smiled languidly; she felt hurt, and made no reply.

Her Father understood the expression of her countenance, and paused a moment, then proceeded. "I have just had a conversation with Mr. Dunallan. He tells me he has received letters which oblige him to be in London in a month; he will be detained there some time, and may perhaps go abroad. In short, my love, he wishes to hasten your union, that you may, I

ppose, spend a short time at Arnmore before ou leave Scotland; for there also he has business importance, which has met with much delay om his residence here for so many weeks."

Catharine reddened. "And his convenience akes it necessary, I suppose, to hurry over the usiness which brought him here; and you, my ord, expect me to agree to . . . ."

"My love, you do Mr. Dunallan great injusce; he has in no instance forgot the respect nd delicacy due to you: his first wish seems to e your happiness."

"My happiness!" repeated Catharine, "ah, t him leave me with you, then, my dear Father -at least till he has arranged all these affairs."

"He proposed this, my child, but I declined . . . . ."

"Declined it!" exclaimed Catharine, "impossible! Oh, my dear Father, could you so far orget all that is due to your daughter! to my ex!"

She rose and stood, with breathless and terried expectation, awaiting his answer.

He in a soothing manner, took both her hands: 'Be calm, my Catharine, your Father has forot nothing which your delicacy ought to require; nothing which he can suppose essential o your future happiness. Mr. Dunallan, I am certain, loves you, Catharine."

She turned away.

"You do not think he does, my love; but from his whole manner, and the anxious solicitude he showed respecting your wishes, feelings, and future happiness, I feel convinced you would now be the choice of his heart, were he freed from all engagements."

"And as a proof of this," said Catharine with bitterness, "he asks delay. Oh, my dear Father, pity me! do not urge this! do not thus mortify...."

"My love, you must allow me to trust my own judgment in this matter. You entirely mistake Mr. Dunallan. He only proposes delay with a view to what might be your wish. Recollect yourself, my child, and let me hope, my ever kind, ever considerate Catharine, that you will still be willing to fulfil past and indissoluble engagements."

"And when? my Lord," replied Catharine with assumed firmness.

"My Catharine, I have promised to Mr. Dunallan, to gain your consent to be his, on Tuesday next."

"On Tuesday next! within a week!" she became quite pale, but added, in a voice of forced calmness, "My Lord, I shall be ready."

He held out his hand, she gave him hers' but turned away her face. "Dearest Catharine, you will be happy." She made no reply, but hastening from him, shut herself into her own apart-

ment, and gave vent to her miserable and mortified feelings. She was unable to appear at dinner, her head ached so violently. Elizabeth, in vain, tried to offer some consolation. Her wounded pride and affection had prevented her gaining any particulars from her father of the manner in which he had declined Dunallan's proposed delay: yet the idea that he had hastened their union against Dunallan's wishes, rendered her wretched. She could not regain sufficient composure to appear that evening. Her Father, however, visited her in her room; and his affectionate kindness, and the anxiety and deep concern expressed in his countenance, revived in her heart a willingness to sacrifice her own feelings to his favourite wishes.

She next morning appeared at breakfast, but looked so ill, that every one annoyed her by their condolence, and inquiries respecting her health. To Dunallan she never raised her eyes. If she had, she would have seen that he looked as miserable as herself. Elizabeth told her so afterwards.

"My dear Elizabeth," replied she, "do not speak to me of him, or of any thing that is not a thousand miles from the subject, or I shall never be able to support myself till next Tuesday. I will, if possible, make my Father happy. After that, happen what will, I shall be at a distance from him. He will not know what I suffer."

Elizabeth tenderly watched over her unh friend, attempting to sooth her agitated fee and to convince her that the power to mee proaching trials, is not to be gained by tu the mind from them; but, on the contrar viewing them, as far as may be, in their tru lours, divested of all imaginary aggrava and thus preparing for the patient endurar what is unavoidable.

"Do not follow me, my Elizabeth," said C rine, the evening after her conversation wit Father, "I am going to the Glen; I shal there be interrupted; and I wish to acc myself to view the future without your kind and dear voice always ready to win me painful thought."

Elizabeth believed her right, and suffere to go alone.

After Catharine had walked some time in thought, she was suddenly startled by the s of approaching footsteps. It is Dunallan! thc she; even this retreat is no longer safe fro privileged intrusion. She would have tu away, but felt ashamed of her weakness; raising her head from its drooping and tho ful posture, determined not to be intrude even by Dunallan. It was young Cameron Catharine felt so relieved when she saw it not her dreaded cousin, that an expressi

[illegible]easure, [illegible]i Cameron had seldom the hap[illegible]ness to i[illegible]ire, was visible on her countenance.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Dunallan," said [illegible]e; "I thought you were engaged, or I should not have presumed. . . ."

"Oh! I beg, Mr. Cameron, you will walk wherever you feel inclined," interrupted Catharine. "There are many paths here for solitary people; but I must at present leave you." She was passing on, when the beseeching expression of his looks stopt her. "Do you wish to read in my retreat, Mr. Cameron? You will find some new books, and I am not going there."

"No, Miss Dunallan, I wish a moment's conversation with you."

"Certainly," said Catharine, turning to walk with him.

He seemed at a loss, and unable to speak. Catharine looked at him, and his confusion leading her to suspect the truth, she felt sorry that she had consented to listen to him, yet wished as soon as possible to put an end to his suspense. She walked on in silence. At length, after many attempts, he regained sufficient composure to say, in a hurried voice, "Miss Dunallan, it is impossible for any one so deeply interested in your happiness as I am, not to feel miserable in seeing the present state of your feelings, or to help almost execrating the unnatural . . . ."

"Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine, "I cannot stay to hear any thing of this nature."

She was turning away, when he respectfully, yet almost wildly, seized her hand.

"Forgive me; I know not what I say. Oh! Catharine, if you knew what I have suffered—what I do suffer—but I know you cannot feel for me...."

"I do feel for you, Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine; "and, as a proof of it, I entreat you never to think of me more, but as a friend who grieves to think she has ever pained you. It is impossible you can regain the happiness I wish you, thinking otherwise. Next Tuesday I am to be the wife of Mr. Dunallan."

"I know it, Catharine; but without loving him. You! the idol of so many hearts—you whom I would die to preserve from the least uneasiness, are to..... Oh! I cannot endure the thought. Hear me, Catharine, I have formed a plan to avoid this cruel sacrifice—my mother has consented; I ask no reward,—I hope for nothing."

"Mr. Cameron," interrupted Catharine, "you must say no more. I thank you for the interest you feel in my fate; but you quite mistake my character, if you think I could thus consent to withdraw from an engagement formed by my Father. Farewell, and for your sake, let me say, for a long time."

Catharine spoke with a firm calmness, that left Cameron no hope of inducing her to change her sentiments. He pressed her hand to his heart; "Farewell, then, Catharine, for ever; my first, my only love, my last." He rushed from her. She looked after him, till the trees concealed him from her sight, then burst into tears. "What a world is this!" thought she; "how unhappy the human race. In this remote corner, a few are met together; and even here, where all promises peace, the half of them are miserable!"

She walked slowly towards the house, fearing again to meet young Cameron.

The party were assembled in a room which opened on the lawn. She heard voices, and approached. As she drew near, she distinguished Dunallan's voice, and Elizabeth's. They seemed gay and cheerful. "Is it possible!" thought she, "Elizabeth told me he looked miserable,—and she too, so gay! How foolish to suppose myself of so much consequence to others. I will not cloud their gaiety by my melancholy presence; yet I could not have thus laughed had Elizabeth been so wretched." Dunallan's voice continued as if reading, and pausing at intervals, whilst the others laughed and talked. Catharine turned away to go to her own apartment. As she passed, she perceived St. Clair seated in a window, in a melancholy and thoughtful attitude, and apparently unoccupied with what was pass-

ing. He started on seeing her, and rose: she bowed and passed on.

In a few minutes Elizabeth joined her. "You promised to come to us, my dear Catharine, when you returned."

"I mean to keep my promise," replied Catharine, "but I am tired: leave me to rest a little here. Do not let me, Elizabeth, interrupt your amusements."

"Amusements! Catharine, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing.—But come now, I am ready to go with you."

She hastened away from Elizabeth, and joined the party below, who had now become perfectly quiet. St. Clair still sat at the window. He rose on her entrance. She seated herself near the window. "You are admiring the evening, Mr. St. Clair: it is indeed beautiful."

St. Clair sat down by her. "Beautiful, indeed," replied he, "but very sad. Those gray clouds, tinged with the last rays of the sun, becoming fainter every moment, always remind me of something melancholy."

"I feel the same," said Catharine; "the setting sun always reminds me of death! that last setting! that departure to other climes!"

"Let us go into the next room, or have lights here," said Lord Dunallan.

"Oh, my dear Father, allow us to enjoy this

aceful twilight," said Catharine in an entreat-
g tone of voice.

" Surely, my love, if you wish it." He ap-
oached and stood near her; " but we must
ave such gloomy subjects, Mr. St. Clair. Where
that strange poem you were reading, Mr. Dun-
llan? Perhaps there still may be sufficient light
) read it to Catharine."

Dunallan found the poem; and, bringing it to
he window, began to read. All laughed a se-
ond time. Catharine could hardly smile; she
vas not in a humour to laugh at any thing, and
vondered that any one could. St. Clair smiled
:ontemptuously, and she better understood his
eelings. Dunallan had not spoken since she
ntered the room; and she never looked at him
ntil he was reading this poem; indeed she had
voided looking at him for many days, and was
ow struck with the languor and paleness of his
:ountenance, as well as with the little real cheer-
fulness he seemed to feel while he laughed with
the others. When he stopped reading he turn-
ed his eyes towards Catharine. Hers were fixed
on him, and she withdrew them without that ex-
pression of displeasure, which ever since her con-
versation with her Father had filled them when
she was in any way called upon to notice Dun-
allan. He ventured to approach her, and said,
in a voice of extreme gentleness, " you seem fa-

tigued, Miss Dunallan; I fear you have walked too far."

"Yes," answered Catharine, "I believe I have;" she almost unconsciously added, looking at Dunallan with an expression of concern, "are *you* quite well, Mr. Dunallan?"

"Perfectly so," replied he, a slight flush tinging his forehead. He looked down for a moment, but his eyes still retained an expression of pleasure when he again raised them.

The conversation now became more general. When the sun was set, and it was become too dark to see the expression of any one's countenance, young Cameron glided into the room, and seated himself at a distance from Catharine. He sometimes joined in the conversation, and no one would have suspected him of being more unhappy than usual.

When Catharine retired to her room for the night, she found a letter on her table. She opened it, exclaiming, "a letter from St. Clair!" Elizabeth was with her. "What can he have to say to you, Catharine?"

"A strange proposal," said Catharine after reading it. "How little does he know me." She threw his letter indignantly from her.

Elizabeth took it up. "May I read it, Catharine?"

"I believe I ought not to betray his secret; but you, Elizabeth, may know it. He is so vain,

so conceited, I can never wish him to stand high in your opinion."

Elizabeth read the letter. "Poor St. Clair," said she, "he flatters himself he is not indifferent to you."

"If he had not been so before," replied Catharine, "this would have made him so. An elopement! Had he known my character as he pretends in this letter to do, he would have been convinced that I would sooner endure any misery than escape from it by such means. I would sooner die than degrade myself even for those I could love."

"Proud Catharine," said Elizabeth, smiling, "you know not what love is."

"I certainly do not know, Elizabeth, nor can I even conceive what that sort of love is which could induce me to take such a degrading step as this. I cannot imagine myself so deluded as to suppose I could be happy after I had rendered myself the object of my own contempt. But give me this letter. It does not pain me to disappoint this vain St. Clair. I wish he was gone, and his mother also, whose haughty spirit begins, I see, to revolt at the little effect her flattery and caresses have on me. I loathe all this, Elizabeth. I almost think Arnmore and Mr. Dunallan's contemptuous treatment, will be less intolerable than those incessant women, Mrs. Lennox and Mrs.

St. Clair, with their gross flattery, and teazing disgusting attentions."

"Dear Catharine, you are very severe."

"No, Elizabeth; I am not unjustly so. Don't I see through all this? Is not Rose as amiable—far more amiable than I am? Are not you, Elizabeth, more——"

"No, no, no, dear Catharine; but good night; you will leave yourself no time for sleep, and that pale face sadly calls for it."

"Do not mind my face, Elizabeth; it must be paler yet. You must see my reply to this letter; I feel so indignant, I fear I shall be unbecomingly so in what I write."

Next morning, neither St. Clair nor young Cameron appeared at breakfast. Lady Cameron said her son had been unexpectedly called away, and that she and her family must also deny themselves the pleasure of a further stay at Dunallan Castle, as business made it necessary that Sir Archibald should return home. Lord Dunallan seemed disappointed, and entreated them to prolong their stay to the following week. Catharine was silent. Lady Cameron, however, was gently determined in her resolution, though she looked concerned, and her daughters very grave. Lord Dunallan perceived that something had happened, and guessed from Catharine's looks that she was the cause of this sudden determination. Mrs.

St. Clair's colour this morning was higher than usual, but she attempted to conceal her disappointed pride and hopes under an air of contempt. "I too must unfortunately relinquish the pleasure of being present during the next *happy* week, my Lord," said she, after Lady Cameron had announced her intended departure, "but it is easy to part from friends when we leave them so secure of felicity." Catharine felt this speech as it was intended, but remained silent. Both families left Dunallan Castle during the forenoon; but Lord Dunallan was relieved from his dread of a very small party by the arrival of young Clanmar and his amiable wife.

"I must really endeavour, my dear Elizabeth," said Catharine to her friend, "to conceal, for these few remaining days, the misery I endure. I feel mortified and degraded by what has already passed, in consequence of my giving way to my wretched feelings. I must not—shall not be an object of compassion to every one, and of distress to my father. Do not look so much and so anxiously at me when I am in company, Elizabeth, and try to speak cheerfully to me. Oh that conversation between my father and Dunallan! could I only forget that. But to be forced upon him; he to ask delay!" She clasped her hands in anguish of mind.

"I have entreated your father, dearest Catharine, to tell me what passed on that occasion, and

I do not think you have any reason to suppose Mr. Dunallan wished for delay on any account, but your apparent indifference to him."

"Did my father tell you what passed? Do not, for heaven's sake, conceal it from me, Elizabeth: truth cannot be worse than my fears."

"Lord Dunallan told me that the only idea which seemed to distress Dunallan was your marked indifference, he even thought dislike to him, which led him to fear your being led by motives of obedience to your father, to take vows which your heart could not ratify. In short, my dear Catharine, some religious scruples which he felt for *you* only: and this convinced me that the state of his own feelings enables him to take them without scruple: for with his strict notions he would not have considered himself innocent in so doing had he felt otherwise."

"And would he have been innocent, Elizabeth? or shall I be innocent?"

"Ah! Catharine, you must not now think of this. It is too late: besides, you fulfil a first duty in obeying your father."

Catharine was not convinced, but felt that it was, as Elizabeth said, too late to plead such an excuse. Yet, like her friend, she could not help concluding that Dunallan would not be willing, probably, to take these solemn vows were he averse to fulfilling them. Yet he had asked de-

. She determined, if possible, to avoid think-
; and to attempt to appear less unhappy, let
nallan suppose what he would. She wished
leave her father, under the impression that she
s reconciled to his wishes. For the few fol-
ving days her countenance wore an expression
submission, and calm elevation of mind, in-
red by the consciousness of sacrificing her own
lings to those of her father; while the pale-
s of her looks, and her touching gentleness to
around her, gave her the appearance of one
o had lost all hope for herself, and only sought
bestow on others what was for her gone for
r. When addressing her father, she even at-
ipted to be cheerful. To Dunallan she was
pectful and attentive, as if she already had
en the vow of subjection. Yet she deceived
one. When she met Dunallan's eyes, which
carefully avoided, but which seemed for ever
d on her, she saw in them an expression of
y and concern she could not mistake. Her
ier, too, in vain tried to affect a gaiety,
ch only served to render his next moments
absence, and evidently painful thought, more
king.

CHAPTER V.

At last the dreaded morning arrived. Elizabeth went to her friend at an early hour: she found her dressed, and seated at a table, which was covered with letters and papers.

"What is all this, my Catharine? Remember, my dear friend, the fatigues of this day."

"I do remember, my Elizabeth. I am only performing a necessary duty. It ought not to have been so long neglected; but never till last night did it so forcibly strike me that I might no again see Dunallan Castle: I had quite forgotten to settle some things. But I have done," added she, putting up her papers with a composure that astonished Elizabeth; then turning to her friend a faint smile on her languid countenance,

"How do you like my bridal attire, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth looked at her for a moment, then turned away to conceal her tears.

"Dear Catharine, do not look so patient, so resigned, yet so unhappy. You will leave us all quite miserable."

"I look as I feel, Elizabeth. I am resigned I have now arranged all I wish to be done, should

I never again return here, and I care not what happens. I am prepared for every thing, but (her voice changed) parting from you: (then feeling herself overcome,) I must not think of this—we shall soon again meet. I shall write,—No, dear Elizabeth, do not embrace me; do nothing to soften me. I have almost wished these few days for Mrs. St. Clair, instead of that gentle Mrs. Clanmar, who looks so sweetly anxious to comfort me, and to gain my confidence; and my dear kind Rose, and even you, Elizabeth. I entreat you do not all gaze on me with looks of such touching interest. Even Mr. Dunallan; but I must not think of him: had he felt pity for me sooner; but it is now too late. Oh that the next hour were over! When will it be time for breakfast? You know we were to set off very early. When I am gone, Elizabeth, will you assure my father ——" Her voice failed, and she turned away and walked to an open window. The morning was calm and beautiful, and the freshness of the air revived her. She sat down, but rose again almost immediately, a blush crimsoning her before pale cheek.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she, retiring hastily from the window, "returning as usual from his morning walk, I suppose, quite composed; and he has seen that I am ready," added she bitterly, and looking at her dress. "He bowed, too, to show he did, perhaps. Well, a short time will unde-

ceive him now. I shall soon have no secrets from him; no attempts to conceal my real feelings: he shall know that I have a heart that can be given only by myself; and calm, and proud, and immoveably right as he always is, he shall not despise me."

"Despise you, Catharine! he does not; he never did. I am satisfied he, I could almost say, loves you."

A gentle tap at the door of the apartment interrupted Elizabeth. Catharine became quite pale. It was Lord Dunallan.

"My Catharine, my dear love, we wait for you."

Catharine attempted to regain her composure, but without success. She leant on her father, but stopped on the stairs to breathe; her heart beat so violently that she became quite faint.

"My dear uncle," said Elizabeth, "let Catharine and me remain together till after breakfast. It is too much for her to see all our assembled friends before this trying ceremony." Lord Dunallan agreed to this proposal; and Catharine returned to her room with Elizabeth, who endeavoured to induce her to take some refreshment. She tried, but in vain. She was sick at heart.

"I cannot go through this ceremony, Elizabeth."

"Dear Catharine, recollect yourself. It is not possible now to retract."

"Leave me, dear Elizabeth. I regain composure most easily when alone. Take this last kiss, my Elizabeth; after I am again calm, do not bestow one kind word or look upon me, or I shall be unable for this dreadful exhibition—these fearful untrue vows!"

Elizabeth would not consent to leave her friend. She saw that the kind of composure she acquired when left alone, was only the result of an attempt to feel indifferent to every thing, and that the first trifle which awakened her feelings destroyed her composure. Elizabeth partly succeeded in calming her agitation, by representing things as they really were.

"I am ready, my dear Elizabeth," said Catharine at last, "my true, my best friend!"

Lord Dunallan entered, and Catharine became as pale as ever. She took his arm, however, and hastened forward, as if afraid of again being obliged to return.

Lord Dunallan opened the door of the apartment in which the party were assembled. Catharine shrunk back for a moment, then suffered her father to lead her forward. In an instant Dunallan was at her side, and the voice of the old and venerable clergyman of Dunallan church was raised to heaven in prayer. Catharine, pale as marble, and almost as still, leant on her fa-

ther, and seemed to listen, but did not hear. Dunallan audibly assented to the few simple but solemn vows he was required to make. Catharine's assent was supposed. Elizabeth drew her white glove from a hand almost as white and lifeless. Dunallan took it in his, and she was restored to some degree of consciousness by feeling that his trembled. He held her hand firmly, however, till the short ceremony was over, then touching it with his lips, resigned it to her father.

Lord Dunallan would have pressed Catharine to his heart, but she hurried from him, and from every one. Elizabeth followed her, but she waved her hand for her to leave her. Her father appeared: "Your journey is long, my love; my Catharine, I must hurry you from me. Mr. Dunallan is anxious——"

Catharine started up:—"I am ready."

"God for ever bless my dearest child."

"Oh my dearest father!"

He pressed her for an instant to his heart, then led her away. Dunallan was waiting. The hall was full of servants, anxious to have a last look of their beloved young mistress.

Catharine shrunk back.

"I shall say adieu for you," exclaimed Elizabeth; "Adieu, adieu, every one," cried she, with forced gaiety, while Lord Dunallan supported Catharine into the carriage.

Dunallan followed; and Catharine's heart sunk within her when its door was closed on her and this most dreaded, but now nearest of all human relations. She threw herself back, and almost fainted.

Dunallan would have stopped the carriage, but Catharine motioned with her hand to prevent him. She dreaded her father seeing her agitation.

Dunallan watched her changing countenance with the deepest concern. Catharine felt annoyed, conscious that his looks were bent on her, though she did not raise her eyes, and struggled to regain composure. She attempted to let down the glass next to her: Dunallan leant past to assist, but his hand trembled almost as much as her own, and she was struck with surprise at the expression of distress and agitation which his countenance now betrayed: she even thought his eyes glistened as he turned his face from her. The calm grave expression with which her imagination always pictured him was now wholly gone. She forgot her own feelings in thinking of his; and continuing in deep and painful thought for a few moments, the tumult within in part subsided. How selfish have I been, thought she, I forgot that he could feel, and that he has equal, perhaps greater cause of distress than myself.

"The air, I hope, revives you," asked Dunallan, in a mild and soothing tone of voice.

She attempted to reply, but burst into tears;

and, long repressed, they now flowed beyond all power of restraint. She covered her face, and turning away from Dunallan, wept and sobbed aloud. Dunallan did not speak, but she heard him sigh frequently and deeply. He at last, in the gentlest tone of voice, entreated her to be composed.

"Endeavour, Catharine, to forget the last few hours: only remember that you have now another friend, who has vowed in the sight of heaven to watch over your happiness. You shall yourself determine in what that happiness shall consist. I have seen too plainly your repugnance to the interested connexion which your generous sense of duty has induced you to form. I have tried every means in my power, Catharine, to set you free, but all have failed; and I have been most reluctantly forced to tear you from your home, and deprive you of the power of choosing your nearest friend and protector. All that I can at this moment hope is, that it may be in my power to render you at least not unhappy."

Catharine became gradually calm as Dunallan spoke. His voice and manner were so soothingly earnest and kind, that she felt touched.

"Let us, Catharine," continued he, "now attempt to look at things as they really are. There is no peace or calm to the mind but in truth."

"Truth!" repeated Catharine in a tone of

voice, and with an expression of the most mournful despondency.

"Yes, dear Catharine, truth even at this moment; and first, can you not feel me worthy of forgiveness in persevering in the fulfilment of the same promise to a dead father, that with every feeling of dislike and repugnance on your part, you have yet considered it a sacred duty to fulfil to a living one?" Catharine was struck; this simple question of Dunallan's seemed indeed to bring a volume of truth into her mind; but her thoughts were confused, and she remained silent. Dunallan, however, seemed to wait for her reply.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she at last, sick at heart while she spoke, "I cannot feel that truth brings to me either calmness or peace. I would rather attempt to forget every thing, but that I have, to please my father, entered a situation in which it becomes my duty to try to be satisfied with your conduct on all occasions. I wish to fulfil this duty; if I fail, you will perhaps feel indulgence for me when you recollect——"

Catharine's voice failed, and she could say no more.

Dunallan turned away, and Catharine looked up, half conscious that she had answered his true and simple appeal with an ungenerous evasion. She was surprised and overcome on seeing that

the cold, dreaded Dunallan was moved even to tears.

"Catharine!" exclaimed he, after making several efforts to speak with composure, "How shall I—how can I convince you that I am not the unfeeling, selfish, interested, cruel being I see you suppose me? You have scarcely ever permitted me to speak to you. Of late you have not even deigned to look at me. You have defeated every attempt on my part to explain myself—to attempt to assist you to be free. You have taken no notice of my letters; your father has been equally—shall I say, *unjust*, to me?"

"Letters! Mr. Dunallan," interrupted Catharine, "I received no letters from you."

Dunallan looked surprised. "I thrice wrote to you, Catharine, when you denied me every means of imparting to you what I thought might perhaps have put it in your power to avoid a connection which I saw was so hateful to you."

"I never received any letter from you, Mr. Dunallan," repeated Catharine solemnly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Dunallan, "I sent for your own woman, Catharine; her name, I think, is Martin, and myself gave all my letters into her hand."

Catharine now, on her part, looked much surprised. "You gave your letters to Martin! Mr. Dunallan."

"I did; all of them."

Catharine became very thoughtful. Could any one—could St. Clair have intercepted Dunallan's letters? Impossible! She could not for a moment suspect Martin, to whom they had been intrusted, of the smallest unfaithfulness. "Most extraordinary!" said she thoughtfully.

"Is Martin among your present attendants, Catharine?" asked Dunallan.

"She is."

"May I then ask an explanation from her?"

"Certainly."

Dunallan stopped the carriage, and desired a servant to request Martin, who was in another just behind, to come for a moment to the window. She soon appeared, and the other servants retired. Martin looked alarmed. She stood at the side of the carriage at which Catharine sat.

"Do not be alarmed," said Dunallan gently, and leaning past Catharine a little to speak to her: "Do you recollect, Martin, my giving you three letters at different times to deliver to your lady?"

"I do, Sir, perfectly. It was only last night you gave me one, and two before that, about, I think ——"

"And what became of those letters, Martin?" asked Catharine, interrupting her, and now

leaning forward with looks of surprise and displeasure.

Martin appeared astonished at the question.

"Speak the truth, Martin," said Catharine, her eyes filling with tears as she added, "Can *you*, Martin, be unfaithful to me?"

"My dear, dear young lady, no; not for all the world could offer," exclaimed Martin, tears gushing into her eyes as she spoke; "I thought I was only giving the letters to Lord Dunallan, as he commanded me, that he might himself deliver them to you."

Catharine sunk back: "You gave the letters to my father," said she faintly.

"Yes, Madam: just the very day on which Mr. Dunallan trusted me with his first letter, my Lord had commanded me to bring any letter for my young lady to him, and he would himself take charge of it."

Dunallan looked for a moment at Catharine; her eyes were raised timidly to him.

"That is enough," said he, in the gentlest tone of voice, to poor Martin, who stood in apparent consternation. "You have done nothing wrong, Martin: we may now proceed." He waited till she had retired, then ordered the servants to drive on; and, turning to Catharine—

"I now feel how much cause you have to regard me as you do, Catharine. You have consi-

dered me as calmly persevering in completing your wretchedness, without an effort to make escape possible. I am not surprised that you could not bring yourself to say I deserved forgiveness."

"Forgiveness! Mr. Dunallan," repeated Catharine, "I now see too plainly who it is that has most—that has all to forgive. I can scarcely, however, hope that you can pardon this last——," she hesitated: "Yet if you could suspend forming your judgment on this, to me, unaccountable proceeding of my father's, I feel certain he will be able to convince you that his motives were perfectly honourable." Catharine again burst into tears, overpowered and mortified beyond expression.

"I am convinced, my dearest Catharine, that, according to Lord Dunallan's views, they were perfectly so," replied Dunallan. "I have had many conversations with him. I hoped to have induced him at least to have given me time to attempt to overcome the prejudices with which you met me: but he seemed to feel that his engagement to my father made every moment of delay which he could prevent a breach of honour on his part. And you know, Catharine, that, independent of all this, a father is fully entitled to be acquainted with the contents of any letter addressed to his child while she remains under his protection. I shall now only say, that my object in writing these letters was, to make you

aware that my promise to my father was entirely conditional, and was to be considered cancelled if you were averse to its completion. I hoped that the knowledge of this might have put it in your power to be free."

Catharine shook her head.

"Your father assured me that you did not desire to be free; but your every look contradicted the assertion."

"My promise was never conditional," said Catharine; "that could have made no change on my part."

"It might, however, on the part I should have taken, Catharine. But that is past."

Catharine at once saw his meaning. "Yes; that is past!" repeated she emphatically. "Now I see too plainly how unjustly, how childishly, how madly I have acted! Mr. Dunallan, I will now say I have perceived your opinion of me. I have resented it; but you have not been unjust; I have deserved it. I can scarcely hope ever to obtain your forgiveness, but——"

"Dearest Catharine, do not talk thus," interrupted Dunallan; "let us exchange forgiveness for the past. Neither have been quite free from blame with regard to the other; but far, far the greatest share belongs to me. When I last renewed my promise to my father, I ought to have been more firm to my own sense of right—to my own principles."

"In our promises, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine mournfully, "I must feel that we have been more 'sinned against than sinning;' but I wish not to remember this."

"No, dearest Catharine, it is not our part to remember it. Let us only remember our own share in what is past; and where we have erred, let us begin to attempt averting those painful consequences which are always attendant on error."

"If that were possible," said Catharine still mournfully.

"It may be possible, dearest Catharine. Allow me to attempt to prove this to you." Dunallan now spoke in a cheerful tone of voice. "We have brought the past in some measure into the light of reality and truth; may I venture to go for a moment into the future. You know that in a few weeks I must leave Arnmore. I fear that during those few weeks, your father will not be satisfied unless you remain there also; but you shall, my dearest Catharine, be as free at Arnmore as you were at Dunallan Castle. Your cousin Elizabeth has promised to come to you. I earnestly wished she could have accompanied us now; but to this Lord Dunallan objected. My aunt leaves Arnmore immediately, unless you should wish her to be your guest until your cousin joins you. Miss Lennox, or any friend of yours, will, I am sure, find pleasure in making the

solitude of Arnmore less tedious to you. In short, my dear Catharine, my part in attempting to do away the painful consequences of my errors regarding you, shall first be to anticipate your every wish as far as it is in my power. Only let me know your wishes. I now consider your happiness as my first earthly care. As to myself, Catharine,"—Dunallan became embarrassed; but recovering himself, "I do not know in what character to ask you to consider me. To that which the ceremony of the last hour seemed to entitle me I shall never lay claim, while you feel for me as you do at present. Nothing on earth, Catharine," added he earnestly, "could induce me to remind you of that claim, while you so evidently detest it. You have just said, that you have perceived what opinion I have formed of you, and have resented it. Your adding this, proves to me that you have been mistaken. I shall say no more now. I know how little any profession of regard from one, for whom you feel as you do for me, can be agreeable to you. Yet, may I ask you to attempt to forget many things which I know you have heard against me; to judge of me for yourself, as of one whose character, from circumstances now unavoidable, you would wish to be such as you could esteem."

"I should certainly wish most earnestly to do so, Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine.

"Let it be so then, Catharine. Attempt to

consider me as one, who is really still almost a stranger to you, but who most earnestly desires to obtain a place in your esteem. Is this settled, Catharine?"

"Yes," replied Catharine; "if you too, Mr. Dunallan, would attempt the same with regard to me"—she spoke with embarrassment, and blushed as she spoke; but the tone of her voice had resumed something of its usual animation; and Dunallan's joyful assent to her wish, as far as it was possible, settled the arrangement for the few following weeks. "If at the end of those weeks of my probation," said Dunallan, "you can feel for me differently;—but I shall say no more now."

From that moment Dunallan's manner became frank and unembarrassed, and he began to converse on subjects just sufficiently connected with their present situation to render them deeply interesting. He at last spoke of Arnmore, and mentioned his aunt. Catharine made some inquiries respecting this new relation, and was soon in tears while listening to a few particulars of her melancholy story, and to Dunallan's description of her resignation, her restored cheerfulness, her active life.

"She shall herself tell you the source of her cheerfulness and strength of mind, Catharine," said Dunallan; and then passing to other subjects, his unrestrained, but gentle and respectful manner, gradually led Catharine to converse and

feel at ease with him, and almost to forget that he was the same dreaded Dunallan, whose presence had so long been a restraint to her, and the idea of whom her constant misery. She soon conversed freely with him, looked with interest for his answer, or for the impression made on him by the sentiments and opinions she was led to express, and which his countenance instantly betrayed. He still differed frequently from her, both in feeling and in opinion; but a mild indulgence, and an anxious desire to explain his reasons for differing, joined to great apparent pleasure when he had won her to his way of thinking, made even difference of opinion agreeable.

"You are leading me on to tell you my inmost thoughts, that you may condemn them," said she to him, after having expressed an opinion from which she saw he differed.

"Not to condemn, dearest Catharine. I only wish your opinions were the same on every subject."

"I wish so too," replied she smiling, "I know who would be the gainer. However, I can bear to differ from you now: at Dunallan Castle I could not."

"Because at Dunallan Castle, when you differed from me, all your friends did so also, particularly Mr. St. Clair, who always made your argument his own. Had he really dissented because his opinions were different, I ought either

have tried to convince him, or to be convinced y him; but as he merely wished to make a merit ith you by differing from me, and would have one the same had you argued on the opposite de, I thought it best to be silent, though I saw ie unfavourable impression my silence made on ou; but I dreaded losing my temper also, and ien a quarrel must have been the consequence; nd you, Catharine, do not perhaps know how nportant it is for a man, professing the princiles I do, to guard against being brought by his wn loss of temper, into a situation from which hose principles forbid his extricating himself in he usual way. I sometimes too felt for Mr. St. Clair. You know, Catharine, he deserved pity; 'et I think he ought to have pitied me also; for urely seeing, as he must have done, how repugiant to your feelings my presence was, he would iot have changed situations with me."

"Thank heaven," said Catharine emphatically, "that Mr. St. Clair was not in your situation!"

Dunallan's smile of pleasure brought a blush to Catharine's cheek; but he turned away, and soon again spoke as if he had not perceived it.

The travellers stopt during the hottest part of the day at the beautiful village of B——. Catharine had remarked Dunallan's uncommon powers of conversation even at Dunallan Castle, where he had been checked and restrained by

the cold looks and manners of most of the party. This day she had felt those powers in their full force. She scarcely observed how time passed. An hour after she had been with him, she had forgot the peculiarity of their situation, which seldom again returned to her recollection, excepting when a change of horses, or other incidents, interrupted conversation, and drew her attention from the last interesting sentence he had uttered. When, however, she learnt, on leaving the village of B——, that they were within a few miles of Arnmore, her thoughts became too powerfully oppressive for even Dunallan's conversation to suspend or overcome. It was evening—a calm gray evening after a day of bright sunshine. A soft mist rose from the fields, and enveloped the lower parts of the woods, and slowly ascended the hills.

Catharine had answered Dunallan several times without scarcely having heard what he said. She thought of her approaching interview with his aunt; of being received as the wife of Dunallan; of him also, though she heard not what he said; of his consideration for her; of his delicacy and kindness. "I may trust him," thought she, "but how will this aunt receive me? Can she know our feelings for each other?" She sighed deeply. At last Dunallan addressed her in a tone so very serious, yet so mild, that it immediately arrested her attention.

"I ought, I believe, my dear Catharine, to

repare you for some singularities which you will ıeet with at Arnmore. You know my opinions n some subjects are very different from those ou have been accustomed to consider just and ational. At Arnmore you will find those opin-ons influence all around you, and this at first ıay be irksome, or even may disgust you; but et me intreat you not to form your opinions un-il you have examined for yourself. Do not let ırejudice mislead you. I once thought as you ıow do, Catharine: may heaven avert from you he painful means by which my eyes were open-d."

Catharine listened with fixed attention.

"I will not say more now, Catharine; I only ısk that in one thing you will oblige me. I do ıot prescribe to you, however, remember, dearest Catharine."

"Whatever you ask," interrupted she, "I am ready to comply with."

"All I wish is, that you will submit to some new forms you will find in our mode of living at Arnmore—at least until you are convinced they are wrong."

"Is this all?" said Catharine. "But may I ask what are those opinions which I still enter-tain, and by the relinquishing of which you think your eyes were opened? What are they?"

"One is, my dear Catharine,"——

An acclamation of joy interrupted Dunallan.

"It is Mr. Dunallan! They are coming! They are coming! Welcome! Welcome! God bless you, Sir," echoed on all sides, and the carriage was instantly surrounded by people,—young, old, women, children, all joined in the shout of joy and welcome. Catharine shrunk back; Dunallan intreated her not to be disturbed, saying he would "stop those congratulations, so unseasonable," added he.

An old man now approached, his blue bonnet in his hand, and his gray hairs gently moved from his thin temples by the wind. "God bless you, Sir! God bless your lady!" Then looking with apparent delight at Catharine, "May she, for your sake, Sir, be as gude as she is bonny! We have come to be the first to meet and wish you joy, Sir." Then addressing Catharine, "There's no ane amang us but wad hae been wanderers in a strange country, and cast out frae our hames, if it had na been for our young laird; but he likes grateful hearts on his estate rather than new schemes. He's the only gentleman in a' the country that"——

"My good M'Donald," interrupted Dunallan, "we thank you; but have you forgot that young ladies do not like such noisy welcomes? We shall soon see you at your own houses; but let us pass quietly now, and tell my other friends around you, that I intreat them also to reserve their welcomes till another time for their young lady."

The old man now smiled; "I had forgotten, ir, that one sae near to you could feel aught but oy." Dunallan, colouring, drew up the glass, nd they passed on, though the people looked isappointed at their well-meant congratulations eing so ill received. When they had left this arty at some distance, Dunallan stopt the car- iage, and gave an order to a servant, which Catha- ine did not hear; but the man galloped forward, nd, though they passed many cottages and farm ouses, there were no more congratulations. The eople, who stood in their doors, though in their Sunday clothes, and evidently prepared to bid hem welcome, were satisfied with respectfully aking off their hats, while the women curtsied, nd motioned to the children to be quiet; or still nore anxious to please, some went into their houses whilst the carriage passed, and then fol- lowed it with a fervently uttered "God bless him."

"And this is the man!" thought Catharine, "who dismissed his father's old domestics with- out reward, and who, I understood, was the most severe of landlords!" She looked at him. He seemed absorbed in thought, but not of an agree- able nature. He looked sad.

"It distresses me to have your people checked in their demonstrations of joy," said Catharine in the softest tone of voice.

He started from his reverie. "Oh it does not

signify; they will have other opportunities. Their feelings are not my present care, dear Catharine. I thought of you, and am anxious to save you from their heartfelt but noisy and perhaps rude expressions of joy at an event which has only caused you pain! yet I should wish you to feel an interest in the happiness of beings who will now be so much influenced by you; for the people on this estate are so devotedly attached to its proprietors, that they will do any thing they think pleasing to those beloved by them."

"Does this attachment go along with the estate?" asked Catharine smiling.

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, and smiled also.

They had been for some time driving slowly up a steep ascent, and saw nothing on either side but the darkly shaded trunks of the straight firs which skirted the woods near the road. When they had reached the highest part of the ascent, the mist had cleared away, and a bright setting sun glowed on the beautiful scenery of Arnmore, which now lay before them. It seemed as if nature had formed an immense amphitheatre of mountains, to shelter all that was soft and picturesque within their bosom. The castle stood on a rocky promontory, raised boldly from the lake which washed its base, and now reflecting the lengthened rays of the departing sun appeared "a sheet of gold," with woods hanging in luxu-

riance upon its deep and broken shores. The lescent into this paradise was rapid. Catharine ıad scarcely time to recover from her surprise ınd delight, when they entered the noble avenue which led to the castle. Dunallan turned to her. " Let me now welcome you, Catharine, to your new abode, and again declare, before Him who is present everywhere, that you have only to tell me what you wish, and it shall be my first care to endeavour to gratify you." Catharine hesitated. —" My first wish is to know what you consider right—to live a useful life."

" Dear Catharine! then you cannot live unhappily; with such resolutions no situation can make you so."

They drove on in silence. Dunallan seemed to avoid looking at Catharine, and at a loss. He pulled up the glasses, and let them down again several times. Catharine's heart beat violently, yet her feelings were rather pleasurable. Often during her journey had she asked herself, " Is this the day I so much dreaded?" and even now, though trembling and embarrassed, her heart felt light and happy.

" My aunt," said Dunallan, with a look of pleasure, as they drove up to the door.

A lady and two children stood on the steps. The carriage door was open in an instant. Catharine trembled so violently, that Dunallan almost lifted her out.

"My aunt Mrs. Oswald, my dear Catharine."

Mrs. Oswald received and pressed Catharine to her bosom with the tenderness of a mother. "God bless you, and make you a blessing, my dearest niece."

She then still more joyfully embraced her nephew, and the children clung around him. The servants seemed to join in the general joy, and looked delighted when, turning to them, he said he hoped all were well and happy. He then offered his arm to Catharine, and led her into an apartment that overlooked the lake, saying in a low voice, while they advanced towards a window, "You will have little more of this kind to undergo, dear Catharine." He then turned to his aunt, and to the children, who sprung into his arms, which he now opened to receive them. Catharine looked at them clinging round his neck, and fondly leaning their little faces on his, with an emotion that brought tears into her eyes. She remembered they were the children of that sister whom he was accused of having treated cruelly. She felt that it was impossible, and that Dunallan's character must have been traduced.

Mrs. Oswald appeared to be between forty and fifty; still handsome, though dressed quite like an old woman; the expression of her countenance very cheerful, and singularly pleasing, from its lively openness. She addressed Catharine with such sweet and easy kindness, yet with so

much of the dignity of an elder woman and a parent, that Catharine at once felt affection and respect for her.

Dunallan brought the children to Catharine. "I regard these little girls as my children. They are orphans, or more than orphans," added he, in a lower tone. "Do you like children, Catharine?"

"Extremely," replied she; and her manner to them showed that she also knew how to win their little hearts.

An hour after, the party were seated in the same window; Mrs. Oswald and Catharine becoming every moment more intimate, and an expression of regard and admiration increasing in the countenances of both, while Dunallan listened to their conversation in almost silent pleasure. One of the little girls kept close to him, and seemed never to tire of looking at him. Her lovely little fair head rested on his breast, and formed a beautiful contrast with the manly complexion and dark hair of Dunallan, who truly seemed to feel all a father's tenderness for her. The other child had been won by Catharine's caresses to remain with her, and sat in her lap, her eyes fixed on Catharine's face as she spoke, and now and then attracting her notice by her little attempts to join in what passed. The children's maid at last appeared, to summon them to bed. They flew to Dunallan, to be again folded

to his breast. "Good night. God bless my dear little girls," said he, kissing them affectionately.

"Good night, aunt Oswald, good night," and approaching Catharine, "what shall I call you?" said the little thing who had been in her lap.

Catharine hesitated, and blushed.

"Aunt Dunallan," said Mrs. Oswald.

"Good night, aunt Dunallan, my dear aunt Dunallan. But why are you my aunt?" asked the child.

"Go, go," said Dunallan quickly.

They flew away, but the eldest returned and looked in Dunallan's face. "Were you angry?" "No." He whispered something in her ear; she looked at Catharine, who held out her hand to her. The child approached and kissed the hand she offered with a look as if she thought her something very mysterious, and then went away.

When the children retired, Catharine felt the smallness of the party a restraint. She turned to the window. The lake still glowed with the reflection of the sky. Dunallan rose and stood by her. Mrs. Oswald drew her chair closer, and kindly taking Catharine's hand in hers, "Let us have no reserves, my dear Catharine," said she, "no secrets. I know all about you—you probably know something about me too—enough, at least, to lead you to believe that I have nothing to do in this world now, but to prepare for another, and endeavour to promote the happiness

of those around me, as far as I may have the means of doing so. I know with what reluctance you came to us—a most natural reluctance. But try to forget all these unhappy circumstances, and to look upon us as relations with whom you are still unacquainted. Try to banish all prejudice against us."

Catharine warmly returned the pressure of her hand with which Mrs. Oswald concluded. "I shall try to forget every thing," replied she with emotion, "but your reception of a person who must unintentionally have occasioned you much pain. I too wish most anxiously for perfect openness. I acknowledge I did come to you with reluctance; and," added she, smiling sweetly, "I believe my presence was not greatly desired. I intreat you will also forget all prejudices against me."

"Oh," said Mrs. Oswald, "we know there have been attempts to sow discord, when every benevolent feeling ought to have led to the reverse."

A servant now entered, said something in an under tone of voice to Dunallan, and then retired.

"Catharine," said Dunallan, with some embarrassment in his manner, "I have now to intreat you to join us in one of the singular customs I prepared you to meet at Arnmore."

"Certainly," replied she, accepting the arm he offered, though she began to tremble from appre-

hension of she knew not what. Mrs. Oswald leant on Dunallan's other arm, and he led them into the library, where a number of servants were assembled. They stood respectfully, until Dunallan placed Catharine and his aunt, one on each side, and then seated himself between them. A table stood before him, on which lay a large Bible and other books. He turned over the leaves of one, and when he had found the hymn he sought, presented it to Catharine, and then named it to the others. Dunallan himself began the song of praise, but he appeared embarrassed, and his voice at first was scarcely audible. Mrs. Oswald, however, the instant she caught the air, joined her full clear notes, with which the servants soon mingled theirs. Catharine could not join. She now found herself present at one of those very scenes which had, during Dunallan's late visit at her father's, been frequently chosen by St. Clair as the subject of his most pointed ridicule, and which he had described in terms so completely ludicrous, that Catharine had often joined in the laugh he excited. It was true she had many times, during her evening walks at Dunallan Castle, stopped to listen to the hymn of the cottagers, and St. Clair himself had participated in the pleasure excited by those strains of simple piety; but a gentleman, a man of education, knowing the habits of the world, himself singing psalms, acting parson before his family and

estics! How utterly ridiculous! Catharine remembered how often Dunallan had been ent when such scenes had been the subject dicule, and also how much the gravity of his s, or his defence of those who engaged in , had increased St. Clair's eagerness to hold up to derision. It was impossible Dunallan l have forgotten all this, or the part she her- ıad taken; and she now felt ashamed, and ıred not to join, feeling that if she did, he regard her, during a service esteemed sacred im, as a mere hypocrite—the character she been taught to associate with the idea of e in her own class who made any such open de, she once would have called it, of religion. ile Catharine sat occupied with these thoughts, head bent forward over her book of hymns, her colour heightened by so many recollec- ;, and by the consciousness that she must be bject of attention to those around her, Dun- ı had regained his self-command, and his fine ly voice now bore its full share in the hymn. ıarine's feelings, however, remained contra- ›ry and confused. The melody was sweet pleasing. Surely it must be right thus to in worshipping God, but still her early asso- ons of ridicule returned, and she felt relieved n the hymn was concluded. Dunallan then n to read a portion of scripture, in a voice

so deeply serious and impressive, that Catharine's whole attention was rivetted to the subject. She was in the habit of reading the scriptures at stated times, and admired and loved particular passages; but, on the whole, the sacred volume appeared to her involved in an obscurity which she thought it almost culpable to remark, even to herself. She had imbibed this impression in her early childhood, from the veneration with which her mother taught her to regard the word of God, and which was ever afterwards associated with the sacred idea of her departed parent. This gave her an uneasy and superstitious apprehension when she ventured to use her own powers of reasoning on any point she could not comprehend, or reconcile to what in other cases appeared reasonable. She had been shocked by hearing others speak slightingly on a subject which was connected in her feelings with all that was most sacred. She never, therefore, conversed with her father, or with almost any one on the subject, because she seldom found any one's feelings meet hers. Dunallan's voice and manner, however, recalled her earlier impressions, and she listened with delight, mingled with awe, to the sublime passage he had chosen. When any particularly obscure sentence occurred, Dunallan stopt, and in the most simple and correctly pure language, gave either his own ideas on the subject, or those

of some approved commentator, which to him appeared conclusive, and which Catharine on each occasion felt perfectly satisfactory, and worthy of the subject. She felt grieved when he closed the sacred volume. All now knelt down to prayer; but here Catharine was again less pleased. The deep humility of Dunallan's confessions, she could scarcely conceive to be sincere, and his exulting thanksgivings for the mercies of Christianity seemed unlike the simple trueness of his usual expressions. Yet, as he proceeded, he at times spoke a language which reached her inmost soul; and when he concluded, she certainly felt her respect for him unaccountably increased. The servants, with an appearance of respect for their young master approaching to veneration, gratefully replied to those kind and friendly inquiries with which he noticed some of them as they left the apartment.

Mrs. Oswald held out her hand to Catharine: "How do you like our strange ways, my dear young friend?" asked she.

Catharine warmly pressed her hand, "Part of them very much," replied she.

"And what part do you dislike, my dear?"

"*Dislike* is a strong word. I will not say, my dear Mrs. Oswald, that I *dislike* any part; but ——" she hesitated, and looked towards Dunallan. He had again opened the Bible, and stood

with his hand resting upon it, while he seemed to listen for her reply to Mrs. Oswald's question.

"May I ask you to read this passage, Catharine?" said he.

She immediately approached.

"I felt it too sacred," continued he, "when arguing, as you have heard me do with Mr. St. Clair. His levity on these subjects was so unconquerable."

Catharine read the passage to which he pointed. It was this: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."*

"You remember what precedes and follows this, Catharine?" added Dunallan.

"I do," said Catharine, instantly solemnised.

"Then I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that our feelings cannot be in the state they ought to be, if we have any disposition to ridicule an act of devotion sanctioned by this example, or if the dread of such ridicule should make us shrink from performing it."

"Assuredly, Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine, blushing even to tears at the recollection of what she now considered her own impiety. Dunallan immediately changed the subject; but Catharine, when again alone, revolved it deeply in her

* Matt. xxvi. 30.

hts, and felt humbled in her own opinion,
she thought how justly, yet how gently,
lan had conveyed reproof. These thoughts,
er, were not pleasing, and she hoped that,
morrow, she would find means to gain a
place in Dunallan's esteem.

CHAPTER VI.

To-morrow morning came, and, with it, Martin rejoiced to have an opportunity of opening her heart to her young lady.

"Oh, Ma'am," began she, "every one here is so kind! Mrs. Scott told me, that Mrs. Oswald said she would trust to her to find out the way to make me happy and comfortable; so Mrs. Scott just told me, and begged me to say frankly, what would make me so on all occasions, for that Mrs. Oswald would be sadly displeased if they did not find means to make my new abode pleasant to me. And, Ma'am, Mrs. Scott says you put her in mind of Mr. Dunallan's mother, whom she served long ago; but she did not stay in the house after her death, because the last housekeeper was not a person she liked to be under; so she went to Mrs. Oswald, who has been so kind to her, that she says she owes more than this world's happiness to her; but she says, too, Ma'am, that if you look as gently at her as you did at me when you spoke to me, she could serve you on her knees." Martin's next theme Catharine listened to with more pleasure, for it was all in praise of Dunallan,

"who," she said, "seemed to be quite idolized by his servants."

"There is not one of them," proceeded she, "who would leave him to serve any gentleman in the country, Mrs. Scott says; and yet he is very strict, and suffers no servant to stay a night in the house after he has broken through any rule he has established; and this he desires they may be positively warned of when they are hired. He has turned off four men within the last six months, although he afterwards was very kind to them till they found other means of subsistence, and took pains himself to convince them of the evil of their practices. Whenever a new servant enters the house, Mr. Dunallan converses with him in private, and gives him books to read; and he desires Mr. Gray, the steward, to take care that the men shall have time to read morning and evening, if they are so disposed; and, at any rate, they must be in the house; and they are, in general, anxious to read the books given them by Mr. Dunallan, as he often sends for them, and inquires whether they understand, and like what they have read, and takes much pains to instruct them. Mrs. Oswald takes the same care of the women; and Mrs. Scott asked me, Ma'am, whether I had been used with such care at Dunallan Castle. I said, that nobody could be kinder to their servants than you, Ma'am, and that you al-

ways set them a good example; and Mrs. Scott said, that you indeed looked like an angel."

"Oh, Martin," replied Catharine, "you have done me more than justice; you see there may be better mistresses."

Martin began to defend her young lady. "No, no, Martin," interrupted Catharine, "do not trouble your head to recollect all my goodness, as you call it. I hope Mrs. Oswald will teach me to be really a good mistress."

"Oh, my dear young lady," exclaimed Martin, her heart beginning to overflow at her eyes, "I always said, you only needed to know what an angel was to become one yourself; for you have, ever since you were a child, and spoiled by every one about you, always liked that person best who most freely told you what was right, whether they thought it likely to please you or not. Oh! Ma'am, I remember when Mr. Dunallan was a very young gentleman, and you, Ma'am, quite a child, you used sometimes to come away from every body to me, so unhappy and vexed; and when I tried to amuse or comfort you, you used to tell me that Edward (as you called him then) had said you were passionate, or proud, or unkind to Miss Elizabeth; and then you used to cry so, Ma'am, and say, 'Edward thinks so, and it must be true. Do not say I am good, Martin, but tell me how I can learn not to

assionate nor proud.' Ah, Ma'am, you liked Dunallan better than any body then."

atharine sighed, and looked so grave that tin finished her duties without saying another l. When she was gone, Catharine sat down window, her watch in her hand, at once to repared for the hour of morning prayer, and ew the romantic scenery which lay before but while her eyes wandered over its varied ties, her thoughts were soon fixed on a sub- too powerfully interesting to be long forgotten r own situation, and Dunallan's singular acter. Her feelings for him had very much ged since the preceding morning. Still, how- , she scarcely knew what she felt. "I have completely mistaken," thought she, "in sup- ng him cold and selfish. Mrs. Oswald, and round him, regard him with as much love as ect. This could not be inspired, unless he overed feelings of the same nature to them. children, too,"—she felt softened when she llected his caressing and fondly affectionate tment of them. "Amiable being!" thought "how much he seems formed for domestic piness! And in this to be compelled to give his own inclinations, and abandon all hopes ver finding what he is so peculiarly fitted to y: yet so just to me! so feeling for my situa- ! so delicate! so considerate! his every , every word, so calculated to restore me to

perfect tranquillity and confidence. Yeste
at this time, I supposed him all sternness
pride: this morning I could wish he were
gentle—less overcomingly delicate and cons
ate. The contrast is painful." The recolle
of all she had heard against his character re
ed to her thoughts. "What an inexplicabl
ing!" thought she, "yet why should I wis
know that all these unfavourable traits are f
I almost believe them to be so; but I do not
to know that his manner is really no mor
gaging than his heart is perfect. I do not
to know that I have been so unjust to him
unwise to myself." She thought of his sin
rities—his prayers—his strict notions. "W
must he think of me, educated as I have b
He must feel that I am incapable of entering
his ideas, or of being his friend and compa
He seems to feel for me as a child whom h
been the unfortunate means of injuring,
whom he must therefore sooth and indulge,
lull me, if possible, into a forgetfulness o
real situation. Oh! that I could convince
that proud, and thoughtless, and self-willed,
spoiled by prosperity as he thinks I am, and
too often feel myself to be, that I, too, a
after perfection." A gentle tap at the
startled her. She opened it. It was Mrs.
wald and the children.

Quite ready! that is right my love," said kind lady.

ıe children threw their little arms round Ca-ne. " Sweet loves," said she, pressing them tenderness to her bosom.

·s. Oswald seemed greatly pleased: " They ot be orphans, I see," said she; " but come, ime for prayers."

nallan was alone when they entered the li-. He received Catharine with a look of ıre; but he appeared grave, and immediate-ıg for the servants.

:harine again sat by him; and, whilst she oined her voice with his in their morning of adoration, she felt as if she partook in ıre devotion' which seemed to inspire him. ı he read, and again she listened with the fixed attention. He prayed; and the earn-sires of his soul for higher degrees of purity ught, in motive, in action, in feeling, than ıd ever conceived, led her to feel the dis-at which she still remained from his ideas fection; while his lowly confessions of time nt, and his ardent supplications that all feel the deep importance of the short and g moments on which so much depended, gloom over her spirits.

Vhat a degree of perfection you require," he to him when the servants left the room. ould despair, if I thought heaven required

such impossible strictness of thought and motive? Do you believe, Mr. Dunallan, that we are capable of making our hearts so perfect?"

He looked mildly at her for a moment, then said, in a serious tone, "I do not think that we are capable to command a single good thought. Scripture says so, and my own experience confirms the declarations of Scripture to my own mind. But," added he, "you seem half displeased with me, Catharine."

"I only do not comprehend you," replied she. "My dear Mrs. Oswald, I appeal to you, has he not contradicted himself? He first describes a degree of perfection, which, if necessary, is quite alarming to such erring creatures; and then says to prevent all attempt even, that we are incapable of thinking a good thought."

"And yet, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "contradictory as this may appear, it is the fact; for the scriptures say, that 'without holiness' we cannot see heaven; and also declare our inability to think a good thought."

"Oh! do not puzzle me with such contradictions," exclaimed Catharine earnestly, "I wish to know your opinions. My heart tells me I have regarded these matters too slightly. I find that those who attend most to them always have most influence with me. Mr. Dunallan, I entreat you to explain yourself."

"My dear Catharine, I had no intention to

[illegible] with [illegible] r [illegible] a subject. You forget that I was [illegible] s[illegible] bi[illegible] what man may attain by his own exertions; I was imploring the assistance of heaven to produce in our souls that purity which true Christianity always leads us to sigh after, however deficient we may be."

Catharine sighed, and looked unsatisfied.

"You are not quite convinced that I am right, Catharine," said Dunallan; "but you know, I prepared you to meet strange customs and strange opinions at Arnmore; and I think you promised, at least you assented to my wish, not to form your opinion of us till you had examined impartially our reasons for differing from many around us."

"Oh, certainly I shall not," replied Catharine. "I had forgot that I was to act as an impartial judge. From what I have already seen, however, I feel inclined to expect perfection, and am disappointed when I cannot understand what I see and hear."

"Perfection!" exclaimed Dunallan; "was it not an aspiration after perfection which displeased you?"

"Oh, that kind of perfection; yes, because it is quite different from the kind I mean, and is far too sacred for common life."

"I must not discuss this subject with you now, Catharine," replied Dunallan, taking her hand, and then Mrs. Oswald's, and drawing each within

his arm, "because I have an engagement in half an hour, and we must go to breakfast; but, may I ask you to examine the sentiment you have just expressed, and tell me, when we meet again in this place of strange customs and conversations, if you think it—may I say," he looked smilingly in her face, "rational? Catharine, you must not be displeased with me: You know I have always been plain with you."

"I am not displeased," replied Catharine. "If I am irrational in my sentiments, it is not from intention; and I only wait to be convinced."

"Sweet girl," said Mrs. Oswald; "but come away, or this strange man must go to his appointment without any breakfast." She hurried before them into the breakfast-room, and seated herself so as to leave Catharine to preside.

"Mrs. Oswald, this is your place," said Catharine, when Dunallan led her to the vacant seat.

"No, indeed, my love," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I never take any trouble I can possibly avoid." And she looked up in Catharine's face, smiling with so much archness of expression, that Catharine seated herself immediately to escape Dunallan's looks, who stood by her till the delicate point was settled. Catharine felt her face glow, and her hand trembled as she proceeded to do the duties of her place.

"This is always a very sociable hour at Arn-

more, my dear Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald, "always a comfortable, old-fashioned breakfast, from which no one ever thinks of being absent. It is my delight," continued Mrs. Oswald, "to see every one assemble first at prayers, and then to easy and friendly conversation at breakfast, when our very hearts seem to feel as if the freshness of morning had risen upon them, as our sweet Mrs. Williams says."

Catharine again felt her face glow, on recollecting the conversation which had passed at Dunallan Castle, and what Elizabeth had heard Dunallan say of her. "Is Mrs. Williams a near neighbour?" asked she.

"Yes; but we shall not see her for a few days," replied Mrs. Oswald.

"I long much to be acquainted with her," said Catharine, looking at Dunallan, "I shall then perhaps learn what perfection is."

"No," replied he, smiling, "her own account of herself at least is very different."

Dunallan was obliged to hurry away immediately after breakfast. Mrs. Oswald then led Catharine through the house, and afterwards to the garden, and some of the nearest of the beautiful walks which surrounded the castle. Catharine greatly admired every thing she saw. In the house all was propriety, the most elegant simplicity and comfort. The servants seemed most carefully attended to; and in their looks and

manner showed the respect and affection they felt for Mrs. Oswald, and their anxiety to recommend themselves to the notice of their young lady. The cottagers they met during their walk appeared equally pleased and respectful. Mrs. Oswald addressed them kindly, and seemed acquainted with all their concerns. "I must show you our village," said she to Catharine as they were slowly returning towards the house. They then descended a wooded path which led towards the lake; and after many windings, they arrived at a range of rocky cliffs, from which, in extensive and very picturesque grounds, on the borders of the lake, were seen many neat cottages, separated from each other by the rocky unevenness of the ground, or by trees, or small and beautifully verdant fields, or by nicely cultivated little gardens. The mixture of wood, and rocks, and cottages, covered with honeysuckle and wild roses, with their irregular fields and gardens, sometimes surrounded with wood, sometimes inclosed by rocks of the most romantic wildness, sometimes encroaching on the steep sides of the hills which inclosed them all, formed a scene of singular beauty. Catharine contemplated all around her with delight.

"That village contains upwards of four hundred inhabitants," said Mrs. Oswald, "and their improvement is Dunallan's favourite pursuit. The late Mr. Dunallan, who never objected to

any plan proposed by his son, consented to his attempting this improvement, to induce his tenants to give up their little farms willingly. Dunallan was quite as much aware as his Father, of the disadvantages of having an estate divided into these small farms; but he reprobated the plan followed by many country gentlemen, of at once throwing a number of them into one, and suffering the miserable people to emigrate with their families to distant countries. He prevailed on his Father, therefore, to suffer the old tenants to remain, but invited their sons to this village, where they receive a small piece of ground, a boat, and fishing materials. The young men are, by these means, enabled to marry soon, and in a short time become so attached to this village, that at their fathers' deaths they have no desire to return to their farms, which fall without trouble into the hands of the landlord. Dunallan's plans have arrived at wonderful perfection, considering how short his visits at home were during his Father's life."

"And why, may I ask, were his visits so short, my dear Mrs. Oswald?" said Catharine. "Surely such cold disregard of a father was not quite consistent with Mr. Dunallan's strict principles."

"I think his conduct was quite so, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I do not believe a parent's shame can be witnessed by a child without lessening the respect he ought to feel."

"Shame! What do you mean, my dear Madam?"

"Is it possible, Catharine, you do not know the cause for Dunallan's averseness to home?"

"I never heard any cause assigned."

"Ah, my dear, Dunallan has had enemies near you. This could not be so great a secret, though my nephew has, I know, borne in silence much undeserved blame. You, Catharine, ought to know, however, that when Dunallan resided at home, he was obliged to see in his mother's place, one of the lowest and worst of creatures, by whom his father was so infatuated and enslaved, that even his love for his son could not break the bondage, or induce him, even when his son was with him, to offend this woman, by keeping her from appearing when there was no other guest; for this was the manner in which she chose to show her hatred to Dunallan. No situation could be more intolerable to a man of Dunallan's principles and feelings."

"And he did as he ought in leaving it," said Catharine with emphasis. "I was certain Mr. Dunallan must have been innocent of the charges I have heard against him," added she thoughtfully.

"Have any more such stories reached you, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; but I shall tell you them all, my dearest Madam; for I long to hear Mr. Dunallan

cleared from every aspersion. Mr. Clanmar is said to have been led into an improper marriage by him."

"I know he is," replied Mrs. Oswald: "but here I cannot satisfy you. Dunallan is as secret as death on this subject; from which I, who know him, infer, that Mr. Clanmar has been guilty of something very blameable. I have seen them together, and Clanmar certainly regards Dunallan with more than common respect, and Dunallan professes sincere affection for him; but this is all I can say on this point."

"And Mr. Dunallan's sister," said Catharine.

"His sister!" repeated Mrs. Oswald; "surely it is not possible to represent his conduct to her as any thing but kind, tender, generous——"

"Oh yes," interrupted Catharine, "it is possible to make it appear cruel—unfeeling——"

"What a world!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald. "Let us sit down here, my dear Catharine, for I can walk no farther, and I shall tell you how cruel and unfeeling he was to her. Poor Maria was Dunallan's sister by a former marriage, and some years older than he. My sister, the mother of Dunallan, wished most earnestly to have the charge of her, but her mother's relations expressed the same wish, and her expectations from them being considerable, her father would not suffer her to be taken from them. A few months after the death of my sister, the relation with

whom Maria lived, died also, leaving her a large fortune. Mr. Dunallan entreated me to take charge of her, as there was no remaining relation of her mother's with whom he chose to intrust her, and his house was not a proper place for a young female. I consented, but soon perceived the difficulty of the task I had undertaken. Beautiful, gentle, ingenuous, and warm in her affections, Maria gained upon my heart, while her want of steadiness, her sensibility, and neglected education, in what was of any real value, kept me in perpetual alarm. Never was any creature more exposed to the dangers of vanity, from the extravagant admiration of the other sex; and, amongst all her suitors, she fixed on the very one I should have least wished her to choose. You have, I dare say, heard of young Mr. Harcourt, and of his unbounded extravagance. For three years before he left this country, he was indebted to Dunallan for the supply of every want, though by this means Dunallan's own income became so limited that he was obliged to deny himself every indulgence. At one time he gave up his horses, at another he dismissed all his servants. Harcourt, with the meanness usually attendant on extravagance, received, unblushingly, all these pecuniary aids from a mere boy, as Dunallan then was. At the end of those three years, one cause of Harcourt's extravagance became known, for the first time, to Dunallan. He found that he was depriving him-

[illegible]self of [illegible]y indulgence to supply the expenses [illegible]of a m[illegible]ess who had lived with Harcourt for several years. This naturally roused Dunallan's indignation, and after having, with difficulty, procured a situation for Harcourt in India, he positively informed him, that unless he broke off the shameful connexion he had formed, and immediately consented to sail for his new destination, he would no longer regard him as a relation. Harcourt knew how dangerous it would be to his interests to displease Dunallan, and promised all he wished. Before he sailed, however, Dunallan discovered that the woman had gone a few weeks before, in another ship, destined to the presidency to which he had been appointed, and where she had a sister married in a low situation. On discovering this, Dunallan came to me almost in despair. Maria's health was then in a very delicate state, having been recently confined by the birth of our little Mary, and the idea of parting from her children, who were too young to be taken to India, had materially increased her illness. I went to her, and proposed her remaining with her children, and suffering Harcourt to proceed to India without her. I found little difficulty in persuading her to do this, her affections were so divided between her husband and children. Harcourt, however, enraged at seeing all further hopes of receiving pecuniary advantage from Dunallan at an end, first insisted on his wife ac-

companying him, and when he found that she, shocked by the brutality of his letters, and terrified by his violence when he gained admittance to her, was so ill as really to be incapable of undertaking such a voyage, he threatened to take his children, which last project was only prevented by Dunallan's promise to pay him a large annuity as long as he left his wife and children at peace in this country. Poor Maria sunk under his cruel treatment. Dunallan and I accompanied her from place to place—wherever change of climate, or change of scene, held out any hope of restoring peace, or strength to her wounded mind and weakened frame, but in vain; it is now nearly two years since she expired in her brother's arms, after frequently declaring, that he had been the means of leading her to the only true source of happiness, and had taught her that death itself could be welcomed as the harbinger of everlasting peace and joy. Her children Dunallan regards as his own. The worthless Harcourt still lives, and has married the wretched woman who seduced his affections from his wife."

"Unfortunate Maria!" exclaimed Catharine, "how much is our sex to be pitied!" added she thoughtfully, "duped by our affections, or sacrificed to"—— she stopt.

"Yes;" said Mrs. Oswald in a gentle tone of voice, "but misfortune is most severe when we have sought it ourselves. There is a great, an

unspeakable consolation, my dear Catharine, in feeling, that though we suffer we have not left the path of duty: then we look on misfortune, not as a chastisement, but as a purifier. I hope, my dear young friend, you will yet have cause to rejoice in your generous devotion to your father's wishes."

An approaching footstep interrupted Mrs. Oswald. It was Dunallan; he looked at Catharine, then at his aunt—"Am I an intruder?"

"Oh, no," said Catharine, "but we did not hope to see you."

"We supposed you were engaged for the whole morning," said Mrs. Oswald.

"On this morning! my dear aunt, no certainly. I hoped to have returned in time to attend you, but you were fled, and I have been searching every walk for you."

"You must not think of me, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, "I know you have important affairs to attend to here, which must not be neglected on my account."

"You know, Catharine, what I consider the most important affair at present intrusted to me. I am sure Mrs. Oswald will leave nothing untried to render your present situation agreeable to you, but I believe you must allow me, for my own sake, while we are together, to join in the attempt: however, my dear Catharine," added he, quickly and earnestly, "your own mind is the

source from whence alone I expect you to derive the happiness I so ardently wish for you."

Catharine smiled, and looked certainly not very unhappy.

"You recollect too well," said she, "the account I once gave you of my extreme inconsistency of disposition; but even without supposing that changed, Arnmore is so new a scene to me that I shall not soon be satisfied, I perceive, in exploring its wonders; its mental novelties are, however, I must confess, most interesting to me. You know, Mr. Dunallan, you have to convince me, that a sentiment I expressed this morning was very irrational."

"Yes; at least I wished you yourself to discover that it was so."

"I have not yet had time to examine it."

"I know you have not, and I almost wish to decline entering on a subject so very serious, when I recollect how frequently I have heard you say, that you detested preaching out of the pulpit."

"I entreat you, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, blushing deeply, "to forget such foolish speeches of mine. My heart reproached me, I assure you, the moment they were uttered."

"Well then, my dear ingenuous Catharine," replied Dunallan, "I shall do as you desire. Your opinion is, that religion is too sacred a thing

to be always present to our thoughts. May I ask you to explain to me why you think so?"

"Because—I think—why, all our lives are occupied with such trifles, it would be almost profane, I think, to mix religious ideas with them."

"But what, my dear Catharine, do you include in your ideas of religion?"

"I include," replied Catharine solemnly, "belief in that great and glorious Being, who has created the universe, and, by his power and wisdom, supports it in existence; whose attributes are beyond our comprehension, but who has, in mercy, sent his Son to reveal his will to us, and to set us an example of the most perfect, the sublimest virtue."

"Well, my dearest Catharine, so far our ideas are the same. You regard that revelation of the will of God then, as a rule to which we ought implicitly to submit?"

"Certainly I do."

"But that revelation, dear Catharine, talks frequently of 'acknowledging God in *all* our ways,' of 'walking with God,' of 'trusting in him continually,' of 'desiring to please him in *all* things.'"

"I confess I do not understand such expressions, Mr. Dunallan; at least the only meaning I can attach to them does not satisfy me."

"But do they not support the opinion that re-

ligion may, and ought to be, our constant g in every thing?"

"They certainly do."

"Can you recollect any thing in revelat Catharine, which forbids or condemns inno pleasures?"

"No, nothing."

"Or any precept which it would not incr our real happiness to obey?"

"No, not one."

"Then why do you think its rules are too cred to be always present, even in our most ch ful thoughts?"

"I shall perhaps be convicted of being i tional, I see," replied Catharine, smiling, "yet *feelings* still say, that religion would not be a suitably mixed with our usual occupations, even opinions."

"Most true, my dearest Catharine, your f ings say perfectly right; but ought not our oc pations and opinions to be made suitable to r gion? are we rational in professing oursel Christians, while our usual common opini and occupations are such as to necessarily ban the ideas which Christianity inspires?"

"No, I must allow we are not. But I fear must entirely new-model the world, Mr. Du allan, before you will be able to prevail on it be always influenced by such pure and sac principles."

"Ah! Catharine, that is the way we all attempt to escape from disagreeable truths: but each individual of that world has the charge of one heart and one life only."

"But that one heart may itself require to be changed perhaps," said Catharine.

"Not perhaps, dear Catharine, most certainly every heart does. Oh, that I could convince you," added he with great earnestness and emotion, "that you will never know what real happiness is until that one heart is so changed as to willingly, anxiously, desire and endeavour to submit its opinions, its wishes, its choice of occupations, its every feeling, to be influenced and guided by revelation."

"I wish it were," replied Catharine seriously, "but, indeed, I do not expect it ever will. It is not in my nature, I fear, to be a saint," added she more gaily, "I must rest satisfied with a more common degree of goodness."

Dunallan seemed disappointed, and remained silent.

"Do not look so grave, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, "I shall try to do whatever you wish me."

"Even to become a saint," asked he, smiling, but rather sadly.

"Yes; even to become a saint, if that is indispensible," replied she, accepting the arm he offered, and following Mrs. Oswald, who had risen,

and was proceeding on her walk. Mrs. Osw however, acknowledged she was fatigued, Catharine insisted on deferring her visit to village until next day.

Dunallan studiously avoided the subject o ligion during the remainder of the day, tho Catharine made many attempts to introduc She felt that he had reason to be dissatisfied the levity of her reply to the earnest kindne his wishes for her, and she sought for an op tunity to obtain his forgiveness; but she so in vain. Dunallan found means to change subject the moment she introduced it, and versed so agreeably about other things, that time she forgot her wish; but some new pro kindness or consideration on his part soon a brought her fault to her recollection with incr ed regret.

"Mr. Dunallan," said she at last, when evening was far spent, "you will not give m opportunity to ask your forgiveness for my pardonably foolish reply to the interest you pressed in my improvement this morning. I t you would forgive me if you knew how much the remembrance of it still gives me."

"I do, from my heart, forgive you, my Catharine, though, I confess, you disappoi me. Will you, in your turn, forgive me, speak very plainly, very seriously, to you no

"Indeed I will. I wish you, Mr. Dunallan, ways to speak so to me."

"Then, my dearest Catharine, I think I ought remind you, that even a slight degree of levity such subjects requires forgiveness from a her source. You may *pain* your friend, but right to be displeased is not mine. Am I too emn, Catharine?"

"You are indeed, very solemn, Mr. Dunal-," replied Catharine, tears starting into her es.

"But am I improperly so?" asked he, with an pression of concern in his countenance.

"I cannot tell, perhaps not."

"Will you examine?"

"I certainly will."

"And can you forgive my plainness?"

"Yes; and whatever I may feel, I still wish ou to be perfectly so with me."

When Catharine was again alone, she reflect- on this conversation, almost wishing to find at Dunallan had been too severe; but the more riously and candidly she examined the subject, e felt the more convinced that he was right, d that her own mind and feelings were far too ghtly alive to the deep importance of religion, d all that was connected with it. Her esteem r Dunallan increased. She felt also that he as deeply interested in her, as every word and ok expressed it. The conviction of this was

now delightful to her, and animated her with most earnest desire to understand his charac and opinions. She felt certain they were rig and determined to attempt at least to comp hend them. Her imagination easily passed o every difficulty, and pictured the time when and Dunallan should be united in opinions, wishes, in pursuits, perhaps in affections. T waking dream was delightful—too delightful be forsaken, till sleep at last mingled with it still more unlikely visions.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning Catharine obeyed the summons to prayers, with her determination of the evening before as strong as ever. Full of her new plans to study Dunallan's opinions, and frankly to avow her wish to know and be guided by them, she entered the library with her cheek glowing, and her whole manner and appearance unusually animated. Dunallan was alone, and rose to meet her.

"I need scarcely inquire for your health, Catharine," said he smiling, and regarding her with looks of evident admiration.

"Inquire for my mind's health," replied she, smiling playfully.

"Those looks, Catharine, bespeak a tranquil mind also."

"Well, perhaps they may, for I have just formed a resolution which I hope will in future secure my peace of mind."

"May I ask what that resolution is?"

"Yes, for I cannot put it into execution without your consent."

"My consent, dear Catharine! You have it then, whatever your resolution is."

"Ah, Mr. Dunallan, you do not know what you have promised. Nothing less than to assist and guide me in regulating this mind, which I know you think is in a sad state. Do you retract?"

"No, dearest Catharine, I thank you for the permission a thousand times. Shall I tell you that I was almost afraid to see you this morning? I dreaded so much that my solemnity last night had disgusted you."

"No," replied Catharine, "on reflection I was convinced you were right. But, tell me, how shall I begin the attempt to feel more, and think more, as I ought to do on religious subjects?"

The entrance of Mrs. Oswald and the children prevented Dunallan's reply. Catharine felt disappointed, as the servants immediately followed.

"We shall not be interrupted," said Dunallan, as he led her to the seat next himself, "your inquiry may be answered from Scripture;" and he immediately began to read some verses of a Psalm, in which her question was asked and answered.

Catharine was affected; and her voice, as she sung, betrayed her emotion. Her mingled feelings were almost oppressive, until Dunallan's prayer gave them language and utterance. She fervently joined in his humble but joyful thanksgivings, for her heart overflowed with gratitude:

nd when he supplicated with the deepest earnestness that light might be imparted to the still young and ignorant—that their hearts might be attracted and devoted to their Creator while in the first glow of their early affections—that the great Shepherd of the sheep would gather his lambs into his fold, and preserve them there safe from the allurements and pollutions of the world—the ardent desires of her soul followed his every request, and she felt a delight in these aspirations of devotion, greater than she had ever experienced from any earthly enjoyment.

"You did indeed answer my question," said she afterwards to Dunallan, "and I understood you my true friend."

On this morning Dunallan had no engagement, and offered to attend Catharine to his village. Mrs. Oswald begged she might be excused from going.

"I really am too old to be able to walk every where with you my two young friends," said she, "and to-day I must visit my school; but if you will call on me there, I shall return home with you."

"You seem unwilling to trust yourself with me, Catharine," said Dunallan rather reproachfully, as she hesitated about leaving Mrs. Oswald.

"I am not indeed," replied she blushing, and immediately rose to accompany him.

The day was charming. Dunallan propos walking to the village by a different way fr that Catharine had gone the day before. Tl was longer, but still more romantic and beautif and in several places opened on the most e tensive and magnificent views of the lake and st rounding scenery.

In Dunallan, Catharine at last found one w felt the charms of nature with rapture even gre er than her own, and who expressed his admi tion in a language to which her every feeling r plied. She stopt at each step to admire sor new beauty. Dunallan appeared delighted wi her enthusiasm, and continued to lead her fr one picturesque scene to another, that he mig point out those views which he himself most a mired. Their tastes were the same; and Cath rine warmly assented to Dunallan's remark, th the scenery round Arnmore was exactly the kii which most powerfully excited those feelings admiration, "which are so delightful," added h "so purely so, when they elevate the though and affections to the source of all beauty ar greatness."

"But we are far beyond the village," sai Dunallan at last, after they had long wandere on, regardless of time or distance. "Thus w pursue pleasure," added he, "to the neglect every thing else."

"But this surely is innocent pleasure," said Catharine.

"Most innocent, and you can visit my poor village at any time."

"Oh, indeed! I long very much to see your village. I shall probably there also forget how time flies."

"Ah! Catharine, I wish I knew how to make the time always appear so short to you."

"I think I never found it pass away so rapidly as at this Arnmore, which I expected would be so very different," said Catharine gaily. "But I fear Mrs. Oswald must now be waiting for us at her school. We must bid adieu to these charming scenes."

"You expected Arnmore was to be sadly dull and tiresome," said Dunallan, as he conducted Catharine by a short path through the woods to Mrs. Oswald's school.

"Indeed I scarcely knew what to expect, Mr. Dunallan. But all that is past. You have promised to assist me in forming myself into a fit inmate for this strangely interesting place. How shall I begin? I long to make the attempt—but here is Mrs. Oswald come to meet us. Oh! that is too bad."

"Indeed I might as well have accompanied you," said Mrs. Oswald. "Here have I been wandering in every direction in search of you, after having staid at my school an hour longer

than usual; and nobody at the village, or where else, had met you. Where can you l concealed yourselves?"

Catharine attempted to apologise for her i tention; but Mrs. Oswald interrupted her.

"No apologies, my dear. I shall always cuse your forgetting me, if Edward is the cau Mrs. Oswald added aside to Catharine, who turned away blushing, "and now, my dea have punished you more than I wished;" and then said aloud, "I am sure from both y looks, time has passed away agreeably where you have been."

"Most agreeably, I allow on my part," Dunallan, with an expression of mild but he felt pleasure.

"I hope—indeed I can feel pretty certa rejoined Mrs. Oswald, "that, if heaven spare all, we shall not soon tire of each other."

"If one of our party continues to be ples with us," replied Dunallan, "I think——"

"That depends on you, Mr. Dunallan," in rupted Catharine, smiling. "You have unc taken to make me a rational and religious bei capable and worthy to become an inmate of y Arnmore. But who comes here? Do you pect visitors, Mr. Dunallan?"

"No, certainly," replied he, following looks to a path in the road by which three g tlemen were approaching.

"Walderford!" exclaimed he in a voice of joy, and was hastening to meet his friend, but turned again—"Dear Catharine, I fear you may dislike this early call to oblige me by receiving my friends."

"No, Mr. Dunallan, I shall meet your friends with the hope that they may become mine."

"A thousand thanks, my dearest Catharine," replied he with the most warmly grateful manner. He then flew to meet his friends. The meeting seemed most joyful on both sides.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald, "there is friendship! friendship secured by the only certain everlasting bond. You perhaps know, Catharine, that Dunallan is called in the world 'One of the saints.' This Walderford is another; and has become so notwithstanding the ridicule and contemptuous treatment of a very clever but harsh father, and a host of worldly and dissipated relations. He is greatly beloved by Dunallan, who considers him as superior in talents as he is in worth."

Mrs. Oswald and Catharine walked slowly on, Dunallan and his friend soon seemed to be engaged in a conversation of the deepest interest to both. The other two gentlemen stopt at every step, apparently in admiration of the scenery which surrounded them. On their approaching nearer, Catharine perceived that the looks of all the party were directed towards her. This re-

called her thoughts to her own situation, and th blush which glowed on her cheek, and soften her downcast eyes, when Dunallan introduc his friend, was perfectly suited to the occasio had she been united to him from the truest mu tual affection.

Dunallan introduced the other gentlemen, M Gower and Mr. Stanly; the former a little ma apparently between forty and fifty, with a cou tenance full of life and fire; the latter about th same age, but a large, mild, pleasing lookin man, with little of any other character in h countenance. Mr. Walderford, however, exc ed Catharine's interest most, though his mann rather disappointed her. When introduced, h fixed his eyes on her for a moment with an ex pression of not very flattering scrutiny; said few hurried words of apology for intrusion; th turning to Mrs. Oswald, renewed his acquain ance with her in a manner equally rapid and u ceremonious.

Dunallan offered his arm to Catharine. M Gower walked by her, and renewed his apol gies for having visited his friend at a time wh he must be considered an intruder. "Our re son," continued he, "was our despair of seein Mr. Dunallan at all before he went abroad, u less we had that pleasure now; for business w prevent our being in London, I fear, before h departs thence, as it is much wished he shou

d it agreeable to set out on his important mis-
on immediately. I hope," continued Gower,
that you, Mrs. Dunallan, do not dread those
rthern climates ?"

Catharine hesitated. "I dread no climate,"
eplied she at last, scarcely knowing what she
id.

"I am not so selfish as to wish Catharine to
are the fatigues of such a journey with me,"
id Dunallan. "I have not even proposed it to
r."

Mr. Gower looked at Catharine, and seemed
perceive that there was something he did not
derstand in Dunallan's reply, and her looks.
Valderford began to speak on another subject,
hich proved to her that he knew exactly how
atters stood. She walked on in silence. The
ppy feelings, and gay hopes for the future,
hich she had so lately experienced, had fled in
moment, and the idea of Dunallan's immediate
departure, she knew not whither, filled her with
e most uneasy apprehensions. She looked at
m, to read, if possible, some ray of light or
mfort in his countenance, but was struck with
s expression of dejection and disappointment.

Mrs. Oswald and Walderford began imme-
iately to converse together with much apparent
nterest, but both in a tone of voice so low, that
Catharine only heard that Dunallan's plans form-
d the subject of their conversation. Dunallan

himself continued silent, and seemed lost in deep and painful thought.

When they reached the house, Catharine would have withdrawn her arm, but Dunallan caught her hand: "Will you give me your company for a few minutes longer, Catharine?"

"Certainly; but your friends ——"

"Mrs. Oswald will take charge of them," replied he, again placing her hand within his arm and leading her towards the library.

"Catharine," said he on reaching it, "I have delayed this conversation too long. I did not so soon expect I should be obliged to perform a promise I once made to some of my friends. I hoped that before I should be called on to go abroad, I either should have been—that we should have been in other circumstances, or that you could have felt—I wished to have tried at least—I hoped—I need not say what." He hesitated, then proceeded, "You now know, my dear Catharine, that I am called on to go abroad, in consequence of my own promise. Should you, however, disapprove of any plan I have formed, I conceive it my first duty at present to consult your wishes, if possible."

"Oh no, Mr. Dunallan, I cannot wish you to change any plan on my account. May I ask how long you will be absent?"

"That, dear Catharine, I cannot exactly tell. I undertook some time ago a mission to Peters-

burgh, ostensibly to convey instructions of an important nature to our ambassador there; but the truth is, my mission regards a private negociation, which relates more to the cause of religion, than to the politics of the day; and which, though countenanced, and indeed favoured by government, did not originate there. When I first thought of undertaking this mission, I did not expect that any new tie I should form could bind me to home. I acknowledge I had yielded too much to prejudice; but I must not speak on this subject. My first motive really was a desire to benefit my fellow-creatures. If with this I mixed others less pure, I deserve to feel as I now do, for having agreed to leave a home, which, when I am about to banish myself from it, seems almost a paradise."

Catharine remained silent, a multitude of confused ideas followed what Dunallan had said; but his regret at leaving home was that most distinctly present. "And why," thought she, "not take as much as possible of home with him?" Yet she had not courage to propose herself accompanying him, though at that moment she could have done so, had not a certain doubtfulness as to whether he included her in his sources of happiness deterred her.

"Mrs. Oswald, I am sure, would willingly make a home for you in any part of the world,

Mr. Dunallan, and your dear children—th
mate is good."

"Mrs. Oswald and the children!" interr
Dunallan, who had eagerly watched Catha
countenance, as she continued buried in tho
he looked reproachfully at her for a mo
then turned away, she thought proudly, and
ed to a window, where he remained turned
her for a few moments. He, however, soo
covered himself, and resumed his place near

"I cannot wish Mrs. Oswald to undertake
a journey," said he in his usual gentle to
voice, "and the children must not leave
country. But now, Catharine, may I ask
would be your wishes?"

Catharine had felt hurt by his manner o
plying to the proposal of Mrs. Oswald's ac
panying him. "I never understand him," tho
she, dreading to make any answer. Dun
however, waited till she should.

"If," said she at last, "Mrs. Oswald w
remain here, and allow me to continue with
and the sweet children, I should prefer th
any other situation."

"Mrs. Oswald is your guest, Catharine;
I am sure will remain with you as long as
wish it."

"And does this plan please you, Mr. D
lan?" asked Catharine, timidly.

"Yes," replied he, languidly.

"Not quite, I think. Tell me any other. I only wish to please you."

"And this pleases me most, dear Catharine, since ——" he stopt.

"Since what?"

"Nothing."

"Are you now keeping your promise to be quite plain with me, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine rather reproachfully.

"Yes, dearest Catharine, I have been too plain; but I see too well how it is. I must leave you, and in that event, your wishes are exactly mine; and may the God of heaven be your guide, support, and happiness." He then hastened from her, and Catharine, surprised and moved, retired to her own apartment to think on what had passed. She had never before seen Dunallan so much agitated; and she found it was infectious. "What can he mean," said she to herself, "is it possible that parting from an aunt and two children, can move such a man as Dunallan?" She dared scarcely admit the idea that separation from herself could have caused emotions so painful. Indeed she could not believe it, for she had been accustomed to the devoted attentions of others, and gentle, considerate, and ever attentive as he was, Dunallan had never till the last half hour betrayed one emotion that she could have construed into what she considered that kind of regard. Yet why such emotion? Why, if he

wished it indeed, did he not ask her to accom
him? Surely he could not expect her to ofl
uninvited. Impossible. In vain she atten
to account for his extreme agitation. She c
not, however, altogether banish the idea tha
herself was the cause. At one moment her
titude to him, and her increasing admiratio
his character, joined to this softening thou
led her to long for an opportunity of provi
him how much she valued that character,
that regard; but the next, she shrunk from
idea of any explanation that might lead to
leaving her country, her father, Elizabeth, e
person, every thing, she had ever known or l
to accompany alone that being whom she
till within the last few days, regarded with d
and aversion. Again, the idea of Dunal
kindness would return; his gentleness, the er
siastic affection he inspired in those around
his solitary feelings amongst strangers in a str
land. It was from reflections of the last kind
she was again called to meet Dunallan.
manner, however, soon chased them away.
appearance of unusual tenderness and em
was gone. He was even less gentle than u
He seemed again that Dunallan whom she h
long regarded with dread. His manner,
ever, soon became as gentle as usual, an
countenance, though still thoughtful, resu
those mild and feeling expressions which

been gaining on Catharine's affections every moment since she had left her father's roof; and when he entered into conversation with his friends, she soon forgot all that was past or future while listening to him. The subjects of conversation were not new to her, but many of the opinions expressed by Dunallan and his friends were entirely so. They all seemed anxious to engage her to join in what passed, and soon succeeded. She began with great animation to defend those opinions she had been accustomed to consider just, but which she now heard regarded as erroneous. Her looks and manner had more effect, perhaps, than her arguments, but Mr. Gower in vain attempted to follow her half playful, half serious, sometimes fanciful, but always ingenious and lively defence of her own sentiments. He was lost in the maze, though quite unconvinced, and she turned from him to Mr. Walderford, declaring she had converted one opponent, and gaily demanding whether he too did not find her arguments quite unanswerable?

He smiled, and asked, "on what subject?"

"On every subject we have conversed upon," replied she; "but particularly respecting candour, and charitable opinion of others."

"You say, I believe, Madam," replied he, "that charity consists in—may I ask you to repeat what? I may perhaps do injustice to your definition."

"Why, I think it consists in—in—. I do not remember that I said what it consisted in. I only said I thought it very uncharitable to suppose people devoid of religious principle when we were ignorant of their opinions on the subject—a subject which is with many, and I think ought to be with all, confined to their own hearts."

"How is that possible, Madam?" asked Walderford, fixing his mild but inquiring eyes on Catharine.

"Why not?" replied she. "I think"—— She hesitated, Walderford looked so serious, though very mild.

"Do we not imply, when we talk of a principle," continued he, in a gentle tone of voice, "something which is the source or motive of action; and is it possible that our actions or opinions will not betray it, if any strong principle has possession of our minds and hearts? We have a simple but infallible rule to judge by in this case," added he, smiling, "when we see a bush produce nothing but thorns, we are not uncharitable in concluding that it cannot be a vine."

"But the person of whom we spoke is one of the most inoffensive of human beings," said Catharine; "your simile of thorns applies very ill to him."

"I confess it does; but still, let me ask, what good to himself, or to any living creature, has his

life produced? He is good-tempered, I allow, and, to his fox-hunting friends, very agreeable perhaps; but what account, were he called on for it, could he give of what he has done with his immense fortune, and naturally not deficient understanding?"

"What account could any of us give?" replied Catharine, "but that we have put our fortunes to no bad use that we are conscious of."

"Ah! Catharine," said Dunallan, "you have no chance of success in the argument, if you bring forward such a plea as that."

"Will you assist me?" asked she, smiling sweetly.

"I fear I cannot. I should be found to join your opponent."

"Ah! then, I shall take refuge in flight," said she, "if Mrs. Oswald will come with me."

Mrs. Oswald rose immediately, and though Dunallan's looks seemed to entreat their stay, retired with her young friend.

"And now, my dear madam," said Catharine when they had reached the drawing-room, "tell me what Mr. Dunallan finds so amiable in this Mr. Walderford? for I think I never saw any young man with such grave and severe manners."

"Are they more so than you found Dunallan's at first, my dear?"

"Why perhaps not; but what is this?" exclaimed she, observing a harp placed at the other

end of the room, "my harp! impossible! it could not have reached me. No, it is not mine."

"It is one Edward ordered for you, my dear; it ought to have been here sooner."

Catharine touched the strings, and sighed deeply.

"Why that sigh, Catharine?"

"Because this attention of Mr. Dunallan's reminds me of its cause," replied she; "he wishes kindly that I may be amused in his absence; but this will assist me to express the only feelings I shall experience," added she, beginning to play a melancholy air, while the tears stood in her eyes.

Mrs. Oswald smiled and said, "I cannot wish you to feel otherwise, dear Catharine."

Catharine blushed and left the harp, saying, "Mr. Dunallan seemed to think the argument I used before we left the dining-room a very bad one, my dear Mrs. Oswald; pray what does he think we ought to do with our fortunes—give them all to the poor?"

"No, my love, he does not do that himself; and many people who are otherwise very worthless have so much humanity of disposition, that they cannot witness suffering without relieving it if it is in their power. What Edward considers right is this—that each individual should attempt to form an idea of what good it is within his power to do in the situation in which he is placed, with

the fortune, or influence, or mental powers, or advantages of any kind, with which heaven has intrusted him: to form his plan of life after this examination, and to improve and pursue it steadily if possible, while he remains in this world; and this he thinks the duty of every rational being, for all have something in their power."

"All!" repeated Catharine.

"Yes, my love, all. There is scarcely any one perhaps with fewer means of being useful than myself; yet, I hope, I am not entirely a cumberer of the ground. There are some who are more ignorant than I am of the one thing which is of equal importance to us all; I can instruct them. There are others in affliction; to them I can point out the means by which I obtained consolation. God has given me those two sweet children, and while they are intrusted to me, I still have a motive for wishing to live: and should he deprive me of every other means of attempting to prove my love to him, may I," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, with an expression of deep and pious emotion, "may I be enabled to declare that his support to my soul is sufficient, and thus recommend his service with my last breath."

"You have another means of being useful in your power which you have not named, my dear Mrs. Oswald," said Catharine, softening into tears, "be a guide to me. Mr. Dunallan undertook the task, but he has too many concerns of

greater moment—he will soon forget such a pr
mise—yet every word you say convinces me mo
and more how little I know what is truly right-
how much I require a guide in every thing."

"Ah! my love, you must not trust to earthl
guides," replied Mrs. Oswald, "you must seek
guide far superior to Dunallan. As for me, m
dearest Catharine, my friendship, my advice, m
opinions on every subject, my earnest prayers ar
yours whenever you desire them; and my warı
affection you already possess. But, my love, yo
utterly mistake Dunallan's character, if you sup
pose any affairs in which he may be engaged
however important, will lead him to neglect thos
nearly connected with him, and most particularl
yourself, now his nearest of all relations. Writ
to him, my dear Catharine, since you must sepa
rate. Get acquainted with him in this way. Yo
will find him study with attention, and repl
in a manner that will perhaps surprise you, t
the very least important parts of your letters
and also endeavour to make his agreeable t
you, however deeply he may be engaged in th
most important affairs. The happiness, the ulti
mate happiness of the human race is the vast ob
ject of his desires. In this he is a citizen of th
world; every immortal being is of equal import
ance in his opinion, and equally worthy of his li
mited efforts to promote his best interests; bu
the feelings of a being who would sacrifice almo

every thing to preserve the happiness of the meanest of his immortal fellow men,—the feelings of such a heart to those known and loved by him, are of a nature inexpressibly tender. Again, my love, let me advise you to correspond frequently with Edward. I know he will wish it, and I am sure the consequence will be, your feeling for him that affection which will make his return the first wish of your heart."

"And why should I wish to feel such an affection for him?" asked Catharine sadly.

"I shall tell you why, from experience, my love; because feeling a tender affection for an estimable object is the sweetest, the happiest of all earthly feelings. Ah, Catharine! how superior is that affection excited by great and good qualities, to that into which we are won, we know not how, by pleasing manners, or an agreeable exterior, while we are ignorant of the real character. How happy, how easy is that wife, who knows that on every subject her husband's principles are as strictly pure as her own, compared to her who loves a being whose past life she must avoid inquiring about; whose principles are guided by fashion, and whose affection and fidelity to her has no other security than her powers of pleasing, or the absence of temptation! And oh! how different must their feelings be," added Mrs. Oswald, with deep emotion, "when the hour, perhaps the unexpected hour, arrives of

their last separation! To part from him whose peace had long been made with heaven, whom we have regarded with veneration, while we witnessed his increasing nearness to perfection; whose 'path' we have seen 'shine more and more unto the perfect day.' To part with such a one, even with the firmest conviction that he has entered into that perfect day, is severe, oh how severe! but to see one whom we love more than our own lives, called to another state of being—ignorant—unprepared. To look back for comfort, and to recollect mispent time—misapplied talents—contempt of the Being before whom he is on the eve of appearing. The past is too dreadful—we turn to the future—all is darkness: or if there is a gleam of hope it must arise from a change of views and feelings in the perhaps almost insensible—or suffering—or feverish—or delirious object of our agonized affections."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Catharine, shuddering.

"Dreadful! indeed," replied Mrs. Oswald. "Yours, my dear Catharine, will, I trust, be a very different lot, however clouded the early part of your married life may be; but forgive me for speaking on this subject, I have been led into it unawares."

Catharine made no reply, but, after a few moments of thoughtful silence, asked Mrs. Oswald to walk out with her. "Mr. Dunallan," said

she, "is too kindly solicitous about me; he seems to think he ought to attend to me even in preference to his friends. I must not be ungrateful. Let us go out, and desire the servants to say that the fineness of the evening tempted us, but that we shall return in an hour or two."

Mrs. Oswald agreed to Catharine's proposal, but on reaching the hall, they met the gentlemen on their way to join them in the drawing-room.

"Going to walk again? my dear aunt," said Dunallan approaching Catharine, and offering his arm, "I hope you will allow us to accompany you."

"Oh no," said Catharine, blushing and passing him, "we wish to,"——she stopt, not knowing what to say.

"I do not mean to intrude," replied Dunallan, in a voice which made Catharine turn back. He seemed really hurt.

"Oh," said Mrs. Oswald, "I must tell you our secret. Catharine supposes that you gentlemen must wish for some private conversation, and that you would feel more at liberty if we ladies disposed of ourselves, so as to rid you of the trouble of attending to us."

Dunallan turned to Catharine. Her looks confirmed the truth of what Mrs. Oswald had said. His countenance softened. "I wish for no conversation, Catharine, to which your presence would not give its greatest interest."

"We all have cause to intreat your presence, Madam," said Mr. Gower, laughing. "Dunallan's thoughts have not been one moment with us since you left the room."

Dunallan reddened excessively, and attempted, but with embarrassment, to change the subject, Mr. Gower, however, seemed to enjoy his confusion, and continued to rally him without mercy.

"I know why you do not marry, Gower," said Walderfold at last.

"Do you, Walderford? That is more than I do myself."

"It is because you *feel* that you would be most remarkably ridiculous as a new-married man."

Mr. Gower laughed. "That may be one reason ——"

"Do not seek for more reasons," interrupted Mrs. Oswald. "You gentlemen who glory in your liberty, are always most completely governed when you do marry."

Mr. Gower himself now became the object of raillery; but the conversation soon assumed a more serious tone. Dunallan and his friends talked without reserve. They explained to Mrs. Oswald and Catharine the nature of the affair which induced Dunallan to go abroad; what had given rise to it; and what the views of government, and those benevolent men were, at whose request he had undertaken the mission. Catharine perceived, by what his friends said in con-

versation, that Dunallan was very highly esteemed by those distinguished individuals. He himself seemed to feel the most enthusiastic and lively interest in the success of his undertaking. Some difficulties were started by Mr. Gower. These Dunallan met with good-natured raillery. Mr. Walderford's objections were more connected with his feelings of anxiety for the success and reputation of his friend, in an undertaking difficult in itself, and exposed to misconstruction. These objections Dunallan endeavoured to do away by the calmest and most convincing arguments, while his manner to his friend expressed the most earnest anxiety to divest him of every cause of uneasiness.

"You seem to wish to dissuade Mr. Dunallan from undertaking this benevolent mission, Mr. Walderford," said Catharine.

"I confess I do," replied he, "because there is another situation we wish him to accept of, which would keep him with us, and in which I am certain he would distinguish himself; but distinction has no charms for him."

"Distinction no charms!" repeated Catharine. "Impossible! I shall never understand you, Mr. Dunallan. What *do* you value?"

Dunallan smiled, and was going to reply; but Mrs. Oswald answered for him.

"He values that distinction, my dear Catharine," said she, "which will one day be bestowed

by his Master in heaven, in those few simple but precious words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

"But, my dear Madam," said Catharine, somewhat indignantly, "do you really think that obtaining distinction honourably in this world, would make him less worthy of that you mention?"

"If distinction was his only aim, my dear, or if preferred to usefulness without it, I certainly think it would."

Catharine was silent for a few moments, then said, half reproachfully, to Mrs. Oswald; "and you, Madam, wish Mr. Dunallan to leave us."

"My aunt is my best and kindest friend on this occasion, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan in reply. "She assists me to keep the plain path of duty, instead of attempting to lure me from it."

As the evening passed away, Catharine became every moment more sad. Dunallan, too, attempted in vain to join cheerfully in the conversation. He became absent and thoughtful, and only seemed to hear when Catharine spoke. When she was silent, he continued to look at her, apparently unconsciously, with an expression of the deepest, though most melancholy interest.

Catharine's heart filled when she bade him good night, and she turned away to conceal the tears which she could not restrain.

She then hurried to her own apartment, and dismissing Martin, indulged her tears without restraint. She continued half the night awake, in deep and painful thought. In vain she attempted to reconcile Dunallan's undisguised tenderness, and evident unwillingness to leave her, with his never, by even the slightest hint, expressing a wish that she could accompany him. At last the thought struck her, that pity for her singular and unhappy situation, of which he had been one cause, had excited in Dunallan's generous and feeling nature those strong emotions she had witnessed. She placed herself in idea in the same circumstances, and thought his feelings were perfectly natural; yet the idea was mortifying, and she attempted to banish it, and to believe, what she now most fervently wished, that their separation was as painful to him as she was forced to acknowledge to her own heart it now was to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

After a few hours of unrefreshing sleep, Catharine rose next morning with her heart still oppressed by the thoughts of the night before. When she began to dress, and saw her pale and exhausted looks, she determined not to betray her feelings, by appearing at prayers, or at breakfast; but soon recollecting that an indisposition so serious as to confine her to her apartment might be ascribed to the same cause, she waited till the bell for prayers had been finished for a few minutes, then entered the library, in the hope that when all were assembled, she might hurry to her seat unobserved. In this, however, she was disappointed. Dunallan had waited for her; and every eye was turned to her when she entered the room. She apologised with much confusion for her lateness, and entreated Dunallan to proceed.

"First let me chide you for joining us at all this morning, my dearest Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald, "you seem really unwell, my dear child," added she, looking at Catharine with much concern.

"Oh! not at all, my dear Mrs. Oswald, only a little headach, which always makes me look thus."

Catharine blushed as she told her falsehood, and meeting Dunallan's eyes, which were anxiously fixed upon her, she again blushed still more deeply.

Dunallan began to read, but Catharine could not listen even to him. Her thoughts immediately returned to the painful idea, that Dunallan's kindness and tender interest was excited by compassion for her, and she determined that from that moment he should have no cause to suppose she was unhappy. At breakfast she affected an indifference, and even gaiety of manner, which ill expressed the feelings of her heart. But Catharine could not long act a part: she soon sunk into silence, and that thoughtful sadness which the feelings of the moment produced. Dunallan, instead of being deceived by her attempts to appear more gay, was even more tenderly attentive, and seemed more sad than the evening before; and Catharine felt relieved when, after breakfast, he received some letters which drew his attention from her. These letters, however, soon seemed to excite a very painful interest. After musing for some time over their apparently disagreeable contents, Dunallan requested his friends to accompany him for a short time to the library.

"You have received bad news, Edward!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Oswald in a hurried and anxious tone of voice.

"No, my dear aunt." He then held the letters to Catharine. "If you can be at the trouble to read these, my dear Catharine, they will show my aunt that I have no cause of uneasiness, but that of being obliged to leave home sooner than I expected."

He then left the room with his friends. Catharine's hands trembled so violently, she could not unfold the letter she wished to read. Mrs. Oswald took it, and read aloud its contents. They were merely an earnest desire expressed by those gentlemen who managed the affair in which Dunallan was about to be engaged, that he would join them in London as soon as it was possible, a very favourable opportunity having offered for his going on his destination.

Mrs. Oswald was a good deal affected, and struggled in vain to suppress her tears. Catharine did not weep; she was overpowered. She knew before that he was to leave her soon; but this sudden call for his departure destroyed at once every secret hope of an explanation, or of she knew not what, which she had unconsciously cherished. Mrs. Oswald soon recovered her composure, and looking at Catharine's pale and expressive countenance with surprise, said, "My dear girl, Edward will not go if you express the slightest wish that he should remain."

"Not for the universe would I express such a sh," replied Catharine; "I have no such wish, r he evidently desires to go;" and she burst to tears.

"My dearest Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald in solemn but soothing tone of voice, "do not ceive me. You know you promised to be guid- l by my advice. Trust me, my love; do not t pride or false delicacy injure both your hap- iness. Dunallan has assured me, that should ou wish him to remain, he would consider it is duty to do so, unless you would accompany im, my dear Catharine, which, I believe, would e his wish."

"Oh! no, my dear Mrs. Oswald, that is not is wish. We have conversed on the subject. e never proposed my going. Dearest Mrs. swald, I entreat you never mention the subject him. I would sooner die than that he should agine that ——. Promise me, dearest Mrs. swald, that you will never utter a word to him the subject."

Mrs. Oswald hesitated: an approaching step rrified Catharine.

"Will you not promise, Mrs. Oswald?" ex- imed she in an agony of apprehension.

"I promise, my love; compose yourself."

Catharine attempted to do so. The step pass- l, but the next was Dunallan. He appeared so d, that Catharine's eyes again filled as he ap-

proached. He did not look at her, however, but said in a low voice to Mrs. Oswald——

"I think I must go to-day—I ought—" "To-day!" exclaimed Catharine, "so soon!" her voice changed, and she stopped.

Mrs. Oswald asked if he was quite prepared to go so suddenly.

"No, not quite, certainly, in any way," replied he with emotion; "but delay, I believe, will not do."

"Not even till to-morrow?" said Catharine.

"Certainly," replied Dunallan, "I may delay till to-morrow, since you propose it."

"Not for me," replied she, quickly.

"A sister might wish this little delay, Catharine," said he, reproachfully; "fear not, I shall not misunderstand your feelings."

Catharine felt relieved. "Let it be to-morrow, then," said she, sweetly, and holding out her hand to him.

He only held it for a moment, then let it go. He seemed displeased; but after a few moments turned again to Catharine, and requested permission to write to her.

"I wished to propose this," replied she. He looked much pleased. "Mrs. Oswald," added Catharine, looking round for her, but she had slipped away. Catharine became confused, and forgot what she was going to say. Dunallan looked at her for a moment, then said,

"What did Mrs. Oswald say to you, my dear Catharine, about my writing to you?"

Catharine instantly recollected herself, "She said I should have great pleasure in receiving letters—"

"So it was my aunt who excited your wish to hear from me," interrupted Dunallan.

"Not entirely; but I should certainly not have proposed it had she not told me that you had time for every thing."

"Time, Catharine! time to write to you! I shall esteem it a pleasure, a sweet recreation, to which I shall look forward with impatience. You will answer my letters, at least some of them?"

"Will you tire of an answer to each?" asked Catharine, scarcely knowing what he meant.

"Tire! Oh, never! but I shall write very frequently; for I am so sociable and communicative, that I feel but half pleased, or half any thing, till I have imparted my feelings to those I wish to love me. If I could be so happy as to prevail on you to write thus to me, I should feel absence greatly sweetened indeed."

Catharine smiled. "My answers will entirely depend on your letters," replied she.

"Then you will be as frank as I shall be. Oh! Catharine, keep your promise, and then I shall, perhaps, have cause to rejoice in this painful separation."

Dunallan then begged leave to arrange with

Catharine those affairs which it was necessary she should manage in his absence; and these he made so perfectly easy that, to her own surprise, she understood all he wished. She, however, proposed that Mrs. Oswald should act for him in his absence; but Dunallan gently urged the propriety of her beginning to attend to such matters, and added, "I shall write my opinion on this subject, my dear Catharine, we must not now lose our few precious moments."

Catharine only needed to know what Dunallan wished, to make any thing interesting to her; even money matters, to which he seemed to attach a responsibility, in a quarter where she had never before considered herself accountable.

"We are only stewards of our large fortunes, my dear Catharine," said he. "We ought to know, not only that it is not improperly squandered away, but ought to study with deep attention how it may be most usefully employed, and follow steadily those objects which our calmer reflections point out as most desirable to be obtained by these gifts of providence."

Catharine promised to do all he wished; and Dunallan, on his part, promised to write his opinion to her on every subject on which she wished to know it. After this arrangement, Dunallan presented some papers to her: "These, my dear Catharine, are my plans and wishes about my village; the names of the villagers, and many

other things which I leave with you to arrange and follow out as you think best."

"Oh! I am incapable of this!" exclaimed Catharine; "Mrs. Oswald———"

"Ask Mrs. Oswald's advice; but unless you fear the trouble, believe me, dear Catharine, such occupations will add to your happiness. Will you make the trial; and if you do find the trouble too great, Mrs. Oswald will I know relieve you."

"And you will despise me," said Catharine. "Oh, do not leave such important matters in my care."

"Will you not make the attempt? I must despise myself, not you, dear Catharine, if I find that I so little know what is agreeable occupation."

"If you will promise then not to despise me, if I fail, I will attempt to do all you wish."

Dunallan had loaded Catharine with occupations before they separated, but she felt gratified to be thus trusted. The hope of hearing frequently from her seemed to have greatly reconciled Dunallan to his immediate departure, and Catharine, too, felt her heart lighter when she looked forward to this means of intercourse.

It was late before Dunallan had finished imparting his plans and wishes. After dinner he proposed spending the evening in a beautiful retreat near the castle, which he still called, "My

Mother's Walk." Every one assented with pleasure to this proposal.

The evening was delightful, and this favourite walk of Dunallan's was so situated as to receive all the charms it gave. The lake, unruffled, and reflecting on its bosom, now glowing in the soft evening light, the rocks and wooded hills, which formed its boundary. The more distant mountains, reddened by the bright rays, lay before them—while the castle, rising from its picturesque cliffs, also gilded by the glowing light, seemed to tower from the wooded dell which separated it from Dunallan's walk.

The scene seemed to suit the feelings of all the party. Catharine felt it calm her spirits, or rather mingle with the sadness she could not overcome, those undefinable emotions which, though full of melancholy, are still exquisitely pleasurable. All remained silent when this scene first opened on their view. Dunallan broke the silence.

"Do you remember such an evening as this at Dunallan Castle, Catharine?" asked he, "when I accompanied you to *your favourite* walk?"

"I do," replied she, "and this scene greatly resembles that which I so much loved at Dunallan Castle."

Mr. Gower and Mr. Stanly soon left the party and walked to some distance, wholly occupied

with the striking and magnificent views which presented themselves at every step. Walderford remained near his friend. After a few turns Dunallan led Catharine to a seat which commanded the most extensive and magnificent part of the view—and placed himself between her and his friend.

"Do you recollect our conversation on that evening you mentioned, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine.

"I do, perfectly."

"Mr. Dunallan on that evening," continued Catharine, addressing Mrs. Oswald, "blamed me for ascribing to nature—to an undefined idea, the glory which is due to the Author of all those beauties which surround us."

"I agree with my nephew, my dear, in thinking we are wrong when we banish the Creator of our existence from our thoughts, at the very moment we are most sincerely admiring his works. I have seen many turn coldly away, when that beauty they admired as the work of nature, was piously ascribed to its real Author. There are times, however, when we all wish to derive comfort from the idea of His presence—at least with those we love," added Mrs. Oswald, looking at Dunallan. "We all wish to feel assured that He who so profusely throws around us all those beauties and blessings, is also the tender guardian and protector of our absent friends."

"True," said Walderford; "I cannot help at times, however, feeling indignant, when I hear people who never seem to have any religious feelings, except when some such painful event as separation from friends takes place, then appropriate to themselves all the comforts which are surely intended exclusively for those who are as much influenced by religion, when surrounded by blessings, as they are when they are in danger of being separated from those blessings."

"But they are sincere at those sad moments," said Catharine, "and every pious feeling will surely be accepted and rewarded as far as it is sincere."

"I should be sorry to despise the slightest emotion of piety," replied Walderford; "but my dear madam, would such feelings be considered of any value in human intercourse? Would you esteem that to be real affection in a dependent which led him to apply to you for assistance in matters where you alone could help him, and at all other times allowed him to neglect or despise your service, and positively disobey your orders?"

"Certainly not; but we cannot judge of the Divine Being by such comparisons—we cannot ascribe to Him human feelings, and human sentiments, such as we experience towards those who treat us ill."

"I allow we cannot altogether—yet we must conceive of Him whom we cannot comprehend, from what He has revealed of himself, and from what He demands of us; and you know, my dear madam, He requires our hearts, which must surely mean the supreme place in our affections."

"But do you understand that literally of our human affections—our common feelings?" asked Catharine smiling.

"I do, my dearest madam. I am not conscious of possessing two hearts—two sets of affections—one for common use; and another, sacred, and only to be called forth in sorrows and difficulties; to approach a forgotten, and almost unknown God."

Catharine looked around her.

"I believe we all understand it so, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan.

"Why then, I suppose we all should be of the same opinion," said she, "if we explained ourselves: for I should think the whole human race lost, at least with very few exceptions," added she recollecting herself for a moment, "were we to understand it literally. But to be sure I cannot judge of the hearts of others," she rejoined, "I ought not."

"Judge by your own heart, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan.

"By my own heart! then I must condemn myself; I cannot stand this test literally. Am I to believe that any human being can, Mr. Dunallan?"

"Yes, I believe many. I do not mean to say, dear Catharine, that any human being lives, without often—daily, hourly, acting, or feeling, or thinking wrong—contrary to the will of the Supreme Being, which is beyond the conception of our weak and corrupt natures pure and holy; but this perversion of heart, this weakness, this inability to obey the laws of his Creator in all their purity, is the greatest of all griefs to a truly religious being. You know, my dear Catharine, we may be led by our evil passions and tempers to offend those whom we most dearly love on earth; we are then miserable till we are forgiven and reconciled; so are they who supremely love their Master in heaven. They may be tempted to do things displeasing to him, but such deviations are followed by a wretchedness so insupportable, they cannot but feel that their love for Him and His service is superior to all other attachments whatever.

Catharine remained silent and thoughtful for some moments, then said, "Is that devotion of heart to the Supreme Being, the peculiarity which distinguishes those you told me were called 'saints,' Mrs. Oswald?" asked she.

"It is, my love; and I pray heaven you may on experience it so powerfully, so delightfully, to disregard its peculiarity."

"We must not, however, deceive Catharine, y dear aunt," said Dunallan. "The world es not give those whom they in ridicule call aints,' credit for really feeling this devotion. hey are accused of affecting only to feel it. In e world, a 'saint' and a hypocrite are synony- ous terms."

Catharine recollected the character she had ard ascribed to Dunallan himself, and felt the ıth of what he said.

"That opinion, however," said Mrs. Oswald, has been rather shaken by the allowed excel- ıce of character of some of the 'saints.'"

"Yes," replied Dunallan; "but, notwithstand- g their unreserved avowal of the principles which fluence them, these men are said to be naturally well disposed, and so sensible and clever, that ey are distinguished members of society in *spite* the strange opinions they have adopted on re- ;ious subjects."

"I have often heard these very sentiments ex- essed regarding them," said Catharine, "and confess I felt great contempt for the religious ırt of their character."

"Have you any curiosity to know more about ıat peculiarity now, my dearest Catharine?" ask- l Dunallan.

"The very greatest curiosity. I wish to know how they can so command their natural feelings, as really, in the bustle of active life, to be guided by that devotion of heart which you have described."

"I shall have great pleasure in attempting to explain the enigma to you, dearest Catharine," said Dunallan; "and those books you have promised to read will assist me. You see I wish you to *become a 'saint.'* You will find, however, by the books I have selected, that I am desirous of your complete conviction. You will then see both sides of the many arguments which have been employed on that most important subject, whether an absolute unreserved devotion of every power of the mind, and every feeling of the heart, and every action of the life, to the service of our Creator, is required by the scriptures; or whether the vague notions which have so little influence on the lives of the generality of those who profess, and suppose themselves to be Christians, can be all that is required. I have marked those passages which I think most forcible."

Catharine acknowledged her obligations to Dunallan: "How much trouble you have taken," said she, "to lead me right in your absence. I shall have no excuse if I err."

Dunallan smiled rather sadly, "I do feel most anxious, Catharine, for your happiness. You know my opinion is, that we cannot be so unless

e are in the right path, as well in affections as actions."

The other gentlemen now joined the party, nd the conversation became more general. Dunllan attempted to be cheerful, but did not enrely succeed; and as the evening advanced, the adness of the whole party increased, and the conersation partook of the same feelings. The sun oon set unobserved, from the deep interest of hese last moments of intercourse. Catharine, owever, felt the increasing darkness a relief, nd indulged the tears she had found difficulty n restraining, while Dunallan had been addressing her in a voice of such tender and kind solicitude, that every word had reached her inmost heart. A servant approached, to remind Dunallan that it was the hour for prayers.

"Why should we leave this magnificent place of worship?" exclaimed Walderford. "That bright rising moon will light us home. The air is balm: the ladies cannot suffer."

"Let us remain here, then," said Dunallan, "if you, Catharine, have no objection."

"Oh, certainly not," replied she.

"You may all join us here," said Dunallan to the servant. "You, my dear aunt, must assist us with your memory," continued he.

Mrs. Oswald assented; and when, after a time, the servants gathered together in a group at a little distance, she said, "I shall repeat a hymn,

and all who know it will join when we
She then repeated some verses, descriptiv
feelings of parting friends, beautifully con
with the peace and security of that state
there shall be no more parting. All th
excepting Catharine, and most of the se
seemed to know the hymn, and joined in s
Catharine listened, as if to an illusion, so
was all she heard and witnessed to any s
which she had ever before been present,
completely suited to the exalted state of h
ings. An echo, too, from the cliffs sweetly
as if a spirit had been near, and, when the
was closed, prolonged the sacred song ir
more aerial. Dunallan paused, till from
cliff the faint sounds died away. He th
peated, in an impressive and solemn t
voice, several passages of scripture calcula
lead the heart to its Creator, as the only
from which it can find happiness to sati
vast desires; and then rising, and uncoveri
head, he implored the divine blessing, and
and protection, and peace, for all around h
earnestly and so particularly, that his
seemed a farewell to each, of the most tend
affectionate nature. When he had finish
offered his arm to Catharine. The part
proceeded slowly and silently towards the

"And this is methodism!" thought Cath
as they walked. "This is that dull, gl

egrading superstition, and hypocrisy, which I ave so long joined in regarding with scorn and ontempt." A feeling of apprehension mingled ith her other emotions. "How solemn," hought she, "is this continual recollection of od. Surely this must be true religion; and if t is, what I have hitherto regarded as such can- ot be so. But how few are thus ever mindful f the presence of God! It cannot be necessary, r who is safe? Those few particular people on- y at whom all the rest of the world laugh? Im- possible! I must not be led into this narrow bi- gotry." But Catharine could not reason away either her veneration for that religion which so constantly and so powerfully influenced those with whom she now was, or her misgivings re- garding her own.

It was late before the party returned to the house; and as the travellers were to set off early next morning, Mrs. Oswald very soon proposed retiring. Dunallan followed her and Catharine out of the room.

"My dearest aunt, I shall not see you in the morning—we go too early."

Mrs. Oswald embraced him in silence. She attempted to bless him, but the words died on her lips, and she hurried away.

Catharine held out her hand to him. "You will write very soon?

"How soon, dearest Catharine?"

"Perhaps to-morrow, when you stop for night, if it will not plague you."

"Yes, ah yes, I shall write to-morrow; you will write frequently to me?"

"I will, indeed."

Dunallan's farewell completely overcame tharine; it was so tender, yet so solemn. disengaged herself from him, and hastening her own apartment, she burst into a passio tears. "And this is the same Dunallan," thou she, "whom only a week ago I dreaded as greatest enemy to my peace." She continued weep, regardless of the presence of Martin, worn out and miserable, she at last consente go to bed—but not to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL the next day Catharine felt listless and miserable. She sought refuge in solitude from Mrs. Oswald's composure, and, as she thought, unfeeling activity; for that good lady occupied herself in all her usual employments.

Catharine thought over the last six strange weeks; and blamed herself severely during the retrospect. Why had she suffered the conviction of Dunallan's worth, which forced itself upon her almost immediately on his arrival at Dunallan Castle, to make no impression? Why had she shut her eyes to the noble sincerity, and mild dignity of his manners, and her ears to the good sense, superior talent, and constantly strict principle which had marked his conversation? Why had she suffered prejudice, and prejudice excited by those she knew were his enemies, to blind her to all his good, amiable, admirable qualities, and blind her also to her own happiness, to secure which she should have sought for all that was amiable in the being to whom she was to look for the peace of her future life? "And now he is gone,"

thought she, "when I had just begun to feel that I could delight in looking to his approbation, to his affection, as the source of all my happiness." She recollected him during his residence at Dunallan Castle; his polite and manly gentleness to herself on his first arrival there, when she knew he had revolted at the idea of being united to her; his perfect command of temper, and superiority in argument, and in every thing, to the arrogant, but clever and ingenious St. Clair; his unmoved politeness, and even kindness of manner, (when they would receive it,) to all around him, while they were watching every opportunity to disagree with him, or to speak at, or turn into ridicule, what he was known to respect and value. Catharine blushed with shame and self-reproach when she recollected the species of persecution to which Dunallan had been subjected, and the patience with which he had borne it. Even his coldness to her father, which had seemed to increase rather than diminish, she could not help feeling raised him in her opinion. "And he is gone," thought she, "and perhaps for years, to engage in a thousand important affairs, which he undertook to avoid the unhappy being who was to be forced upon him as his wife; and his heart is now engaged in those affairs, and he will soon forget the last disagreeable six weeks, or remember them only as a dream, an unpleasant dream! and when the impression of pity for me has worn off,

he will forget me too, or only think of me as a troublesome charge; and, when he sees some amiable woman, whose mind is elevated, and whose heart is devoted to all that is good, like his own, he will then remember me as the insuperable, and, if he could hate, hateful bar to his happiness."

Catharine could scarcely endure her own feelings, which increased in bitterness the longer she indulged them. She joined Mrs. Oswald at dinner, and felt, in some degree, reconciled to her, on observing that she betrayed some emotion at seeing Dunallan's place at table empty; but this was soon over, and Mrs. Oswald began to talk in her usual cheerful tone of voice. Catharine did not attempt to reply in the same strain.

The children were brought after dinner, and Catharine, ashamed again to retire to her own room, and averse to conversation, listened in silence to their prattle. They soon began to talk of their uncle: and their innocent and simple expressions of love to him overcame her. She rose and walked to a window; one of the children followed, and mounting on a chair near where Catharine stood, put her little arms softly round her neck. Catharine turned, and concealing her weeping face upon the child, repaid her caresses an hundred fold.

"Uncle Dunallan told us this morning, that

we must often talk of him to you, aunt Dunallan, and ask you not to forget him."

Catharine kissed the child tenderly, "This morning, Mary? did you see your uncle this morning?"

"Oh, yes; aunt Oswald made breakfast for uncle Dunallan, and Lilias and I sat on his knee."

Catharine felt as if she had been deprived of a right; "had I known this," said she to Mrs. Oswald, rather reproachfully.

"You should have known it, dear Catharine, had I thought it could have given either of you pleasure to part a second time: Edward knew not of my wish to see him in the morning. It was not a selfish wish; it was a desire to settle some trifling, but to these children indispensible affairs, which induced me to choose that time, when I knew all other matters were arranged; but it was unnecessary. Edward had not forgotten them; hurried as he has been, he has forgotten nobody. Mrs. Oswald then began a theme, to which Catharine could listen without losing her interest,—the praises of Dunallan. The evening passed rapidly away, while Mrs. Oswald recounted anecdotes of his early years, and described the change of character, which his religious principles had produced, "for," said she, "he did not always think on these subjects as he now does. He was naturally the proudest of human beings; not exactly from an high opinion of himself, but from

exalted idea of the powers and virtues of the man mind, and from the high aim of his own. e passed through all the early part of his edu- tion with the applause and love of all his mas- rs, and the warm affections of his young com- nions. At college he distinguished himself by s uncommon power of uniting the character of e regular student, to that of the agreeable com- nion, and intimate and beloved friend of a vast umber of the young men at college. He would ien have made any exertion to obtain distinction. Ie studied half the night to gain the next prize, hen spent the day with those who valued not learn- ag, but as it could add by the superiority and re- inement it gave to the pleasure of the passing hour; 'et Dunallan was so strictly pure in his morals, nd so regular in his hours, that he was pointed out o his young companions as a model for their imi- ation; and so much was he beloved, that they wil- ingly allowed his superiority. Amongst these, however, there was one whom Dunallan found to be his superior, and him he loved with all the ar- dour of his nature. He was a young man of fine genius, but of narrow fortune. He lived very re- tiredly at college, having few associates, and wholly devoted to study. There was something in his appearance which greatly interested Dun- allan, who eagerly sought his acquaintance, which with difficulty he obtained. Dunallan had heard that the singularity of his new friend's religious

opinions, was the cause of his love of seclusion, and in all the pride of reason, he flattered himself that he would easily convince the interesting enthusiast of the weakness and absurdity of those opinions, and be the means of drawing his learning and fine genius into notice. He soon got his friend to state all his opinions to him; and they were in direct opposition to Dunallan's most favourite systems. He felt indignant at seeing so fine a mind acquiesce, as his friend's did, in what he regarded as the prejudices of weak understandings, or of women and children. He found, however, that none of his arguments made the slightest impression on his friend: on the contrary, he seemed absolutely certain of the truth of his own opinions, and when Dunallan became heated, and sometimes even contemptuous, his friend continued perfectly calm, and even seemed to feel more affectionately for his proud opponent. Dunallan at last gave up all attempts to enlighten the enthusiast, but his affection for him increased every day; and he sought his society in preference to that of all others, though each tenaciously retained their own opinions on the subject of religion. Dunallan strenuously supported the dignity, the great capacity, and virtuous inclinations of human nature, while his friend insisted on its depravity, its perversion of its powers, and its weakness in resisting evil. The friends parted. Dunallan, his own master, from the ex-

essive indulgence of his father; handsome, of high character for so young a man, rich, and remarkably agreeable, from his natural desire to please, was courted and caressed wherever he went. His friend, poor, and in delicate health, retired to a curacy in the west of England. For the next year Dunallan resided chiefly with Harcourt, his brother-in-law. He must have been more than man, had his morals not suffered in such society. At the end of that year his college friend died. I know no more. Dunallan soon after went abroad. When he returned, to sooth the last days of his unfortunate sister, he had adopted all his friend's religious opinions."

Catharine listened with deep attention; "he told me," said she, "that his sentiments had been changed by some very distressing cause. He hoped I would adopt his way of thinking without such painful means."

"I hope you will, my dear. Have you been examining the books he left for your perusal?"

"No, madam. I could not read to-day. I did not attempt it."

"Ah, that is the reason, my love. Had you made the attempt you would have succeeded."

"I believe not," replied Catharine, rather hurt.

Next day, however, Catharine did make the attempt, and succeeded in reading those parts at least which had been marked by Dunallan, and she became interested. The subject was new,

and she was naturally of an inquiring turn of mind. This day was less unhappy than the preceding one; but the evening seemed long and sad. She thought of Dunallan's promise to write, and though she scarcely hoped to receive a letter so soon, she waited with impatience for the post-hour. Restless, and unable to occupy herself, she proposed to Mrs. Oswald to walk out, intending to go in that direction in which she knew she should meet the man who brought the letters. Mrs. Oswald seemed to have guessed her wishes, for she immediately proceeded to that walk. In a short time Catharine perceived the man at some distance, and approaching, as she thought, at a very slow pace. She quickened hers, and soon joined him. After alighting composedly from his horse, and fastening the bridle to a tree, he undid a bag, from which he took several letters, and after carefully looking them over, presented one to Catharine. It was from Elizabeth; and, for the first time in her life, Catharine felt disappointed on seeing a letter from her.

"Is there no other letter for me?" asked she.

"No in this bag, my lady. I hae anither, but Mrs. Allan, at the post-office, guessed wha it was frae, and I hae it better pitten up."

"Make haste, good Robin Skene," said Mrs. Oswald.

Robin looked pleased and important, and after fumbling some time in his bosom, brought forth

cel very carefully wrapt up, from which he nted a letter to Catharine, and one also to Oswald.

tharine turned away, and hastily broke the

Tou seemed in earnest, my dearest Catha- when you permitted me to write so soon; uld not otherwise have yet ventured to re- you of your absent friend. You see how I shall persuade myself you are sincere, ever you express wishes so gratifying to me, ry to forget the many times you have check- y slightest encroachment in my character of ıtion with whom you were still unacquainted. e been hurrying from Arnmore all this day, ıy heart and my imagination are still there; ow, at this late hour—alone at the little inn ——, my fancy is still busy at Arnmore. I ıe party assembled to close the day, by stu- the pure precepts, and animating promises ipture. My aunt, or perhaps my dear Ca- ıe herself, is reading to her domestics in ɔsence of her banished, and at this moment ɜad friend. Oh, how I have longed all this ɔ return to my beloved home! But adieu to fruitless wishes; and now let me begin my spondence with you, my dearest Catharine, ɜ character you have wished me to assume. have asked me to be your instructor in those lar opinions which lead to those singular

ways which you have witnessed at Arnmore. You do not know what pleasure this request gave me. It is permitting me to attempt the only thing by which I may perhaps be enabled to atone for what I have done regarding you, and that will be, by freely pointing out those truths to you, without which I firmly believe you could not have enjoyed true happiness in any situation, and the knowledge of which is not dearly purchased, even by very great earthly disappointments or sorrows. Have you begun to read any of my books? Do you think the village or the schools will interest you? Remember your promise to give them all up if they do not, at least if you think you ought, when you recollect the situation in which you have been placed. Do not suppose I mean to dictate to you, however, my dearest Catharine, but, believing as I do, that our happiness, even in this world, depends upon our being in the path of duty, can I love you, and not seek by every means in my power to lead you into the path of true enjoyment? You would believe how sincerely I desire this, if you knew how dear you are, how dear you were to me before you had ever bestowed a look upon me, but of aversion and disgust. But adieu, I must not in my first letter tire you of your preaching, but most truly attached, E. H. DUNALLAN."

Catharine had read Dunallan's letter several

times before she recollected that there was any other being in existence. Mrs. Oswald interrupted her thoughts by a request to return to the house to avoid the very heavy dew. Catharine kindly offered her arm to Mrs. Oswald. "You *too* have a letter, my dear madam."

"Yes, my love, a few lines," replied Mrs. Oswald, holding out the letter to her.

Catharine declined reading it.—"You must not think me so curious, my dear Mrs. Oswald. I shall be most happy to hear whatever you choose from Mr. Dunallan's letters, but I wish you always to read those passages to me yourself. I shall now read a part of mine to you, which I want your opinion of." She then read that passage, in which Dunallan supposed she had taken his place in reading to the servants.

Mrs. Oswald smiled.—"This is rather cunning, I think."

"I think so too," replied Catharine, "but should like if you, my dearest Mrs. Oswald, would do as he wishes."

"Not I indeed," replied Mrs. Oswald. "He very properly wishes you, my love, to act in his absence as the head of his family; but you must consider, that if you begin this good custom, you must carry it on. Should you suffer the fear of ridicule to make you give it up when people are here, you would, I fear, do more harm than reading at other times would do good."

"I do not think the dread of ridicule would deter me from doing any thing I thought right," said Catharine. "I have never stood much in awe of the opinions of others."

Mrs. Oswald smiled.—"Then, my dear, you have only to determine whether Dunallan's is a right wish."

"I can have no doubt of that," replied Catharine, "since it is his."

"Ah! you ought to have a better reason, my dear."

"Well, it must be right to instruct the ignorant."

"Yes, my love, and to see that those under our care, which servants certainly are, have at least an opportunity of hearing the divine truths of revelation. We are all commanded to do good to all as we have opportunity; surely our influence cannot be so great any where as in our own houses."

"Well, my dear Madam, this is settled; and to-morrow you shall take me to the village, and to the schools. I must be able to answer Mr. Dunallan's questions; but you must direct me in every thing, my dear Mrs. Oswald, for how can I, so ignorant myself, attempt to instruct others? I know not what parts of Scripture are proper to be read to servants."

"There are few parts which can be improper, my love," replied Mrs. Oswald. "You will soon,

while informing yourself, discover what is most instructive for others. Happily for the lower classes, which constitute the largest portion of society, it is the humble and unlearned who are chiefly addressed in Scripture."

Catharine desired that she might be called very early next morning. Her ardent mind was now bent on attempting every thing recommended by Dunallan. She felt convinced that all his wishes were for her real happiness; and she took pleasure in the idea, that in his absence she might fit herself to be the companion of this esteemed friend.

Elizabeth's letter, though left unread for the first time in her life, till she perused that of another, gave Catharine the greatest pleasure. It was written in unusually high spirits for Elizabeth; and, after many playfully kind remarks on the change of feelings with regard to Dunallan, expressed in Catharine's letter, on her arrival at Arnmore, concluded thus——

"And now, my own Catharine, I must tell you a secret, the only secret I ever concealed from my first and dearest friend. You have often laughed at my high-flown notions (as you called them,) of the influence of real affection. Know then that I spoke from experience, and that your friend has been engaged in heart and promise for two years, to a person whose name I believe never escaped her lips in your hearing. You will naturally ask,

Why? I answer, because I could only have given you pain by the disclosure, as we were far too poor to think of marrying for years. Mr. Melville is the younger son of a family of very moderate fortune; he is a lawyer, and very clever; but for some years at the commencement of his profession, a lawyer very rarely makes any thing. You know I had no fortune, and you will, I am very certain, feel almost as happy as your friend, when you find that your father's generosity to his nephews and nieces has removed every obstacle that stood in the way of my happiness; and that I so dearly love those who have thus obliged me, that I love even to be under obligation. But I must now introduce you to my dear and disinterested Philip Melville, who in a time of such scarcity of men, and of *such men!* and a time of such plenty of heiresses, chose to place his affections on your portionless, and every way very moderately gifted Elizabeth. But you are unacquainted with Melville, and cannot judge of my feelings in the idea of never being separated from him. The sweet castles I build when I picture myself his wife, welcoming him home, after the studies or business of the day, to his comfortable, (and I mean it to be) elegant, though moderate home; exerting all my powers to amuse and please him, which you know must always succeed; his conversation and affection; and his approbation of all I do—my mother so happy in seeing me so—

my young brothers guided by Melville, whom they already regard with love and esteem—the holidays passed at Arnmore, and the dear inhabitants of Arnmore coming to us sometimes.—Dear Catharine, are not my dreams very happy, and not so romantic as to be impossible?"

Elizabeth's letter was long, and expressed great enjoyment. Catharine entered warmly into her feelings, and for a time forgot every thing else. Her last occupation, before she retired to rest, however, was another perusal of Dunallan's letter. "Ah!" thought she, when she had finished it, "you have given me a rival in your affections, Elizabeth, and perhaps you soon will have one in mine!"

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning Catharine started from her pillow the moment she was called, and dressed with a rapidity which seemed not a little to surprise Martin, whom, when her toilet was finished, she desired to inform Mrs. Scott the housekeeper, that she wished the servants to be assembled at the usual hour in the library. She then set herself to read the book which Dunallan had pointed out as the most proper to begin with, steadily determining, that however tiresome she should find the occupation, to read every thing he had recommended with her whole attention. But this book she found most interesting. It was addressed to the heart as well as to the understanding. The subject was, the erroneous and unscriptural nature of the opinions on religious subjects generally prevalent among people in the higher classes of society. Catharine, as she read, felt the truth of every word, and she could scarcely believe that she had been thus employed for more than an hour, when Martin appeared to say, that Mrs. Oswald and the servants were in the library. Catharine felt humbler when she entered the room where they were assembled

than she had ever done in her life before. She felt conscious that she now assumed a character to which she had no title, and blushing before she began to read, she said, "I continue this custom because Mr. Dunallan wishes it. I hope we shall all derive benefit and instruction. None of you can require it more than I do."

Mrs. Scott was on all occasions easily moved to tears; her softness, on Catharine's saying this, infected the other maids, so that her young lady had a weeping audience. Catharine thought their grief was occasioned by their master's absence, and by seeing his place filled by another. When she had finished, and the servants were retiring wiping their eyes, she desired Mrs. Scott to remain a little. "You must not grieve so much, my good Mrs. Scott," said she, "at Mr. Dunallan's absence. Do you know we had letters from him last night, and he is well?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Scott almost sobbing, "I mourn indeed for Mr. Dunallan's absence, but it is not grief but joy which makes me cry now. I just thought I saw my own dear lady again, when you ma'am sat down in that chair. She used to look concerned as you did, ma'am, but oh! she had great cause. Her Mr. Dunallan favoured nothing good, though he loved her so much he could not cross her; but the servants used to assemble here, and she used to read to them, when he was gone a hunting; and at night

before he and his gentlemen friends had left the dining room. Oh! I never thought I should see this happy day! Her son walking in her blessed steps; and you, ma'am, brought up so differently; oh! it is more than I can stand;" and she put her hands to her face, and hurried out of the room. Catharine was affected: "poor good Mrs. Scott! she does not know how little I deserve to be compared to any one so good."

So great was Catharine's impatience to see all those places and arrangements which Dunallan had committed to her care, that she thought Mrs. Oswald would never have done with breakfast. At last she rose, and offered to accompany her young friend wherever she chose. They proceeded first to the village. It was still early. Catharine, however, was much pleased with the clean and orderly appearance of the cottages into which she was conducted by Mrs. Oswald, and at the pleasure which the people seemed to feel on seeing her. After having led Catharine through the village, and visiting various institutions of Dunallan's for the benefit of the people and children; schools, a library, &c. all which were under the immediate care of the clergyman of the parish, who was to report the progress and success of each to Catharine; Mrs. Oswald led her to another school for girls. Catharine was delighted with the situation of this school. It was apart from the village in a

romantic spot on the banks of the lake, and surrounded by wood on every side except that which opened on the water. A sweet retired path lay directly between it and the castle.

"This situation," said Mrs. Oswald, "was chosen by Dunallan, in the hope that, whoever the lady of Arnmore might be, she would take this institution under her own peculiar and watchful care. I hope you will fulfil his wishes, my dear Catharine, and regard these interesting young villagers as in some degree your own children. The general rules only have been acted upon, all particular regulations have been left for you, my dear," continued Mrs. Oswald. "I have found the charge very interesting, but will be most happy to relinquish it to your care; my health and my age make me unfit for it."

Catharine was equally delighted with the interior of the school-house, and the healthy happy looks of the children, who rose respectfully on her entrance, and answered the questions she put to them with intelligence and civility, dropping a grateful curtsey when she noticed them. Catharine recollected the children at Dunallan Castle, lying about their cottage doors in complete idleness, or running away to conceal themselves at her approach, or if bold enough to remain, answering with awkward shyness any thing she said to them. But, thought she, they were

only taught to regard me as their superior, not their friend and benefactress. She could have staid here the whole day, she became so greatly interested. She liked to hear the children repeat hymns, and parts of Scripture, and was delighted with their eager desire to be permitted to repeat them to her; and the pleasure their countenances expressed when she praised their performances. Mrs. Oswald at last reminded her that the forenoon was far spent.

"Every child at Arnmore is taught to read," said Mrs. Oswald, as they returned home, "and the clergyman of the parish attends with the most unremitting attention to their religious instruction. He is an excellent man, and is looked up to by the whole parish. You will find him anxious to second any plan you propose for the benefit of your people."

"How many people are supposed to reside on Mr. Dunallan's estate?" asked Catharine.

"About nine hundred, including a small fishing town, at too great a distance for us to visit to-day; but which Dunallan takes the same charge of that he does of those places you have seen."

"Happy Arnmore!" exclaimed Catharine, "Poor Dunallan Castle! how much I ought to feel ashamed when I recollect how its people have been neglected. And now my father is enlarging all his farms, and the poorer tenants are emigrating to America, or wherever they can go.

Had I known that it was possible, or rather had I taken the trouble to consider, I might have had at Dunallan Castle such a village as that I have just seen. The money which I gave without reflection to the unfortunate beings who were leaving the estate, and whose grief I could not bear to witness, would have defrayed every expense: but I shall write my father immediately. How happy should I be to see him interested in such a plan."

Catharine was so busy all this day, she felt quite fatigued when she retired for the night; yet her heart was light and gay. She had written to her father, to Elizabeth, and to Dunallan. The two first letters she had sealed up; but the last she left to peruse once more. She was dissatisfied with what she had written. It was too long—Dunallan's was not half so long—yet she had so much to say—she read sentence by sentence, and determined to change each; but after these changes were made, she thought her letter stiff and cold, and at last decided to send that which she had first written.

Next day she visited the fishing town, and other more distant parts of the estate, and was extremely gratified by all she saw, the reception she met with every where, and by the beautiful scenery through which they had passed; for many of the cottages they had visited were far too dis-

tant for Mrs. Oswald, or even Catharine to have walked to them.

"And what am I to do?" asked Catharine, as they returned home; "In what way, my dear Mrs. Oswald, am I to make myself useful to all these people?"

"By knowing about them all, my dear Catharine, and by convincing them that you do, and that you take an interest in their real happiness and prosperity; by your steadily discountenancing the unworthy, and approving of and assisting the good; by promoting the education of the children—oh, by a thousand ways, my dear young friend, particularly by carrying on those plans, begun by Dunallan, which are yet too new to succeed, unless they are fostered and protected by you."

Catharine, after consulting with Mrs. Oswald, laid down rules for the occupation of her time, which she resolved to abide by until Dunallan's return. "For I shall not leave Arnmore till then," said she; "and whoever visits me, must allow me to spend some of my time as I choose."

One week passed away, and she kept strictly to all her rules, and felt interested and happy. Mrs. Oswald she loved more dearly every day—she appeared to her almost perfect, and her affection was returned with interest.

"Ah, Catharine!" said Mrs. Oswald, one day after an interesting conversation with her young

friend, " I feel I am making another idol of you, I shall never learn to love with moderation."

The children too, were regarded by Catharine with the tenderest affection; and she felt the purest enjoyment in leading their young and opening minds to the admiration of all that was good and beautiful.

She had another letter from Dunallan during this week—all that was kind. To Mrs. Oswald he described his situation in London, and his future intentions. He expected to set out on his destination in a few days. To Catharine, he wrote of herself, and of his own feelings.

" Your letter, my dearest Catharine, has almost relieved my mind from a load, which has oppressed it ever since my unhappy arrival at your Father's house. You request me so kindly, and I cannot help feeling so sincerely, to believe you when you say you are happy;—you add so sweetly, that you wish me to forget the past, as you are beginning to do, that I feel satisfied you are at least not unhappy. The future, I will allow myself to hope, will produce for you far brighter days. You say you have read one of my books, and are interested in our people. Dearest Catharine, I entreat you, in your ardour to do good, not to forget your own health. You have undertaken too much. I shall regret having requested you to superintend my plans, if you expose yourself to fatigue, which, I assure you, is unnecessary.

It is surprising how much influence a very s
degree of interest, expressed by a person in
situation, has on your dependants. But I
say no more on this subject; you know, my
Catharine, how much it would pain me to t
that I, in seeking a source of pleasure for you,
loaded you with fatiguing occupations.

"You say, my dearest Catharine, that my
has made you forget my absence, by talkir
you of my early days. She will, I fear, de
you. She will praise me, when, if you knew
a proud and arrogant being I then was, and
course of sin,' which levelled me with the
you would cease to regard me with the unm
esteem expressed in your sweetly frank l
Will you be undeceived, my dearest Cathar
You asked me once, how the human mind c
be brought, in the bustle of life, to be consti
guided by the principles of religion. I pron
to explain this in my letters to you, as far
could. The truth is, that, to a mind awak
from the delusive dreams of this world, reli
becomes not only the support and consola
but the source of its chief pleasures. I shal
you in my next letter, how far I have experie
this myself; but the story is long, and I an
impatient for your reply to delay my lette
another post. You perceive, my Catharine,
it is painful to me to appear to you what I r
am not. Your character is, I think, easily kn

and, therefore, in my eyes, the more amiable. Men, from their intercourse with a world, where most of those they meet with are indifferent about them, where some wish to deceive, and others to lead astray, acquire a power of concealing their emotions, which gives them an unfair advantage over women, who rarely in early life can conceal theirs. I should wish you, my Catharine, to feel certain that I have not this advantage over you. The very suspicion of it must produce a degree of reserve, which it is the wish of my heart to do away. I am thus anxious to inspire you with confidence in me, because I so earnestly wish you to feel that friendship for me which I already feel for you, and which cannot exist where we have any doubt of our knowledge of the real character.

"And now, my dearest of friends, I shall answer the last part of your letter, in which you so ingenuously confess to me, that you cannot say *you like* the first book I recommended to you, because every page of it condemns you. Your thoughts—your wishes—your time—your influence—your fortune, have all been employed in those pursuits considered by this writer as unworthy of a rational and immortal being:—'and yet,' you add, 'my life has been as innocent, and as little shaded by great faults, as most others.' You nobly say, you will not affect a modesty in speaking of yourself which you do not feel, when

the subject is one on which you really w
gain information; and you naturally ask
must look on the greatest part of our fellow
tures as guilty in the sight of heaven, when
of them feel so secure of being accepted th
last? I acknowledge the difficulty of answ
your question; but it is equivalent to that
was proposed long ago: 'Are there few th
saved?' You, I dare say, remember the in
tive answer of Him who said, 'I am T
The answer was, 'Enter *ye* in at the
gate; for narrow is the way which leadeth to
lasting life, and few there be that find it.' T
my book does condemn you, my dearest C
rine, I must agree with it, because I am su
not stricter in what it requires, than that
but comprehensive law, which demands th
shall love our Creator, with *all* our heart
our souls, and our minds, and our neighbo
ourselves. I entreat you, Catharine, to us
own excellent powers of mind to follow o
meaning of those words, and you must b
vinced that my book cannot possibly r
more. Will you be displeased if I say,
take pleasure in your feeling of self-cond
tion? I do indeed, my sweet friend, bec
know that 'the whole' do not feel their n
the 'Physician,' but 'the sick,' and I wis
to know the Physician of souls. I entreat
read on, and become acquainted with the C

m. If you feel your heart become an
for its truth, before your mind is inform-
your reason convinced, which, I think,
ır last letter, may be the case, I entreat
to cease reading what is addressed chief-
ır reason; because an uninformed Christ-
ɔur rank of life, is exposed to having his
aggered very frequently, from his igno-
those perfectly convincing answers which
ɔn given to the attacks of infidels, who
all ages attempted in vain to subvert a
so strict in its demands, and pure in its
; amongst those infidels there have been,
are, men of at least very great wit and
y. What a letter I have written! but if
ɔw the pleasure I feel after the business
tle of the day, in retiring to think of and
you, I know you would not wish to
this sweetest of enjoyments. Adieu, my
ɣ very dearest friend.

E. H. DUNALLAN."

ırine studied every word of Dunallan's
ith the deepest interest; his wishes with
to herself she scarcely understood; but
ɛrmined to read attentively every book
nmended to her, and frankly avow to him
ression they made on her mind. His ex-
penness with regard to himself, had fully
ct he desired in gaining her confidence.

She felt ready to impart to him the most se
thoughts of her heart. This desire to make
acquainted with his very errors, rather than
she should form a false and too high opinio
him, though it gratified, yet startled her.
had often been advised by her father, to a
seeking to know the preceding private life o
man she married. "Let me, my dear child,
would say, "be intrusted with making all ne
sary inquiries respecting his character.
cannot be a judge. An innocent, well-educ
young woman would never marry, if she k
the private history of most of the young men
sees; but we must take the world as we find
he would add laughing. "The noblest charac
have defects. An amiable, sweet-tempered,
sible, affectionate wife will cure a man of all t
youthful errors; but a prying, over-correct
is the devil." Catharine believed her father,
looked on young men as privileged to be wic
to a certain degree; and regarded it as indelic
and disgustingly over-correct in her sex, to
any concern how a young man spent his lif
private, provided he always acted honoura
and as others did in society. Had Dunallan, t
been particularly faulty? She could not bel
this, because her father had assured her, that
she might be satisfied with all he could l
respecting the morality of his early years, w
had been singularly spotless. Catharine rep

perfect frankness to this part of Dunallan's
. She showed how much she valued his
lence; but that she rather shrunk from the
of it, which he offered to give; yet she
d to know about his college friend, and also
ature of the change which had taken place
own mind. "But do not, my dear friend,"
rote, "gratify my curiosity, if doing so can
one painful circumstance."

CHAPTER XI.

CATHARINE'S life, for the first fortnight after Dunallan's departure, was wholly devoted to those pursuits she had begun at his request; and every day, as her information increased, and her conversations with Mrs. Oswald made her more acquainted with the opinions and sentiments considered, by that lady and Dunallan, necessary to constitute the character of a real Christian, she became more convinced that they were right. To Mrs. Oswald she confided every difficulty and doubt of her own mind; while, according to Dunallan's wish, she persevered in making herself acquainted with what he esteemed the Christian system; and in Mrs. Oswald she found the tenderness of a mother united to the sincerity of a friend, equally capable from natural talent, information, and experience, to assist and enlighten her young, but strong and candid mind. Catharine felt Dunallan's absence; she also thought with pain of the solitary situation of her father, yet she was now so constantly occupied, and pleased, and interested, that she dreaded any interruption to her new pursuits, and felt quite

annoyed on being informed, one forenoon, on her return from visiting her school, that a lady had just arrived. Catharine did not inquire who the lady was, but hurrying to her room, gave way to the impatience of the moment. Some of our troublesome country neighbours at last, thought she; what a plague! she rung for Martin.

"What lady is here, Martin?"

"Mrs. Williams, Ma'am."

"Mrs. Williams! Ah, I rejoice to hear it."

"She is indeed a very sweet-looking lady, Ma'am. Mrs. Oswald sent for me to ask where you were, Ma'am. She wished me to go for you, but Mrs. Williams would not suffer you to be interrupted."

Catharine felt herself half afraid, yet longed to see this Mrs. Williams, so much esteemed by Dunallan. An apprehension of inferiority was however still painful to Catharine; and though she struggled against this proud feeling, yet her raised head, and half cold expression, as she entered the room where Mrs. Williams was, gave an air of formal politeness to her address, rather than the real pleasure she felt at meeting her. Mrs. Williams's manner was very mild, and perfectly easy.

"We have been talking of you, my dear Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald.

Catharine blushed. "Then I regret having interrupted your conversation," replied she, "for

I am very sensible of the advantage of a fa
able impression having been given befor
quaintance commences."

"And are you so certain, Catharine, (giving a favourable impression of you?"

"I believe so."

Mrs. Williams smiled, but said nothing. ' was something in her appearance that at on cited both respect and interest. She was some, as far as a graceful figure, very fine and a charming smile, could make one so; l air of thoughtfulness, and the very smile, v engaging as it was, seemed more from poli than feeling, conveyed an idea of superio trifles, and to trifling compliments, whicl the rather pleasing, because the whole t her expressive countenance bore the same ted character. "Mrs. Oswald has told m you were employed, Mrs. Dunallan," said "and that you feel yourself interested in occupations."

"I do indeed; and I hope I shall conti feel myself so."

"Oh no! do not expect that," replied Williams; "you must prepare yourself fo appointment, that when you meet with it yo not be disgusted, and tempted to give your useful employments. I have often b the verge of doing so."

"I might very easily be tempted to d

plied Catharine; "for I am not very patient; at I did not undertake these occupations from ıy expectation of pleasure or amusement, or ven interest. Mr. Dunallan taught me to regard ıem as a duty, and I still expect I shall have ı struggle with my natural aversion to the re-raint of regular employment: hitherto, however, have found myself more interested than I ima-ined I should be, more, indeed, than I ever was efore in any pursuit; because the end at which wish to aim is so much nobler."

"True," replied Mrs. Williams, looking much leased; "but still I cannot help fearing you ıay find many things both disappointing and rovoking in your endeavours to improve your eople; the parents of the children, even, are ıch impediments to their improvement, that at ımes one feels quite discouraged."

"Mrs. Oswald had prepared me so well to xpect that," said Catharine, "that I have been urprised at my success. I have made many new ples, to every one of which the parents of my hildren have acceded without any difficulty."

"Really," said Mrs. Williams, smiling, "you ust have some secret way of charming them to o your pleasure."

Catharine described all she had done in the ost animated language; and so deeply was she ccupied in conversing on such subjects, that ime passed away unobserved. Mrs. Oswald and

Mrs. Williams became equally interested, and when, after a very long conversation, the latter rose to take leave, Catharine found she still had so much to inquire about, and to say, that she earnestly and affectionately pressed her to remain until the next day. Mrs. Williams, who, Catharine felt, returned the interest she excited, was easily persuaded to comply with a request urged so evidently from the heart.

Catharine found Mrs. Williams's society singularly pleasing. She seemed to guess what subjects would be most interesting, and continued to turn the conversation constantly to them, while her evident feeling of interest, and her confiding manner to Catharine, completely succeeded in gaining her confidence. Mrs. Williams talked of Dunallan, and of his singular opinions, which she avowed were also her own. She spoke of him with more than esteem, with the deepest gratitude, and explained its cause. He had been the friend of her husband, and had watched him in his last illness with the tenderness of a brother; he had been the means of making his death-bed a scene of peace and triumph. He had been her own friend, when left a widow and wretched. He was the guardian of her children, and such a guardian!

Catharine listened with delight to the praises of Dunallan, and Mrs. Williams, though unable from emotion at times to proceed, seemed deter-

ined to make her acquainted with her hus-
ınd's and her own obligations to him, and with
ıat unwearied and tenderly benevolent part of
is character which her misfortunes had brought
› her knowledge. Catharine wept with her, and
lrs. Williams's countenance brightened through
er tears, when she saw the impression her story
ad made.

Next morning Mrs. Williams took leave, after
:ceiving the willing promise of an early visit
'om Catharine.

Many of the neighbouring families had now
alled at Arnmore; but though Catharine saw
ıat they easily would have been prevailed on to
:ngthen their visits, none of them except Mrs.
Villiams had so far interested or pleased her as
› inspire a wish that they should.

One evening a party arrived whom Catharine
ras not a little surprised to see. Mrs. St. Clair
nd her son. She could not conceive why the
ıtter should choose so soon to visit her after
hat had passed, and particularly in Dunallan's
bsence. She felt displeased, and received him
ith extreme coldness. Mrs. St. Clair she at-
empted to meet as an old friend, but did not
ucceed; and she often wished, as the evening
ıassed heavily on, that she had invited some of
ıer morning visitors to remain.

St. Clair attempted to appear cheerful. He

told Catharine that he was just going abroad, and that he could not prevail on himself to leave the country, perhaps for years, without once again seeing one of his earliest friends. Catharine only bowed. An angry glow crossed St. Clair's brow, but he said nothing. Catharine had known him from her childhood, however, and was well acquainted with the expression of his countenance. She soon perceived that he was narrowly scanning hers, and was aware that he had now come to discover whether she was as unhappy as she knew his late disappointment from her made him wish her to be. His mother, she had no doubt, partook of her son's feelings.

Catharine expected a letter from Dunallan this evening; she almost wished it might not arrive; and she shrunk, as the hour of prayers approached, from the idea of the ridicule which her care of her servants would excite in the minds of Mrs. St. Clair and her son. The usual post hour, however, passed, and no letter arrived from Dunallan. Catharine felt relieved, but disappointed; and her endeavours to converse cheerfully with her guests, which had hitherto succeeded only in part, now gave place to absent thoughtfulness. Mrs. Oswald attempted to supply her place, but all she said was received with such uncivil coldness, that, after several good-natured but fruitless endeavours to overcome the prejudice

nd dislike with which Mrs. St. Clair seemed to egard her, she gave up the attempt, and turned o Catharine.

" Our messenger has probably been detained o-night, my dear," said she, observing the sadess which now began to steal over the expresive countenance of her young friend; " you now he often is. We shall have our letters tonorrow morning."

" I only *hoped* for letters, I did not quite *expect* hem to-night, my dear madam," answered Caharine, smiling sweetly in reply to the tenderly ffectionate manner of Mrs. Oswald's address, o unlike that of her proud and gloomy guests. A pause in the conversation ensued. St. Clair looked earnestly at Catharine, as if to read in her countenance from whence she expected those longed for letters.

" I hear your friend Elizabeth is just going to be married to one of the young Melvilles," said Mrs. St. Clair. " I suppose you hear frequently from her on the eve of such an event."

" Very frequently," replied Catharine; but she did not pursue this subject, for Mrs. St. Clair had always seemed to dislike Elizabeth.

Another pause followed, and of such long continuance, that Catharine at last, scarcely knowing what she said, asked St. Clair if he had been acquainted with Mr. Walderford at college?

" I was," replied he; " he was then supposed

to possess very superior talents, and great expectations were formed respecting him, until he chose to adopt a set of enthusiastic notions, which now, I believe, I must not mention with disrespect in your presence, Catharine—Mrs. Dunallan, I mean: pardon me." He did seem to revolt at the new appellation. "I must confess, however," continued he, "that I have rather avoided Walderford since he became so singular."

"Did you value his acquaintance before that time?" asked Catharine.

"Extremely; every one did. He had the clearest head of any young man at the university, and the quickest penetration into character, with the most kind and affectionate of hearts, joined to an uncommon share of humour and talent for society, notwithstanding his natural reserve. Every one loved and respected him. Poor Walderford!" continued St. Clair, "it was most unlike his knowledge of mankind, and his usual good sense, to make known his adoption of such opinions; he might at least have confined them to his own breast."

"But *can* such opinions be concealed, my dear Sir?" asked Mrs. Oswald in her quick way.

"Why not Madam? are we not forced at times to confine far more powerful——" St. Clair hesitated, "we must learn to—— I know men who have singular opinions on many subjects,"

continued he, recovering himself, "who never talk of them but in confidence. I have notions myself on that very subject, religion, which are perhaps quite as singular, though very different from Walderford's; but why shock people by constantly avowing our heresies from common opinion? I believe," continued St. Clair, "every man who thinks at all must form some opinion on that subject; but as those opinions are of importance only to himself, I think he is mad if he exposes himself to universal ridicule and contempt, by attaching such importance to a set of dogmas, and acting upon them with the blind zeal and self-satisfaction which seems to inspire poor Walderford."

"But what is there in those opinions, which really ought to shock any one?" asked Catharine. "You said, Mr. St. Clair, that to me you must not now mention them with disrespect; I suppose from their similarity to those ascribed to Mr. Dunallan. I confess it does pain me to hear them mentioned with disrespect; and allow me to add, that I am sure, if you were really acquainted with those opinions, and, still more, with their effects on those who adopt them, you would describe them in gentler terms."

"They are opinions very shocking to common sense at least," said Mrs. St. Clair. "Mr. Walderford's opinions, I mean."

"I beg pardon," said young St. Clair, "for

having used such harsh expressions. I have little knowledge of Mr. Dunallan's notions on any subject; but the opinions I mean, though they are gaining ground in society, or, at least, are acquiring an ascendency over a certain class of minds, shrink from the examinations of reason and philosophy."

"I believe," said Mrs. Oswald mildly, "that it is an allowed maxim amongst philosophers, that the supporters of any system ought to be permitted to state their own opinions. Now, in this case, you must allow me at least to correct your statement, Mr. St. Clair. The advocates for the opinions you have mentioned do not shrink from the tribunals of reason and philosophy, from a dread of their award; but they say that reason or philosophy are of no value until they are enlightened by that revelation which declares the natural reason and wisdom of man to be foolishness, and its philosophy vanity. The supporters of those opinions therefore regard reason, when it discards revelation as its guide, as an ignis fatuus, a light that leads astray; and philosophy as an unmeaning though imposing word."

"You are right, Madam," replied St. Clair warmly, "I did state the case unfairly; those opinions do set reason and philosophy at defiance; and the weakest blockhead who adopts them, immediately thinks himself superior to, and fitted to instruct the wisest of his fellow men.

This is one of the many disgusting features of the system," added St. Clair, rising abruptly and walking towards a window, desiring apparently to put an end to the subject.

"You must allow me to say one word," replied Mrs. Oswald. "The defect you mention cannot, with a shadow of fairness, be ascribed to the system, because its very character and essence is humility."

St. Clair remained silent, and another pause in the conversation followed. The evening was beautiful; and, though late, Catharine proposed walking.

"We have many charming walks here," said she, turning to St. Clair, (who remained at the window,) and directing her eyes to the scenery below.

He looked in the same direction for a moment, then turned away. He seemed to hate its beauty.

"You used to admire this part of the day, and like to walk at sunset, Mr. St. Clair," said Catharine, in a voice less cold than that in which she had hitherto addressed him.

He appeared softened for a moment, then said, turning gloomily away, "I used to like and admire many things which I must not now trust myself to look at. Sunset is one."

Catharine felt his meaning, and reproached herself for having said any thing to produce such

a reply. She turned to Mrs. St. Clair, and again resumed her endeavours to find some topic of conversation that might excite her interest; but her attempts for some time were unsuccessful; the subjects at least on which Catharine chose to converse had no interest for Mrs. St. Clair, and those into which she would eagerly have entered were studiously avoided by Catharine. At last she recollected that Mrs. St. Clair was engaged in superintending the erection of a magnificent mansion at her beautiful isle, and she easily succeeded in leading her to talk of it. Mrs. Oswald, who never was idle, when she saw that young St. Clair determined to remain silent, employed herself busily at her work. St. Clair stood with his back to the window, and his eyes either fixed in deep thought on the carpet, or raised to Catharine, with an expression that betrayed the subject of his contemplations. He looked miserable, and his uneasiness seemed to increase the longer he indulged in thought.

Catharine continued to listen to Mrs. St. Clair, and, at her request, began to sketch the plan of a gothic window for the hall of her new house.

"Oh! that is quite beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, when she had finished it. "Look, Arthur, is not this much more perfect than any of those in our plans? but you have lost all interest in the house now," said she reproachfully, as he slowly advanced from the window, "you are most

naccountably changed, Arthur. Is it not beauti-ul?"

"Beautiful, indeed! Shall I preserve the sketch or you, Madam?"

A servant at this moment appeared. Catharine new it was to announce the hour of prayers. Mrs. Oswald said, "very well, John;" and the ervant left the room.

"Do fix the sketch, Mr. St. Clair," said Caharine, placing drawing materials before him. 'I must leave you for a short time, Madam," dded she, turning to Mrs. St. Clair, and a good leal embarrassed. But meeting Mrs. Oswald's ook of anxious concern, and recollecting the con-empt with which she had treated the fears of that good lady, lest she should be deterred from duty by the dread of ridicule, she recovered her composure, and said, in a calm tone of voice, "Mr. Dunallan thinks it proper that his servants should have the scriptures read to them daily, and, in his absence, I have undertaken, directed by Mrs. Oswald, to continue this custom."

Mrs. St. Clair and her son looked at each other. "Do you not admit your friends to the benefit of your instructions?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"I do not pretend to instruct," replied Catharine, mildly; "but Mrs. Oswald has convinced me that the attempt at informing our servants is a duty. I merely read a portion of scripture,

and a short explanation; and as I *am* convinced of its being a duty, I must not be deterred by ridicule from performing it."

"No one certainly could be so cruel as to ridicule any thing defended so ——" St. Clair proceeded thus far, and then stopt. "Will you not admit us?" asked he.

"You must excuse me," replied Catharine, "were Mr. Dunallan at home, I should entreat you to join us."

St. Clair turned away in displeasure. When Mrs. Oswald and Catharine returned, they found Mrs. St. Clair and her son looking gloomier than before. There was a sweet calmness and elevation in the expression of Catharine's countenance, however, and a dignified and cheerful composure in Mrs. Oswald's, which commanded their respect; and by degrees they were restored to an apparently happier state of feeling.

Catharine felt greatly relieved, when Mrs. St. Clair declared her intention of going next day. She would have concealed her satisfaction, but saw by the angry expression of St. Clair's countenance that he had perceived it. She felt extremely displeased, however, at the freedom with which he continued to watch her every word and look; and the cold calmness of her eye when she addressed him, seemed to recal to him the remembrance of her situation.

Next morning at breakfast, a very large packet

as brought to Catharine; she observed the post-mark ———, and became very pale. St. Clair seemed to understand the cause, and it darkened is brow.

"No wonder such letters should be longed or," said he, contemptuously, but bitterly, and ooking at its size.

"Certainly not," replied she, "when the con-ents too are always even more interesting than hey are expected to be."

St. Clair's eye flashed; but for a moment he was silent, then said with forced calmness, "You have convinced me at last, Madam, that your sex possesses one virtue, which I have hitherto been such an infidel as to doubt; that of becoming moulded into new habits, and new feelings, and new affections, with a facility almost incompre-hensible, and in proportion," added he, sarcasti-cally, "to the dislike and contempt with which they formerly viewed those habits, and those ob-jects which they afterwards value."

"You ought rather, from my experience, to be convinced of an unhappy defect in my sex," re-plied Catharine, "that of allowing prejudice to take such complete possession of the mind, that nothing less than a superiority in every thing, almost more than human, can overcome it."

St. Clair bit his lip. Catharine had looked calmly and fixedly at him while she spoke, and the effect of what she had said on the expression

of his countenance almost frightened her; but his reflection on Dunallan had roused her spirit, and she now longed for an opportunity of honouring him in the presence of those contemptuous St. Clairs.

"Pray, read your letter, Madam," said Mrs. St. Clair. "I beg we may not for a moment prevent your enjoying that pleasure."

Catharine only bowed, and then broke the seal. She looked at the date, then at the conclusion, but that was too kind to be read in such company; tears filled her eyes, tears that she saw were observed, but she cared not. She folded up her letter, and laid it by her, and then attempted to converse with Mrs. St. Clair; but her thoughts wandered to her letter, and it was with great pleasure she heard Mrs. St. Clair's carriage announced, and saw her soon after depart with her haughty and disappointed son.

Catharine embraced Mrs. Oswald with unusual tenderness; "you have seen a specimen of my friends, my dearest Madam," said she, "and I have had many such. You see how sincerely they wish for my happiness."

"But you must have some excuse for this lady, my dear," replied Mrs. Oswald, "I see how matters stand; you have disappointed her dearest hopes and favourite plans, and her son's also. Ah! my dear Catharine, you may be very thankful that the singularly pleasing exterior of that

nan did not engage your youthful affec-
ıe could not have made you happy. But
r a little, my love, I see you are impatient
your letter."

ırine shut herself up in her room, and was
ımpletely absorbed. Dunallan's letter
d of many sheets closely written.

:h succeeding letter from you, my dearest
ıe, confirms me in the idea I had formed
character, and strengthens the hope that
soon see you become all I could wish.
right, my sweet friend, in your supposi-
ıt kindly as I express my interest in you,
lly—tenderly as I feel for you, there is
ınt, a defect in your character which I
ver clearly expressed. I will tell you my
because, until I received your last letter,
ot suppose you would have understood
ıing. I see you look surprised; but, my
tharine, had I said to you the week be-
left Dunallan Castle, that you were igno-
he true nature of religion, would you not
ɔelled the charge, and regarded me as a
bigoted enthusiast, as your friends did?
not now say this of you, my dearest Ca-
though my opinion was not greatly chan-
il I received your last (to me precious)
hich proves to me that you begin to feel
ıbling sense of your natural disrelish of
e religion requires, which I think must

be felt before we can at all appreciate the Chr- ian system. You have discovered the differ- between the religion of the imagination, and of the heart and understanding. You are vinced that the former is of no value, and the last is absolutely necessary; but your un- standing feels its weakness in attempting to c- prehend the doctrines, and your heart its o- sition to the strict and spiritual precepts of New Testament—and this pains you. What you think of my affection for you, my Catharin when I say, that I hope this pain may increase I wish I could bear it for you, but that is im possible. If by this means you are to be brough into the fold, the Shepherd of the flock alone ca carry on his own process in your mind. Watch its progress, my dear Catharine, and seek t know more of his character who has your hear in his hand. Study his gracious promises to th young, and to all who really wish to devote them selves to his service. Study his precepts, an attempt to perform all he demands. You wi every moment feel your inability, and thus you humble opinion of yourself will increase: th more it does so, the more you are fitted to valu that religion, which is suited to those only wh feel truly, experimentally, that in themselves the are lost. Fear not to tread this lowly path, m dear Catharine, for it leads to the purest, th most exalted happiness; because it leads us

< it from Him who is its source, and whom
>peless sense of our natural unfitness to love
serve as he demands, leads us to regard as
only Saviour, our strength, our light, our
ce, our all. But I say too much—now you
l not understand me. Oh! that you did, my
oved Catharine.

" You wish to know, my dear Catharine, what
d me to adopt the principles which now influ-
nce me. You wish also to know more of my
ollege friend, in whom my aunt has greatly in-
erested you; 'but not,' you sweetly add, 'if re-
alling any thing that is past would give me pain.'
t cannot pain me to recal the idea of him: it is,
ndeed seldom long absent from my thoughts,
nd it would add to my happiness, my dear
atharine, if I could interest you in the me-
ory of the being on earth whom I have loved
ost, and have been most indebted to. You
rink, most naturally shrink, from the knowledge
f that miserable course of sin, which marked a
art, thank heaven, a short part of my youth;
ut you may trust me. I am not one of those
ho imagine a young and inexperienced mind
n in any way be benefited by becoming ac-
ainted with the secrets of wickedness; and to
ou, my dearest Catharine! you, of whose deli-
acy I consider myself the guardian! But no
ore of this—forgive even so much. What I
ish is this—to convince you of the utter inca-

pacity of the human heart to be truly m
Temptations may differ, and lead to differen
sults, but none can ever comprehend what
morality is without aid from heaven, witho
revelation and the power to understand it
am willing to give you myself as an exampl
this incapacity, not because I think I was b
disposed than others, but because I am b
acquainted with what has passed in my own h
and because I began life with a high aim,
a high opinion of man's moral capacity. *I*
feel half ashamed, however, to commence my o
historian, and almost shrink from the fulfilm
of my promise; but I cannot otherwise make y
acquainted with my friend, or describe the po
of his mind over mine, or the change of my o
Dear Catharine, I wish I could give you an i
of the interest I feel in your real happiness w
I write,—in your soul's happiness, that immo
soul, which has been placed by heaven in s
degree in my charge, and which must be p
pared during the short period of life, for an
istence that shall never end! But no more
this, lest I should disgust instead of convinc
you.

"I believe, my dear Catharine, you know t
I was peculiarly happy in a mother. During
life, as even *I* then knew, my education wa
continual cause of difference of opinion betw
her and my father; yet so gently did she di

m him, and on every other thing she was so
ietly yielding, that, except on one point, she
ierally directed all my concerns. That one
int was religion. My mother's opinions on
at subject were disagreeable to my father in
e extreme, and he was determined that I should
ot imbibe them. My mother would have pre-
rred a home education during early youth:
y father considered a large school most suited
develop and strengthen the character of a boy.
s my home did not promise those virtuous ex-
mples which are the chief advantage of a private
ducation, my mother at last consented to part
ith me, on my father's yielding to her wish, that
might be placed where there were only a small
mber of boys. My father, however, chose my
tor; and the gentleman on whom he fixed had
ery requisite excepting the one most valued by
y mother. He was a man of superior talents;
leep and elegant scholar, with a taste singu-
ly refined and cultivated; he had also lived
ich in the world, and his manners were ex-
mely polished. My companions in this gentle-
n's house were a limited number of boys,
ns of some of the first families in the country.
ith such a tutor, who devoted himself to the
provement of his pupils, and with a natural in-
ination for those pursuits most valued by him,
y progress was so rapid as very soon to gain
e a high place in his favour. It was also my

nature, to desire ardently to be loved by tho
around me, and I easily gained the affections
my young companions. When I visited home,
was caressed by every one. My father, I pe
ceived, regarded me as his pride and hope. M
mother's affection for me seemed increased by
absence from home. She attempted howeve
with the most solicitous tenderness, to convin
me that no mental acquirements, no person
accomplishments, no degree of the esteem, o
love or admiration of others, were of any val
without religion. She said, they were snar
to foster pride and delude the soul. I listen
ed to her, because I loved, and could not gi
her pain; but my tutor was a Deist, and I
had learned from him to consider all system
of religion, in short, all religion excepting tha
of nature, as priestcraft and deception, suited
only to trammel weak and ignorant minds. I
remained with my tutor till I went to college.
You can hardly, my dear Catharine, conceive
a being more ignorant of the world, and human
nature as it really is, than I then was. My
companions and myself, while with our tutor,
lived almost apart from all other society; and his
kindness, a pleasant method of conveying in-
struction, joined to the elevated tone of morality,
and high sense of honour which he inculcated,
led us to love and esteem him so warmly, that
even during our visits at home, which at his re-

rest were very short, we still acted as if under his eye. Several of us went at the same time to college, our heads filled with learning, and our hearts glowing with admiration of the characters of antiquity—their patriotism, their eloquence, and, I may add, their pride; and turning with contempt from all the humbler virtues—virtues which Christianity in its precepts, and the common realities of life, teach us to regard as most valuable. At this time I lost my mother, and her death first taught me the insufficiency of the theories of philosophy to overcome, or even to soften real grief. But time did what they could not do; and the affectionate cares of my young friends drew me again into those studies and pursuits for which I had lost all relish. My ambition to excel returned. I again laboured for distinction, and soon succeeded in obtaining a reputation almost equal to my desires. My father had early taught me to regard the senate of my country as the proper place for the employment of my talents and acquirements; and, above all, where I might distinguish myself most conspicuously. I soon found that he was right. All the young men of family at college who were remarkable for talent, were taught to prepare for the same destination. Eloquence became one of my favourite pursuits. I studied all its masters with ardent attention, and cultivated every exterior grace. I also, with the permission of my superiors, prevailed on some

of my numerous friends at college to meet together, for the purpose of improving and exhibiting our powers of elocution; and this meeting soon became the favourite recreation of all the young men most distinguished for talent at the university. We invited all our college friends who chose to attend, and to give their opinions on the subjects in debate.

"One evening as I declaimed on a favourite subject, and was listened to with eager attention and frequent bursts of applause, I remarked one striking and unknown countenance opposite to me, which did not join in the general expression of approbation. There was something in this countenance which attracted me so forcibly, that my eyes continually returned to it; but I finished my declamation, and returned to my seat amidst thunders of applause, without having received one mark of admiration from him. His eye, however, followed me, and he half rose as if to speak, but another young man got up, and he resumed his seat. I immediately called on the stranger, as I had seen him half up before the other rose; but he seemed to wish to decline speaking, until called on by half the assembly. A blush glowed for a moment on his fine but pale countenance, and for the few first words he hesitated; but, soon recovering himself, his low and harmonious voice, and beautiful language, instantly arrested every one's attention; and then

the strikingly clear, though simple arguments, by which he proved that all I had said was mere sophistry, extorted applause even from those who were so warmly attached to me, that they would willingly have shared the disgrace of my defeat in argument. The stranger's speech was short, and he retired to his seat, apparently wishing to conceal himself from the many inquiring eyes which were fixed upon him. My friends looked at me, expecting that I should reply; but I felt that I could not, and openly avowed my inability, and the extreme admiration with which the overpowering talents and eloquence of the last speaker had filled me. This avowal was followed by the applauses of my friends, and now also by those of my interesting opponent, who, by a feeling and beautifully expressed compliment to my *noble* ingenuousness, as he called it, and also to my talents, which he said could only fail when they undertook the defence of so bad a cause, in some degree restored me to my own good opinion. The subject of discussion had been one on which I had often before declaimed, and enjoyed the consciousness of my powers of eloquence, whilst I had, almost at will, excited the deepest emotions in the young and ardent spirits who listened to me. I heard no more that evening. Many attempts were made to reply to the stranger, all equally unsuccessful; and after listening for some

time, he took advantage of a dispute about precedency, and retired. No one near me could give me any information respecting him; he seemed quite unknown even by name. I had sought his acquaintance by my looks; but though I thought that he regarded me with complacency when our eyes met, he seemed rather to avoid looking at me; and I felt hurt even at this supposed rejection of my advances. When he retired, however, I no longer found any interest in what past. When the assembly dispersed, I followed a young man with whom alone I had seen the stranger converse, and learned that his name was Churchill; that he was the son of a clergyman, and was himself studying for the same profession, which induced him to cultivate every means of improving his talent for public speaking. I learned, also, that it was his choice, from the limited income of his family, and still more from the singularity of his own religious opinions, to live as retiredly as possible. I expressed myself so warmly in his praise, that Churchill's friend asked if I wished for his acquaintance.

"'I have courted him unsuccessfully with my eyes,' replied I, laughing. 'I should like extremely to be acquainted with him, however, if he has no objection.'

"Next day I met Churchill's friend, but he said nothing to me on the subject of the preceding evening's conversation.

" 'I perceive,' said I to him, 'that your friend has declined my acquaintance.'

" He made some awkward apology; and I cannot describe to you, my dear Catharine, how much my pride was hurt by this refusal of my offered regard. I determined, however, that at least I should not deserve his contempt. I studied the subject on which we were the next evening to debate with the deepest attention. On that evening my eye sought for him whenever I entered the hall. He was there, and I thought looked away rather confused when our eyes met. After several speeches Churchill rose, and again drew forth the most unbounded applause; yet when I followed him on this night, and on the opposite side of the question, the general voice seemed to be with me. I avoided looking at Churchill; but as we left the hall, we came together to a narrow door-way. I stood back to let him pass. He bowed: 'Of courtesy, not of right,' said he, as he passed.

" 'I feel it of right, in every way,' replied I. He only smiled, shook his head, and bowed again.

" 'Are you acquainted with Mr. Churchill?' asked a young man who walked with me towards my apartments.

" 'No,' replied I; 'he does not wish for my acquaintance.'

" ' Not wish for it !' exclaimed my young companion; ' he surely has not declined it,' added he, ' if you wish for his.'

" ' I certainly wish for his,' replied I, ' ardently wish for it; but he does not feel on this subject as you do. I believe he does not think my acquaintance worth seeking.'

" Some one put his arm within mine. It was dark, and knowing that many of my friends walked near me, I was not surprised.

" ' Will you accept of the acquaintance of a listener?' said the voice of Churchill.

" I was delighted. ' I will grasp at his acquaintance on any terms,' replied I, warmly shaking his hand, which he as warmly returned.

" ' I have broken through a resolution,' said Churchill, ' for the very reason, I believe, which ought to have determined me to keep it.'

" ' What was your resolution ?'

" ' Not to get acquainted with you.'

" ' With me ! With our set of young men, I suppose you mean.'

" ' No, Mr. Dunallan, with yourself.'

" ' And why so, Mr. Churchill ?'

" ' Ah, that is a long story. I shall tell it you another time.'

" ' Come and sup with me now.'

" ' I never sup out; but I shall go with you for half an hour.'

" When we were alone, I asked his reason for wishing so particularly to avoid my acquaintance.

" ' Because,' replied he, ' I know the superiority of your talents, and the influence you acquire over those with whom you associate, by the union of those talents with your temper and powers of pleasing. I dreaded you, Dunallan.'

" ' But why, Churchill? I am not conscious of having used my influence, wherever it is, to lead any one astray.'

" ' I am certain you never *intentionally* have,' replied he, ' yet you do lead astray; and I feel that you would soon acquire an unaccountable power over me also, should my judgment yield to my affections. I do not know if I am right,' added he, ' but the selfish, cautious dread of receiving injury from you has given place to the ardent, though, perhaps, rash desire of attempting to rescue you from the influence of what I am convinced are very dangerous opinions.'

" I urged him to explain himself.

" ' Forgive me,' replied he, ' if I remind you of the opinions you so eloquently advanced, and which were so rapturously received and imbibed by those who listened to you on the first evening we met.'

" ' And which you, with such superior talent refuted,' replied I.

" ' My fate this evening,' replied Churchill, ' has shown whose talents are most superior. It was the goodness of my cause alone which gave me an advantage on that evening; and believe me, Dunallan, whenever you attempt to argue in favour of human virtue, and its value, and the ' vast conquests of human reason,' you will find that very inferior abilities, with some knowledge of the human heart, will be able to refute all you say. Why Dunallan,' continued he, ' are you such an enemy to revelation ?'

" ' Revelation !' repeated I with disgust, ' I am an enemy to every thing that debases the human mind. There are parts of what you call revelation which I admire as much as you can do; but I cannot—I have not tried, to believe what is contrary to reason, to probability, to common sense. Surely, Churchill, you cannot pretend to say that you have succeeded in subjecting that fine mind of yours to the belief, or to the supposition that the belief is necessary, of all the contradictions—all the absurd——'

" ' Stop, Dunallan,' interrupted Churchill, ' do not add to your future regret, by the abuse of that which I fervently hope may one day be to you, as it now is to me, I solemnly declare, in as far as a weak and perverted, though proud and cavilling nature will suffer it to be,—the test by which I try every principle, every word, every action, every thought; the light and

guide of my soul; the foundation of all my hopes; and the support and consolation of my heart.'

"I shall never forget, my dear Catharine, the tone of voice, and the elevated expression of countenance which accompanied these words. I can understand now from whence they proceeded; I could not then; and when Churchill took leave, I felt bewildered in forming my judgment of his character. My conclusion, however, was, that early education had clouded his noble faculties, and now led him to view as dangerous whatever was contrary to prejudices which, from their connexion with lofty and mysterious subjects, were calculated to engage a mind, such as I supposed his to be; yet his dread of the influence of others proved to me that he felt the weakness of the ground on which he stood. I therefore determined to avoid combating those prejudices, which seemed to have their hold as much on his heart as on his imagination, but to attempt to lead him gradually to the beautiful, and I then thought irresistible, theories which filled my own mind. I soon found, however, that it was impossible to avoid entering into argument with Churchill respecting his opinions, because they in some degree, pervaded every subject on which he conversed. In spite of this I became every day more attached to him. I greatly disliked his religious sentiments, however, and laboured, both when with him, and when absent from him, to

find arguments to overturn a system which seemed to unfit him for the world. I was perfectly sincere then, in thinking my own system the right one, and in every thing but in complying with Churchill's desire to examine his opinions; for some of them appeared to me so absurd and unreasonable that I had not patience to hear him argue in their defence. I introduced the subject into our public debates; as I expected, all at first joined me; but Churchill stood firm though alone. In a short time, however, to my grief and dismay, the friend at college whom I loved and esteemed next to Churchill adopted all his notions. This friend, my dear Catharine, was Walderford. His talents, particularly his powers of reasoning, had been esteemed by us all as very superior. His adoption of Churchill's opinions made a great sensation amongst us, and even I then attempted to comprehend their system, and, if possible, to reconcile it to reason; but in vain. I told Walderford so. He only smiled, and assured me that, while I worshipped human reason, there was no room in my heart for the true God. I asked him, in the bitterness of sarcasm, 'If the Being he worshipped was the God of fools only?'

"'Even so,' replied he, with perfect mildness, though he was naturally of a very warm temper, 'even so, Dunallan; his true worshippers must become fools in their own eyes, and perhaps in

the eyes of others; they must lay aside the pride of reason, and their trust in its power, and subject their understandings to the teaching of Him who is the only source of truth.'

"I shall not repeat our many arguments, my dear Catharine; I shall only give you an idea of the systems we each maintained. Mine was this: That the human soul is, when it enters life, perfectly innocent, and perfectly pure, possessed of the germ of all those powers, in different degrees, which are afterwards to be devoted to good, or evil, according to the will of the possessor, biassed, of course, by circumstances, example, or education. That the human will is perfectly free, and able to choose the path it may pursue; and that human virtue consists in preferring what is good, and is great in proportion to the obstacles it overcomes in making this choice. That the Supreme Being will at last reward those with everlasting happiness who attain, at least, to a greater degree of virtue than vice: as to what should become of those who did not, I had formed no opinion; for, respecting the declarations of Scripture on that point, I was, to say the least, completely sceptical. The founder of the Christian religion I regarded as —— But indeed, dear Catharine, I will not risk the possibility of misleading your mind by entering into the thoughts I then presumptuously indulged on this most sacred subject. Suffice it to say, that, as a small

part only of the doctrines of Christianity can be comprehended by the natural human understanding, to that part only I assented. I shall not mention the many absurd and irreverent speculations which were entertained on this subject by my companions and myself. The morality of the New Testament I greatly admired, though I thought many parts of it unfit for real life.

"Churchill's opinions will perhaps appear to you, as they then did to me, inconsistent with reason, and dishonourable to the Divine Being. He believed that a strong bias to evil was inherent in human nature, and an incapacity to choose what is good. He argued from Scripture, and from facts. I argued against both, in defence of man's natural innocence. He considered human reason as utterly incapable of discovering truth with regard to the relation subsisting between us and our Creator, and equally incapable of judging of what was suitable for that Creator to require of his creatures. That a revelation to inform us of this was absolutely necessary; and that, when such a revelation was offered, and when we had investigated the truth of its claims to inspiration, with fairness, and upon proper principles, and found the proofs so complete as to convince our reason, which ought to judge here, we had only then to subject every power of our souls to the implicit reception of every word of this revelation; and when we could not com-

prehend, we ought to pray humbly, and believing firmly in its promises, for greater degrees of light. And in this spirit alone, he said, could we understand the meaning of Scripture; and that until we, in some degree, comprehended revelation, and felt its influence on our belief, our affections and our conduct, our minds were ignorant of what real truth was, and in utter darkness;—we neither know ourselves, nor our present abject state, nor the high destination which we despised, nor the character of the Judge of the universe, nor, in a word, any thing.

"These opinions were revolting, and disgusting to me in the extreme; but my arguments had no influence with either Walderford or Churchill, and as we could not agree, we resolved to avoid the subject, with this agreement, that our after-lives should be the test of our principles. I observed Churchill, when we made this agreement, as he turned from me, raise his eyes to heaven, as if imploring power to prove the truth of his principles.

"'My natural powers against your prayers, Churchill,' said I, in my usual tone of ridicule.

"He smiled, but faintly, and a momentary paleness passed over his countenance.

"'You frighten me, Dunallan,' replied he. 'If you knew the goodness which you thus resist!'—he stopt, and only added, 'You shall not be

without those prayers you so ignorantly despise.'

"After this we seldom mentioned the subject; and for some months, I believe, I enjoyed as uninterrupted happiness as any rational being, in my then state of ignorance of the real source of enjoyment, could, and I can understand the feelings of those who, disgusted with a chilling, and corrupting, and jarring world, and having no knowledge of happiness independent of what that world can give, look back on the time spent at college as the happiest of their lives. Walderford, Churchill, and I, were seldom asunder, and our affection daily increased. They both rather shunned the subject of religion, but declared their belief that I should one day think as they did. I believed them sincere, and by turns pitied and envied their delusions, particularly Churchill's, who appeared to derive a happiness from his religion which astonished me; he seemed to bring it into every thing. We were all enthusiastic admirers of nature; but he seemed to enjoy a pleasure so exquisite in beholding its beauties, that he had no language in which to express his feelings; or rather, he seemed to enjoy an internal delight, the source of which I did not comprehend; for to me then, beautiful as nature appeared, its beauty made me sad. The smallest flower seemed a source of the sweetest plea-

sure to Churchill. 'How beautiful is *His* penciling!' he would exclaim, and then seemed to regard it with a glow of rapture. Walderford seemed to understand him, but did not appear so happy.

"'Ah, Walderford!' said I once to him, 'the disciple cannot command the sweet delusions of the master; your new religion has not added to your happiness.'

"'I confess,' replied he, 'I am not yet so happy as Churchill. All his difficulties are nearly overcome. I am still combating with mine, and most of all with my cherished pride of reason; but, Dunallan, you have no cause to doubt my word, and I declare to you before heaven, that, from what even *I* know and feel of the influence of true religion, the mind, however informed on other subjects, while without it, is still deficient in even an idea of what real peace, or truth, or happiness is.'

"I wondered at the strength of his delusion, for he often seemed absent and uncomfortable; but he turned from all I said with the most impenetrable indifference.

"At last the dreaded time of our separation arrived. Walderford was called home to his father, who was ill; Churchill had the offer of a curacy in the west of England; and I, at my father's desire, was to pay a visit to a friend of his, who had spent a long life in the service of the

public, as my father said, and knew men as they really were.

"My father's ambition was, that I should distinguish myself in a political life. This had been my own also; but the deep distress I experienced in parting from my friends, particularly my beloved Churchill, overcame ambition for the time, and every thing else. Churchill discovered a degree of grief also at parting from me, which I had not thought any earthly deprivation could have cost him.

"My father's friend, to whose seat near London I immediately repaired on leaving college, was a man of the most insinuating manners, and immediately acquired great influence over my mind. He found me very ignorant of the world, as it really is, and told me so. He advised me to make human nature, as it appeared in society, my peculiar study, adding, that the experience of another could not make me acquainted with it; and that with my present notions of it, I need not attempt to enter on a political life. I asked his advice as to where I should seek this indispensible knowledge. But this will not interest you, my dearest Catharine. I will only tell you, that he warned me against attaching myself to any party, an advice I had often received from Churchill also while at college; and to use my own observation and reason in judging. Lord Coverdale (that was the name of my father's

ly in character and trifling pursuits, that I soon lost all curiosity and desire to form new acquaintances among them. Harcourt laughed at my insensibility on this subject, and tried every means, some of which were highly improper, to do it away, but in vain. My taste was really too refined to tolerate open vice, and my morals still too pure to contemplate without disgust many scenes to which he attempted to introduce me. Harcourt had reasons for wishing me to become as vicious as I afterwards discovered himself to be. He introduced me to all sorts of society. Young and unexperienced as I was, and having been assured also by Lord Coverdale, that I had formed an idea of the world which was entirely visionary, I only thought when I heard or saw what shocked me, that I was discovering what was real. Churchill, to whom I wrote every thing which interested me, at last ventured to caution me against being led by Harcourt. 'The world you describe,' said he in a letter to me, 'is worse than *even I* supposed it. Can you breathe such an atmosphere, Dunallan, and still believe in the purity of human nature?' I replied, that large and corrupted towns were not the scenes in which to judge of human nature fairly, though those who aspired to governing their fellow men ought to know them in all varieties of conditions, and that I should not yield to the disgust I felt while my own heart was innocent,

(for so I then ignorantly thought it,) and while I remembered him. I acknowledged, however, that I did begin to feel less ambition to distinguish myself in the busier scenes of life. After this I gradually withdrew from Harcourt, to whose character my eyes were at last in some degree opened. He perceived this, and would probably have lost all influence over me, had he not at that time found means to become intimate in the house of a man of high rank, the inmates of which possessed the most fascinating manners. This person was leader of a particular party in politics, so markedly, that my political friend, Lord Coverdale, had warned me against forming an intimacy in his family, unless I meant myself to be considered as attached to the same party. Harcourt brought me an invitation to a select party at this house, expressed in such flattering terms, that I felt it would be very marked in me to decline it. I informed Lord Coverdale of my intention to accept of this invitation. He seemed vexed and displeased, and asked me if I did not know that it was, in a refined way, one of the most immoral houses in the country. He had not hitherto paid much regard to my morals; I therefore was convinced by this appearance of anxiety about them now, that a suspicion I had some time entertained was just, (for I now did begin to see through men;) this was, that Lord Coverdale, with all his professions of dislike to

party, was himself in heart strongly opposed to that party, of whom Harcourt's friend was a leader. This conviction disgusted me, and I therefore continued politely firm in declaring my intention to visit at this house. When Lord Coverdale saw I was determined, he immediately overcame his vexation, and in the most cordial manner advised me to study the characters I should meet at Lord ——'s, as they were, in talent at least, some of the first men in the country. 'And,' added he, laughing, 'the women too, whom you will meet there, are the first in female talent also.'

"The preparation, and dread of danger, with which I commenced my acquaintance at Lord ——'s, made me, I believe, the more easily deceived. I had been assured that he and his friends courted all young men of fortune, in order to attach them to their party in politics. I expected this courting, and was prepared to resist, but I was disappointed. I was indeed received with very flattering distinction; but this I immediately saw arose from the character given of me by some of my numerous college friends who, I found, were intimate in this family.

"Talents, wit, great acquirement of every kind, genius, taste, scientific knowledge, a taste for the fine arts, superior artists themselves; in short whatever was calculated to please or inform, gained admittance here. Dullness and ignorance or

were excluded; and in the family, and those ey admitted to closest intimacy, the most fas- nating and dignified polish was added to the ost perfect ease of manners. I soon found that, gain the esteem of those around me, it was cessary I should exert all the talents I possess- This stimulus to my natural desire of dis- ction was delightful to me; and I found in is society a charm which no other had afford- me.

" In a short time I found that I had not exert- myself in vain. I saw that I was regarded with degree of respect which flattered my pride, by whom I met at this house, comprising many of y own former friends, and also many men of high aracter for talents in almost every department the higher classes of society. I felt that some- ing superior was expected from me, and I la- ured not to disappoint their expectation. The men also, whom I met here, inspired me with admiration, which I had not till then felt for y of the sex; and for one lady, I dared scarce- to myself confess the nature of my feelings. e resided almost constantly with this family, th whom she was connected by marriage. Her sband was also frequently an inmate in the use. I see you start, Catharine, and you must epare yourself now to hear, that the human art can deceive itself to a degree, of which I ow you have no idea. As this lady is still re-

ceived into, and thought an ornament to m
societies, I do not feel myself at liberty to
close her name even to you, my dear Catha
I shall, therefore, conceal her real name, u
that of Aspasia. Aspasia, then, was at that
at least fifteen years older than I was, but
very beautiful, though quite unindebted to
There was also in her countenance an exp
sion of mind and soul, which captivated me
first moment I beheld her. I ought here t
form my dearest of friends, that this delusi
long past, and that now the idea of Aspasia
me the most painful that ever visits my reco
tion. Aspasia's person was also strikingly g
ful. Her talents were very superior, and
seemed devoted to their cultivation. She
singularly well-informed on almost every
ject, her language was beautifully pure, and
voice harmony itself. On my first introdu
to her she seemed pleased, and entered into
versation with me: but for some time afterw
she took scarcely any notice of me. She
however, among the many attractions of
house, that which induced me to forego
other consideration; such as being conside
party man in politics, and a free-thinker a
bertine, at least in principle, of which I fou
the intimate friends of this family were suspe
But no remonstrances of Lord Coverdale'
even of Churchill's, who from the first dis

description of this family, could prevail on to give up a society where all I heard and was calculated to delight me; and where I stantly met Aspasia. The truth was, that I ld perceive none of those dangers with which friends threatened me; and there appeared wish to deceive: on the contrary, the manners hose persons who were most esteemed and ired, were singularly open and simple; and r extreme polish seemed to be the conse- nce of that superior information, and that ele- ce and refinement of taste, which were here ivated as the highest ornaments of human ure. Aspasia was particularly simple in her ner; but her every motion was grace, and ry tone of her voice music itself. She was idol of the scene. Her talents, her perse- ance in their cultivation, her perfect ease of ner, her brilliant fancy, and charming powers conversation, rendered her the delight of the e and the grave, almost as much as she was idol of the young and ardent. Her beauty, grace, and gently playful gaiety, threw an sive charm around her, which blinded the ng and inexperienced to the real tendency h of her manners and conversation. I was of this number. So perverted were my ideas what I heard and saw around me, that I was nsible to the impropriety of a married wo- n thus receiving, without any apparent dis-

pleasure, the marked homage of many young n of very dissipated character; and indeed of most every man who approached her, althou those who were more experienced assumed mask of friendship, while the young and l guarded openly betrayed their sentiments.

" But, my dear Catharine, I do not mean lead you through the scenes which debased mind at that time. I imbibed without exami tion or suspicion the opinions which I heard c stantly repeated in this society, where super talents seemed to be considered as an excuse uncontrolled passions; or rather, they were c sidered as inseparable; and strict virtue and r rality were only to be expected from the nat ally dull and phlegmatic. I gradually learn despise those virtues most necessary to the h piness of mankind; or at least to consider th as fit only for the useful drudges in socie Women even were included in this opinion; a those crimes by which they destroy the m sacred bonds of society, I considered even severely punished by their being rejected fr that society.

" My ardent wishes and unwearied efforts render myself agreeable to Aspasia at last s ceeded; she treated me with marked preferen and I was intoxicated by the dangerous distin tion. The family had gone to a beautiful re dence in the country; and so complete was t

freedom of every inmate, or visitor, that our particular friendship seemed scarcely observed, unless by my numerous rivals. I now thought of nothing but Aspasia, she was equally devoted to me.

"I look back with astonishment, and the deepest shame to that part of my life; and I feel that you, Catharine, must be disgusted with the picture I have drawn; but I wish to show you the state of delusion at which I had arrived, that you may be convinced of the absolute necessity of other principles than those with which I began life. So completely blinded was I then, that without really deserving the imputation of hypocrisy, I could talk of virtue, whilst I trampled on its plainest laws. I could talk of honour, as many men constantly do, while acting a part the most base. I could talk loudly of the good of society, and of the corruption which disgraced those who gave it laws, whilst I was violating its most sacred obligations.

"We returned to town in a few months. Aspasia was still my idol; but I began at intervals to see things as they really were. I, however, hated the light which showed me the real nature of that course on which I had entered. I became gloomy and sad. Aspasia alone had still the power to charm. I recalled my former opinions of the powers of human nature, of reason, of high resolutions, with feelings of bitter ridi-

cule, and raised my thoughts in rebellious murmurs to that Being who plants the intolerable stings of remorse in the same heart whose passions are too strong to be restrained by the weakness of reason.

"I had neglected to write to Walderford, and even to Churchill, yet they both continued to write to me with the utmost kindness. But their letters gave me little pleasure, for they seemed still happy in those delusions which had charmed them in their days of innocence and hope, while I had discovered the fallacy of mine. I felt miserable, and imagined that ignorance of the world only could make any man hope to find happiness in it. I was conscious I possessed in a great degree all it could give. I knew at least that I was regarded as the most fortunate amongst those with whom I associated. The party to whom I was considered to belong spoke in exaggerated terms of my character. I had succeeded in winning the woman I loved. I was received in society, and by other women, with that flattering distinction with which young men with high worldly prospects are usually received; yet I wearied of it all, nor could any thing but ignorance make Walderford happy, living in a retired situation, with an old and peevish father, and some friends of that father as disagreeable as himself; or Churchill, doing the tiresome duties of a parish priest in an obscure corner of the

country, with no society but a few ignorant fox-hunters or country gentlemen. I wrote to them as I felt, that if they were really happy, it was only the happiness of ignorance, to which I could not now return. Walderford, in his reply to my letter, did not spare me. He ridiculed the idea of my being wearied of existence, and called it the unmanly and contemptible cant of the day; reminded me of our different principles, and laboured to show me, even from my own confession, that mine were erroneous and useless. I did not again write to him at that time. My heart was too wretched, and my temper had become too irritable to bear the least harshness without resentment. Churchill made the human heart his study, and he knew it better. He wrote to me more kindly and more mildly than ever. He agreed in all I said of the disappointing nature of all that is called pleasure. He invited me to go to him, and in his glowing language described the beauty of the scenery around him. He said, 'that its calm would restore a mind like mine to its natural tone, which had been lost from constant excitement and disappointment; and enable me to see the future through a less gloomy medium, and the fair prospects life still held out for me.' I loved Churchill more than ever on receiving this letter. I looked on him as superior to common humanity, and longed to go to him. The remembrance of the days we had formerly

spent together filled my heart with sensations, though sad, yet sweeter than any I ever now experienced, and I determined to go to him immediately.

"I went to Aspasia to impart my intention to her. She was in despair—she knew Churchill's character from me; and when I would have taken leave of her, she said, in a voice scarcely articulate, 'Farewell, then, Dunallan, farewell for ever!' and fainted. I could not leave her—I promised whatever she desired—but I felt the thraldom.

"I wrote Churchill that I could not go to him; and again returned to the same round of insipid engagements, and hopeless pursuit of excitement as before.

"One night, on returning late to my lodgings, a servant informed me that a gentleman from the country had called on me, and had waited several hours for my return; that he could remain no longer, but would again call in the morning.

"'Did the gentleman not leave his name?' asked I.

"'I did not hear distinctly what he said, Sir,' replied the man, who had forgot it; 'but he seemed much disappointed at missing you, Sir. He is a tall, handsome, young gentleman, but looks sickly, and was dressed like a clergyman.'

"'Churchill!' exclaimed I.

" ' Yes,' replied the servant, ' that was the name, Sir.'

" ' Where is he to be found?' asked I, hurrying back to the door.

" ' He did not say, Sir.'

" I was obliged to remain that night without seeing him; but I could not sleep: indeed I seldom slept peacefully at this period of my life.

" In the morning I watched for my friend in a state of emotion, which convinced me that he was still dearer to me, however I might be entangled in the labyrinth of sin into which I had entered, than Aspasia, or all the world. At last he came—so kind, so mild, so wise, so pure, his conversation seemed to my heart like the dawn of the morning after a night of unhappy dreams. He told me that my last letter had led him to suspect that I had got myself involved in some connexion which was become disagreeable to me, but which I could not break off; and that he had come to town in the hope, that two heads, and one of them happily free, at least on this subject, might be better able than one, to discover some honourable way of escape. ' If I am mistaken, dear Dunallan,' added he, ' tell me so; I do not wish to intrude myself into your confidence.'

" ' Intrude, my dearest, kindest Churchill!' exclaimed I, ' your interest in me—your friendship, is more valuable to me than all the world contains besides. You shall know my whole

heart, Churchill, though I am conscious th
your eyes, I shall appear a criminal of the
rank.'

" ' I hope not, dear Dunallan; but if you
erred, the change in your looks prove, th
least, you have been unhappy in doing so.
must retrace your steps again, my friend, til
return to that state of mind in which you
when we last parted.'

" ' Impossible, Churchill !'

" ' Impossible ! Why so ? Has one year
short year, at your age, been so fatal to
Dunallan ! Tell me, Are you married ? A
the object unworthy—unloved ?'

" ' No, Churchill, thank Heaven !'

" ' Thank Heaven !' repeated Churchill
countenance expressing the greatest joy.

" I told him all that had happened to me.
countenance, on our first meeting, had expr
the most anxious concern on observing the
lancholy of my looks, which had led him tc
that I had taken some irremediable step.
proceeded he listened with the deepest atter
but his eyes were fixed upon the ground;
though I wished to read his countenanc
commanded it so perfectly, that I could not
cover the impression which my recital had n
When I had finished, he did not express
blame; he only sympathized in my feelin
regret at having involved myself and Aspa

connexion fraught with danger to her reputa-
ın, and unhappiness, in every way, to both of
. At last he exclaimed,

" ' Now, dear Dunallan, let us form some plan
put an end for ever to this unhappy affair.'

" ' How can I, Churchill? Can I make the wo-
an miserable who has sacrificed every thing for
e? And such a woman!'

" He paused, looking earnestly at me. ' Are
ere any political engagements between you and
at party amongst whom you meet Aspasia?'

" ' Not exactly,' replied I. ' I have supported
eir political opinions with the greatest openness.
have tacitly suffered myself to be talked of as
ıe who, they expect, will, on future occasions,
pport them. I have made no promise, but
ıould be regarded as having left my party
ould I not realize those expectations; however,
is is of little consequence, as I really in general
ree with them in political opinions.'

" ' You have no present engagements with
em?'

" ' None.'

" ' Then, Dunallan, if you value peace of mind,
-reputation; if you value any thing that is call-
l virtue, leave Aspasia. You do not, you can-
ot, see the destructive course on which you
ve entered, nor its tendency to hurt your every
pe, even in this world, until time and absence
spel the delusion which blinds you.'

"'Churchill,' replied I, 'I cannot leave Aspasia. You do not know her; my ungrateful desertion would shorten her existence. At least, our separation must be gradual,' added I, on seeing the expression of grief and disappointment which now clouded Churchill's countenance. He shook his head: after a pause,

"'You formerly believed in the immortality of the soul, Dunallan,' said he.

"'I believe in it still, Churchill.'

"'And yet you fear inflicting a short-lived pain on this idol of your affections. Is her soul less immortal?'

"'Aspasia does not feel it, if she is in error,' replied I; 'her opinions on these subjects, her real opinions, are different from yours, Churchill.'

"'And from yours, Dunallan?'

"'I do not say they are; but we shall not agree on these subjects; you know, my dear friend, we never did.'

"'Oh, Dunallan!' exclaimed he, clasping his hands with the most energetic emotion, 'would to God that we did agree on those most momentous subjects! Would to God that the being who formed you so capable of honouring him, and of winning others to his honour, would dispel the cloud in which you have involved your noble faculties! But will you not at least return with me for a few weeks? You promised to visit me; my claim is superior to Aspasia's;—she surely would

er a claim of friendship if she is so noble-
ded—so generous.'

'Yes, I will, Churchill, on one condition—
: you see Aspasia, and do both her and your
nd justice; she is not the worthless being you
pose.'

'See her!' interrupted Churchill, with an
earance of greater severity than I had ever
ore seen in him; 'Why should I see her?
re she sensible of her degradation,' added he,
gentler tone of voice, 'were she an outcast
n society, and forsaken by all the world;
e she the lowest of human beings, and a peni-
, I should feel it a delightful duty to make
ry effort to restore her to that peace which is
red to the humble and broken spirit; but of
it use could I hope to be, and what other mo-
ought to induce me to see a prosperous, ad-
ed, deluded adulteress——.'

'Stop,' exclaimed I, 'you abuse my confi-
ce.'

'Forgive me, Dunallan,' replied he, 'I am
warm; but there were no conditions when you
mised me this visit.'

'No, Churchill; and I shall give up this, and
with you when you please.'

'I go to-morrow,' replied he joyfully.

'What! so soon?'

'Yes, my profession binds me to home; I
ht not to leave it a moment I can avoid.'

" ' I am ready,' said I.

" ' You will write to Aspasia.'

" ' No, I must see her.'

" He looked disappointed, and entreated me to write; but I could not consent to leaving her without saying adieu in person.

" Churchill and I remained together till after dinner, when he said he must leave me, to fulfil an engagement with a friend whom he had accidentally met the evening before; to preach for him on this evening.

" ' Preach !' exclaimed I, ' it is not Sunday.'

" ' No,' replied he, smiling; ' but my friend thinks it useful to his people, particularly to those in the lower classes, to lecture once every week as well as on Sunday.'

" ' Pho, Churchill !' replied I, ' how can you spend your noble eloquence on a set of old women and greasy mechanics? They will not understand you.'

" ' You forget, Dunallan, whose servant I am, and upon whom He bestowed His precious divine instructions. Oh, that you knew him, my poor friend, and the pleasures of his service !'

" Churchill went to his poor people; and I was, in the mean time, to go and take leave of Aspasia. We were to meet again in two hours at my lodgings, from whence we proposed setting off early in the morning.

" When I entered the library at Lord ——'s,

where I usually found Aspasia, and where we generally spent some time in conversation before we joined the party assembled in the drawing-room, I did not find her. I proceeded to a small boudoir, where she sometimes chose to meet me. She was not there either. I began to fear she was displeased at my not having seen her that day. I joined the party in the drawing-room, and glancing round whilst I paid my compliments to the many friends who welcomed me with their usual flattering kindness, I perceived Aspasia seated apart, and apparently so deeply absorbed in a book as not to observe my entrance. I was soon beside her.

"'Your friends must be jealous of that book, Aspasia.'

"'My friends must surely wish me to be amused and instructed,' replied she, looking coldly at me, and again bending over the book. She was looking very lovely. She seemed unhappy, and the expression of sadness particularly suited her style of features.

"'I must not, then, disturb your enjoyment, Aspasia. I must pass all this day without enjoying your conversation.'

"She made no reply. I had never seen her thus before. I attempted several times to draw her into conversation, but in vain. At last she rose and left the room. I soon took my leave, and went in quest of her. I found her in the

library. She caught up a book when I entered, but I saw she had not been reading, and perceived she was in tears. I entreated her to tell me how I had offended her, and why she regarded me with such looks of coldness and displeasure. She answered, that I was mistaken in supposing she was offended, and that she was unconscious of how she looked.

"I could wish to describe to my dear Catharine the scene that followed, because I might then, perhaps, appear less inexcusably criminal in her eyes; but even in that hope I will not indulge myself, in thus far trying to palliate what I ought to wish her, and every one to condemn and detest.

"Aspasia's power over me was so great, that, by arts which I will not describe, she again induced me to promise that I should not go with Churchill.

"It was very late when I returned to my lodgings. I wished to avoid seeing Churchill. I meant to write to him, and to leave the house in the morning before he left his room. I did feel the degradation of shrinking from the sight of any man, and there was not another in the universe to whom I then would even have acknowledged myself guilty; but my pride never shrunk from avowing my errors to Churchill. It was my consciousness of ingratitude—my relinquishing his invaluable friendship from a cause in his

eyes so guilty, so contemptible. It is possible to wish ardently, and yet be incapable of abandoning vice. This was my case. I entered my own house with the feelings of a criminal, and could have wished the earth to cover me when I heard Churchill's voice as he hastened to meet me. I involuntarily stood still. He approached, and when he saw me, he only sighed, or rather groaned, and exclaimed, 'It is as I feared!'

"'Good night, then, Churchill,' said I, 'or rather farewell.' I entreated him to leave me. 'Nothing you can say can now make me change,' said I. 'The die is cast. I must abide by the consequences. The loss of your friendship I expect, Churchill; I deserve to lose it.'

"Churchill attempted to speak, but his emotion overpowered him. He looked at me with an expression almost of agony. At last, grasping my hand, 'You do not know me, Dunallan. I pity you from my inmost soul. The chains of vice gall and torture you a thousand times more than breaking them would: But *I* cannot convince you of this.' He then left me. I could not go to bed, or sleep. I watched, in misery, until, at an early hour in the morning, I heard the carriage stop which was to convey my best and truest friend from me, perhaps for ever. I determined to see him once more, and went to his apartment. I found him looking calm and serene.

"'Farewell, dear Dunallan,' said he, with even

more than his usual kindness. 'I shall write you whenever I get home. Write to me, I entreat you; write with your former confidence; forget what has passed since I came to town.'

"I observed that there was no appearance of his having been in bed.

"'Churchill,' said I, 'have you not slept?'

"'No, I could not sleep.'

"'Nor have you been in bed?'

"'No, Dunallan; I could only think of you, and pray for you.' He clasped me affectionately to his heart, and hurried away.

"I felt, when I heard his carriage drive rapidly from my door, as if I had been abandoned to evil. Churchill had succeeded, if not in reclaiming me from vice, at least in fixing a dagger in my conscience. I endeavoured to overcome or forget it. I endeavoured to banish thought, but in vain. If I did succeed at times, it returned loaded with more gloom than ever. Aspasia tried every effort to sooth and amuse me; and when I was with her, I sometimes forgot that I was unhappy; and her harp and her voice charmed the gloom away. But, at other times, when I saw her in the pride of beauty, and of talents, and of charms, without apparently one feeling of disquiet, Churchill's words would return to my memory—'a prosperous, admired, and deluded adulteress!' and the odiousness of the character for a moment dispelled her charms, but only for a moment. I

still loved her, but my love was mingled with the most wretched feelings. I felt a gloomy pleasure in indulging to the utmost the harassing thoughts which filled my soul. I have gazed at Aspasia while she touched her harp and sung to me. I have entreated her to continue to sing that I might still gaze; and while she sought to charm me, and I admired the perfection of her beauty, my imagination pictured the fair forehead—the blue veins in the transparent temples and cheek—the eyes so full of soul, so softly beautiful, with their dark fringes—the mouth so perfect—the whole form so delicate, so lovely. I have pictured them all in the grave—cold, stiff, blackened, food for the worm, mouldering to decay.

"Churchill wrote frequently to me, and I still loved his letters, and longed for them. I wrote to him also, and fully described the gloomy state of my feelings. He strongly recommended occupation. I believe he feared the effect on my intellects from the gloomy feelings I indulged. By his advice I got into Parliament. My father was delighted with my wishing it, and supplied me amply with money, while the party amongst whom I lived easily pointed out a situation where that would procure my election. In this advice Churchill showed his usual wisdom. The manly sentiments, the universal information, the patriotism which I at least heard expressed, formed a painful contrast, with the idle, useless, unmanly

life in which I indulged. I began again to feel some interest in existence. I had found a motive for exertion strong enough to excite me to it. I read, and studied, and devoted myself to politics with an eagerness that delighted my party. I spoke, and, as a young man, was listened to with indulgence, and even applause. Elated with success, I willingly undertook to be the mouth of the party in bringing forward a motion on a subject which it was expected would excite much discussion. I introduced this motion with a speech which I had taken every pains to prepare. It was received with all the approbation my most sanguine friends had led me to hope; and I was flattered by one of the most highly distinguished members on the opposite side rising to answer it. He complimented me on my ingenuity and eloquence, but soon convinced even myself that I knew and had studied but one side of the argument. I turned to a friend near me, 'We are lost,' whispered I. 'Lost! why? do not fear.' He rose immediately, and gave so different a gloss to all I had said, that my opponent seemed to have been arguing all along against a shadow of his own creating; and after many speeches had involved the matter in utter confusion, the debate was adjourned to the next day. Frequent scenes such as this disgusted me with politics. My sensibility to all that was wrong in others seemed to increase with my insensibility to my own faults;

nd the corruption and subjection of every prin-
iple to party politics, and the worthlessness of
ıen in power, or seeking power, were the sub-
ɛcts of many keen invectives in my letters to
Churchill. In one of his to me about this time,
fter replying to all my observations on human
haracter, with his usual want of surprise at all
had said, and asking me if it did not prove
hose very principles to be true which I had at
ollege combated as throwing a degrading stigma
n human nature, he mentioned at the end of his
etter, that he had been confined to the house for
ı fortnight by a severe cold. His regret at not
ɔeing able to fulfil his pastoral duties during that
ɔeriod, was expressed in terms which I thought,
rom their extreme warmth, a part of that enthu-
ıiasm which I had learned to disregard in him,
ınd passed it over with perfect indifference. I
ead with more anxiety what he said respecting
ıis health, but understood that he was now re-
ɔovered. He entered, however, in this letter,
nore warmly into his own principles than he had
ɛver before done to me; but I hurried with indif-
erence over this part of what he had written,
ınd never again thought of it. A few weeks af-
ɛr this, on returning to Aspasia one evening af-
ɛr a political dinner, she held a letter up before
ne.

" 'What am I to think of this?' said she play-
ully: 'A letter from a lady.'

" 'For me?' asked I, holding out my hand for it.

" 'Yes,' replied she, still holding it from me.

" It was addressed in a small female hand.

" 'I do not know the writing, Aspasia.'

" 'Ah! then shall I open it?'

" 'Certainly; if you choose.'

" 'You seem so perfectly innocent,' replied she, 'that I have lost all curiosity;' and she gave me the letter.

" I broke the seal. The writing within was Churchill's; but so changed! The truth flashed upon me. 'Churchill is gone!' exclaimed I, in agony.

" 'Oh no! you may be mistaken; let me read this letter,' said Aspasia, laying her hand upon it.

" 'You!' exclaimed I, snatching it as from pollution.

" I with difficulty read the few first lines.

" 'I fear I have not sufficiently prepared you, Dunallan, for our long—our last separation.' I could read no farther. I looked in dread to the conclusion of the letter. It ended with his farewell. 'Farewell, my dearest of friends; before you receive this I shall probably know that state where all become secret. Could I return to convince you of the truth! Oh! Dunallan, thoughts of you cloud my soul unspeakably more, the more real and near an immortal state approaches. Would to God I could see you once more!'

" 'It may be possible!' exclaimed I, rushing past Aspasia, who stood watching my perturbed gestures.

" 'Where do you fly to, Edward?' exclaimed she, seizing my arm.

" I flung her from me, and hurried, almost distracted, to my lodgings.

" In a few minutes I was on the road to Churchill's. The horses flew along as rapidly as possible; yet I urged on the men with a vehemence that seemed to terrify my servant, whom I had ordered to accompany me, without telling him the cause. I told him, and the poor fellow's grief was so great as to attract my notice, even at that moment. He had been with me ever since I went to college; and, like every one else, loved Churchill with a warmth which no other being excited.

" I shall not describe my misery during this journey, my dearest Catharine. I travelled on in this wretched state, with all the rapidity possible, till near sunset on the second day, when we arrived at the village near Churchill's residence. I stopt to inquire the way to it; an old man approached the carriage, and putting his head close to the window, asked in a respectful but melancholy tone of voice, if I had meant to go there; 'For, perhaps you do not know, Sir, the family are in great distress.'

" I could not speak; my servant asked, 'Is Mr. Churchill gone?'

" 'No; but——'

" I got out of the carriage; and, following the old man's direction, soon reached a house at a short distance. A number of people stood round the gate, and some near the house, their countenances expressive of the deepest sorrow and anxiety. I hurried through them; a respectable-looking elderly woman stood at the entrance into the house, and answered in a low and distressed voice, the inquiries of the people. I listened. 'Mr. Churchill is no better,' I heard her say. I told her who I was, and asked if I could be admitted to see him.

" She looked at me with surprise, and then conducted me into a small parlour near the door, where, in a short time, a youth came to me who resembled Churchill, but whom grief seemed to render unable to speak. He motioned me to follow him, and we entered the room where my friend lay, pale and emaciated, but his countenance expressive of the elevation and peace which reigned within. I stood still and gazed at him for a moment. He smiled, and held out his hand to me.

" 'Be composed, dear Dunallan. I have much to say to you. I entreat you, do not rob me of the little strength left me by exciting any emotion. Will you leave us for a short time, my dear Madam?' said he to a lady who sat by his bed.

" She left the room accompanied by the youth.

hill looked after them, and sighed deeply.
ıoor mother !'
:ntreated him to prove to me that I had not
s friendship, by suffering me, if possible,
.way any thing with regard to his mother
could excite his anxiety.
ɜ shook his head. 'No human power can
y what I dread her affection will suffer at
ıth, Dunallan; but no more of this.' He
ted to regain his composure, but could not;
ıen I saw him moved, I could no longer
my grief, and throwing myself on his bed,
:nt to the agony I endured. Churchill put
ı round me, and pressed me affectionately
For a short time neither of us spoke; at
ıurchill said, in a low calm voice,
.ook, Dunallan, at that scene !'
raised my head, and turned to where he
l; it was to the window opposite his bed,
hence was seen a bright and glorious sun-

Well, Churchill,' replied I, turning from it,
it, and I hate its beams.'
ɜ sighed deeply. 'You hate all light, Dun-
you fly from it, and in flying from it, you
ı the only source of happiness; for a mind
:ness must be a wretched one. My friend,
ıu never believe me?'
do believe you, Churchill. I do believe
lark, and gloomy, and guilty mind, must

be wretched. I must believe it, because I fe
but you never knew it, Churchill. You ma
that light which you yourself resemble.
'path has shone,' in the language of your
tures, 'brighter and brighter to the perfect
and must, like that sun, set in glory, w
knowing the misery of guilt, or the impos
of returning from it.'

"'Do you really think me so perfect, I
lan?'

"'I do from my soul, Churchill. *You*
have no fears—no dread. If there is a G
must reward a life like yours with the
bliss.'

"'Stop, my friend, you shock me!' exc
Churchill; 'let me tell you why I have no
no dread—for my soul *is* in perfect peace,
you suppose from a consciousness of inn
Had I nothing but that, or even the high
gree of perfection to which any human bein
attained, I should not feel myself in a s
enter the presence of that Being whose ch
is described in revelation. Our ideas of
tion, my dear Dunallan, are miserably l
erroneous. We form them from compari
man beings with human beings, not from
paring our hearts and lives with those pu
which revelation teaches are the only stan
perfection. To that standard which reac
thoughts and motives of the inmost recesse

ful, no being ever attained. My heart and life, my dear Dunallan, cannot bear to be tried by that standard, and from such a trial I should shrink without a ray of hope. No heart, no life can bear it, but His, who descended from heaven, and took our nature, that He might in our place fulfil, in heart and life, every precept of that all-perfect law. He it is, Dunallan—He who offers his salvation to you—to me—to all who ask it—who, while on our earth, used this touching style of reproach: 'Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life.' He it is in whom is all my trust—all my hopes of happiness, and of complete freedom from every taint of mortal impurity. I long to know that state, Dunallan. I long to put off this weak, sinful, dark mortality, which separates my soul from Him who is near me, and around me, and within me: Him, whom having not seen I love, and feel a joy in loving that is unspeakable!' He seemed lost in his own feelings, and his fine countenance looked more than human.

"'Can this be delusion!' thought I, as I gazed at him. He soon recollected himself.

"'Dunallan,' said he, 'do you still admire the morality of the New Testament?'

"'I do, Churchill.'

"'And His character who is there described?'

"'Most assuredly I do.'

"'Then, Dunallan, answer me candidly; why are you not a Christian?'

"I hesitated. 'I do not say, Churchill, that I am not a Christian; but indeed, if the morality of the New Testament is necessary to being one, I may fairly own, that to me it is impracticable.'

"'It is necessary, my friend, but it is so as an effect: the great end of Christianity is to purify the heart, to renovate the powers of the soul, and to give a new principle of life; but we must believe in Him who is the source of this principle of life; we must come to Him to receive it, before we can obey the pure precepts of Christianity; just (as He himself illustrates the subject) as the branch must receive nourishment from the vine before it can produce fruit. If you really believe in Him, you must love Him; and if you love, you will, you must obey; but the love and obedience are both his gifts.'

"'My dear Churchill,' replied I, 'I wish from my inmost soul I could comprehend you, but I do not—I cannot—and you are exhausted,' (for a hectic flush glowed on his cheek, and he spoke with difficulty.) 'Spare yourself, my dearest friend—just prescribe to me:—I promise to do whatever you desire me, if a being so weak dare promise. I shall not return to Aspasia—that charm is, I hope, broken for ever.' He pressed my hand in his with affectionate warmth.

"'Dear Dunallan, I trust implicitly in every promise you make at this moment. You remove the only real grief which imbittered my last mo-

ments. Promise me also to read this volume,' added he, laying his hand on a Bible which lay on his bed, 'promise to read it with attention. I have constantly thought of you while reading it, ever since I knew you, Dunallan:—You will find that I have attempted to answer those objections which I supposed might arise in your mind.' The book was interleaved, and full of his writing.

"'What unwearied friendship!' exclaimed I. 'Oh Churchill, what will life be without it!'

"He was moved, but struggled to suppress his emotion. I felt an indescribable desolation of heart.

"'One duty I must remind you of,' said Churchill, after a short pause. 'Poor Aspasia!' I gazed at him—he continued, looking steadfastly but mildly at me. 'You ought not in reality—in justice, to regard her with any feelings but those of pity. Your education, my friend, made it impossible for you to be so guilty without remorse and misery. Aspasia seems to be insensible to the nature of her crime. Her mind appears to be in utter darkness—and her heart follows the bent of its passions, without any check from a conscience in which there seems to be no light,—at least this is your description of her, Dunallan; if it is just, I fear there is little hope of reaching that conscience, while she is surrounded by the illusions of flattery;—but when her day of adversity comes, my dear Dunallan, remember

that her soul too is immortal; and that, as you have assisted in drawing her into guilt, every consideration binds you to leave no means untried to save her from destruction. Perhaps her separation from you may prove that day of adversity to her:—you ought to rejoice if it does, provided she returns to virtue, and if you can be the means of showing her the path to it. I hope, Dunallan, you will soon learn this secret yourself;—I hope you will soon know Him, whom to know is eternal life—whom to know is rest, purity, peace, light, happiness, inexpressible! inconceivable!' He seemed again lost in feelings, which appeared too powerful for his weak frame, and which gave his countenance an expression of joy so heartfelt, and of peace so profound, that I felt almost willing at that moment to suffer the beloved spirit to depart. His eyes again fell on me, and he smiled with his usual sweet serenity.

"'My dear Dunallan, I cannot describe to you the happiness I enjoy at this moment.'

"'And yet, Churchill, you seem to be in pain, and breathe with such difficulty ——'

"'O! that is nothing!' interrupted he, 'let my breathing be still tighter, and my pulse flutter on; I now wish for no delay. There was but one care which hung so heavily on my soul, I shrunk from death. I had no faith to cast it on his mercy, who in this precious volume invited me so to do; and he has in his gentleness conde-

ended to show me ere I depart, that he is the arer of prayer. My beloved Dunallan, you ere that painful heavy care, and you have been ought to me. You have promised to abandon at course which was leading you to everlasting arkness. You have promised to study this vo- me, which will guide you to that state to which now hasten. I have no farther fears. My gra- ous, my glorious Master will accomplish the novation of your spirit. We shall meet in his ngdom. Tell my dear Walderford all this. le laments that he cannot be with me; tell him die in perfect peace. My mother has placed e treasure of her heart in heaven; her earthly rovision is sure,—she will lead her children in er steps. I know who is to be appointed to suc- eed me in the charge of my people. I know he ill feel a still deeper interest than I did in their verlasting concerns. My friend is reclaimed! racious Lord, I thank thee!' He sunk back uite exhausted; I thought he was gone, and ang violently, then raised and supported him on ny breast.

"His mother entered, accompanied by a woman vhose countenance expressed the deepest grief; hey were both greatly alarmed; but though Churchill could not speak, he smiled, and mo- ioned to them to approach.

"'Let me relieve you,' said his mother to me.

"'No, no,' said Churchill faintly; he seemed

pleased to lean his head on my breast. He took his mother's hand, and attempted to speak, but could not.

"'You need repose, my dear Edmund,' said she.

"'I *feel* repose,' replied he, in a low voice.

"'Thank God, you always do, Edmund.'

"'Suffer me, dear Madam, to watch his repose,' said I, dreading to be torn for a moment from him.

"She looked at me, and then at him, and attempted to smile, but burst into tears.

"'I believe I must be left with you, nurse,' said Churchill to the woman who had entered with his mother, 'and attempt to recover a little strength for one more evening service with you all.'

"I reluctantly yielded my precious charge, and followed Mrs. Churchill to an apartment where her family were assembled. It was a numerous one; the youth whom I had already seen, and six boys and girls still younger.

"'Are all these the brothers and sisters of Churchill?' asked I.

"'All but this boy,' replied Mrs. Churchill, 'he is my child, and Edmund's brother, by adoption; he is an orphan.' She introduced them all to me by name. 'Edmund has been brother and father, and tutor, and friend to them all,' added she.

"Mrs. Churchill spoke with composure, but the ildren could not restrain their feelings. George, e eldest, left the room; and the orphan boy rew himself on the floor, and hiding his face, ept bitterly.

"'Poor George,' said his mother, 'he can ppreciate his brother's character: I know not ow he will bear——' she stopt; but recovering erself, said, 'God can give strength suited to ur day of weakness.'

"Grief soon does away all ceremony; we were a short time perfectly intimate, and I felt a weet pleasure in having the little brothers and isters of Churchill in my bosom, and hanging pon me. Mrs. Churchill spoke quite freely to me; and when George returned, and saw that e all wept, he staid and gave vent to his grief lso without control.

"Churchill soon sent for us; his countenance ightened on our entrance, but he appeared xtremely ill. All gathered round his bed, and he children seemed to have their particular places ear him. The youngest slipt down from my rms, climbed upon his bed, and, getting as near im as she could, put her little face close to his. He smiled, and kissed the little rosy cheek, then ooked round on all the children with an expression of melancholy pleasure. The servants entered, but turned away their faces when they saw he pale looks of their young master, and the lit-

tle head that leant upon him. His poor nurse sunk upon her knees, and concealed her face upon his bed. Mrs. Churchill, pale as marble, sat with her eyes fixed upon her son. He, with great difficulty, prayed a few short but fervent sentences for those around him, then looking at me, and faintly smiling, he said,

" ' I cannot express what I wish.' Then telling George what part of Scripture he desired to have read to him, he looked for a moment at his mother, then at the children, and then at me. I held his hand in mine; it was cold, and the pulse fluttering. He pressed mine feebly, then turning away his face, laid his other hand on his eyes, and seemed to listen with the deepest attention. When George read that passage from our Lord's prayer on the eve of his sufferings, ' Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am,——' Churchill raised his hand for a moment from his face, and looked towards heaven. A smile of rapture was on his lips; he again covered his eyes; George read on in a broken voice, but he betrayed no farther emotion. His hand at last fell gently from his face. Mrs. Churchill uttered a scream of terror on seeing the pale and fixed look; he did not hear it; the pure spirit was at last free.

" I will not, my dear Catharine, describe the scene that followed—indeed I cannot. Mrs. Churchill was a Christian, and had the support

f one. I had no support, and nature and rea-on yielded for a short time to the agony of my elings; thank Heaven, it was but for a short ime.

" It was morning when the confusion of my deas began to subside, and the dreadful truth gra-lually returned to my recollection. I started from he bed where I had been laid, and perceiving ny poor worn-out servant asleep, I softly left the oom, determining once more to look on that be-oved countenance, in which I had so long read he soul of Churchill. I saw a door half open, nd entered the room; but could scarcely believe I was in the apartment of my departed friend. There was none of the mockery of death, all was as if nothing unusual had happened. A window was open, into which had strayed the flowering branch of a white lilac that grew against it, and now filled the apartment with its perfume. I hoped I had only been dreaming of misery, and approached the bed. The curtains were closed; but, on gently drawing them aside, I felt the reality of my wretchedness when I discovered Churchill's mother leaning over his pale corpse. She started on seeing me, but held out her hand with a smile that resembled Churchill's.

" 'He is still himself,' said she, turning again to gaze on his countenance; 'how placid! how profoundly peaceful! I would not bring him

back for a thousand worlds. Oh, God, only permit me soon to follow him! Yet I am wrong in this wish; but I feel so helpless now when that countenance which used to animate my heart is so still!' she shuddered; 'Oh, God, support me!'

"I shall not attempt to describe the day that followed this morning, my dear Catharine, nor the waking of the morning after. Mrs. Churchill's composure when I met her on this second morning surprised me. It was at the door of my friend's apartment; she had locked it, but held the key to me smiling faintly.

"'You wish again to view that forsaken cottage of clay; the spirit is now gone, indeed; we must form new ideas of his state, and learn how to follow him there. May God give you the support he has bestowed on me,' added she, 'it is sufficient even for the widow and the childless!'

"There was an expression almost of delight in her countenance as she spoke.

"'Will you join us soon?' she asked, as we parted; I promised, and left her, almost deprecating any support which seemed to me so unnatural.

"'And can the mother of Churchill so soon desire to mourn without the bitterness of grief for him!' thought I, as I entered his silent room,

and, with a sickness of heart uncovered the pale face of my friend. She had said right; the impression of his exalted spirit had left its earthly tenement; the features, though still beautiful, bore only the straitened character of death. I remained contemplating his changed countenance with the most wretched and gloomy feelings, till I was interrupted by some one tapping softly at the door of the room. I went to it, and found one of the little sisters of my friend.

" ' Mamma sent me to fetch you,' said the little thing in a whisper; but though there was an expression of concern on her infantine countenance, it bore the bloom of health and peace, and she smiled when she invited me to go with her.

" ' So you also have learnt not to feel, little creature,' said I reproachfully to the child, and putting away the little hand she had laid on mine. She looked hurt and abashed at my reproof, but said nothing, and lingered behind me. After going a few steps I turned to make up for my harshness to the sweet child. She had stolen into her brother's room. I softly followed, and perceived her, with an expression of fondness, press her little cheek to his.

" ' So you still love your brother,' said I.

" ' This is not Edmund now,' replied the child; ' Edmund is in heaven, and this is only the house in which his soul lived; and Mamma says this body must be laid under the turf and flowers be-

side Papa's to sleep for a long, long time, till Papa and Edmund return to them again, when they shall awake and go to heaven too—and Edmund is quite, quite happy now.'

" ' And was Edmund not happy before ?' asked I.

" The child hesitated,—then said, as if she told me something very sacred, and looking mournfully at the pale countenance as she spoke,—'I think not quite, for I have seen him weep.'

" ' Weep !' repeated I.

" ' Yes. When he used to bring me into this room, and bolt the door, and kneel down, and make me kneel down beside him, and then pray to God; he sometimes wept when he said,—Oh God ! be a Father to this child, and teach her to know thee,—and then he used to take me into his bosom, and speak to me about God; and he used to do this with us all.'

" I could not stand this, and exclaimed aloud, ' Oh ! God of this house, be my God !' I started at my own prayer; my whole character flashed on my recollection. An adulterer ! against conviction; against the strongest remonstrances of him who now lay before me—impossible ! I attempted to overcome the feelings the innocent recital of the child had inspired, and to recal my former opinions respecting Churchill's religion. ' It was enthusiasm,' thought I, ' a happy superstition, natural to innocent and glowing minds;'

but I could not convince myself. 'I must be laid where he is ere I know;—and then—but whatever is then disclosed, this world is now a hateful blank to me,' thought I, as I turned away from the cold remains of the being on earth I had most really loved.

"I joined Mrs. Churchill and her young group. She still appeared composed; but when we were all seated as she wished, and she attempted to preside as usual, her composure entirely forsook her. She struggled however with her emotion, and at last so far overcame it as to do all she wished, though she spoke none.

"After an almost untasted breakfast mixed with tears, and audible sobs, Mrs. Churchill, pale as death, and scarcely daring to trust her voice to say a few words, gave each of the elder children some occupation necessary in their mournful circumstances. She then held out some letters to me, and said, with emotion,

"'Will the task be too painful? I cannot answer all the letters and inquiries I have received. Will you assist me?'

"I immediately took them, and sat down to my melancholy task. I was surprised at the number, and deep interest of the inquiries respecting my departed friend. How could he in that remote corner, and in so short a time, have acquired so many, and such warm friends? How could he have obliged so many? for each letter

expressed the deepest consciousness of obligation, as well as the most earnest anxiety for his recovery.

" ' Before Mr. Churchill came to this neighbourhood,' said one, ' I had sought for happiness in vain. The phantom still seemed at a distance, though I imagined that I possessed all that was necessary to bring it to my bosom. He taught me where to seek it, and how to find it, and now I thirst after a delusion no longer, but possess the reality, or at least know its source.'

" ' Mr. Churchill,' said another, ' though young enough to be my grandchild, is my spiritual father; and is he to go before me! Would to God I might lay down my useless age in the grave, to preserve him to his family, and his people! but our irreparable loss will be his unspeakable gain.'

" ' Assure Mr. Churchill,' said another, ' that his unwearied kindness, and forbearance, and gentleness, has not been so entirely thrown away on me as I fear he suspects. He knows I love him; but he thinks I hate the strictness of his virtues; but it is for them I really love him; and though he knows it not, he has never recommended a book to me that I have not read with my deepest attention; nor warned me against an opinion that I have not immediately suspected its soundness; nor given me an advice that I have not at least attempted to follow; nor a re-

proof that did not bind my affections closer to him.'

"Such passages were in every letter. Many seemed to be from people of the lower classes. Mrs. Churchill wished them all to be replied to respectfully and kindly; and that those who had so highly valued the principles taught by her son, should be made acquainted with their complete efficacy, in supporting him through his last moments.

"This was a painful day; I would have shrunk from every thing but indulgence of my grief; but I felt ashamed of being weaker than the mother who had lost her support, and first earthly hope; and was left to struggle alone with both grief and cares. She gave herself no indulgence.

"On the fourth day my beloved friend's remains were laid in the grave—a scene so mournful, I do not wish to recall it; yet it showed me still more fully how Churchill had been beloved. Indeed this impression is almost all I recollect; for in attempting to suppress my own emotions before so many witnesses, I was incapable of observing what passed around me. One circumstance I will recall. When the service was over, and the coffin was lowered into its narrow house, an old man, with his gray head uncovered, read aloud what was marked on the lid—'Aged twenty-four,' and clasping his withered hands,

exclaimed, 'He is laid low, and an old cumberer of the ground is left! But thou doest all things aright,' added he, raising his eyes dimmed with tears to heaven. Poor George, the brother of my friend, whose composure hitherto had surprised me, at the exclamation of the old man, joined to the chilling sound of the mould thrown on the coffin, fainted, and fell lifeless into my arms. The poor youth was carried away, but I could not go until I had seen the last melancholy duties concluded. When all was over, a young man, of very graceful appearance, whom I had not before observed, approached, and, with a look of much emotion and concern, offered his arm to me. I felt very faint, and gladly accepted the stranger's kindness. We lingered at the grave after all was finished, indeed every one seemed reluctant to leave the spot. At last we slowly turned from the narrow abode of my friend, my counsellor, my all. The young stranger walked with me to the entrance of Mrs. Churchill's house. He inquired with great interest about her, and her young family; and attempted to say something regarding his acquaintance with Churchill, but was soon too much affected to proceed. On taking leave, he named himself to me—the Mr. Clanmar, whom, my dear Catharine, you are acquainted with. We had known each other as children, but since that time we had not met. He was now on a visit to

a maternal uncle in that part of England. His manners and sympathy were pleasing to me, and we parted mutually desiring to meet again.

" I had nothing now to detain me at ——, but an earnest desire to be useful if possible to the mother of my friend. She was perfectly open with me on every subject; but though I found that the independence Churchill had deemed secured to his mother, was extremely limited, her spirit was too like that of her son for any one to presume even to insinuate a wish to interfere in her private concerns. She saw, however, that I was dissatisfied with what she told me of her circumstances and future plans, and said, smiling sadly—

" 'You will often, I hope, Mr. Dunallan, be able to judge for yourself, whether we are comfortable. You, I am sure, will not forget us. Perhaps,' added she, 'you think me proud. I read in your countenance that you do, and I fear I must confirm you in that opinion of me, when I assure you that nothing would be more painful to me, than any attempt, either open or disguised, to deprive me of that feeling of independence, which perhaps I value too highly, but which has been made dear to me by peculiar circumstances. You, Mr. Dunallan, will not condemn me, I believe, for having preferred these circumstances to any other, with such a companion as Edmund's father, when I tell you that

your departed friend greatly resembled, and, excellent and amiable as he was, did not excel that father in any quality of the head or heart. I married Mr. Churchill, not against the consent of my family, for he would not have married me on such terms; but their consent was mixed with disappointment and pity, and a dread of our becoming dependent. Thank God, that has not hitherto, in the slightest degree, been the case—less so than even those very friends have wished. They asked my children from me, when they saw them so lovely and engaging. They wished to adopt our Edmund, but his father would never consent to part with one of his treasures, or for any worldly advantage remove them from the influence of those principles which he thought more valuable than all that the world offered without them. Edmund pursued his father's wishes—indeed they were his own; and to this moment we have been wholly independent of friends. I wish to continue so. I trust I shall be enabled to lead my children aright. This now is the use of my existence. When it is accomplished, I shall be permitted to depart, and be with those who have the best and greatest share of my poor affections.'

"I could say nothing to all this. There remained only one means of showing my love and esteem for my departed friend,—the poor consolation of marking the spot where he lay; and even

this was denied me by the affectionate ardour of his parishioners, who had requested his mother's permission, on the day of his funeral, to erect a monument to his memory and usefulness among them; and I was only permitted to be a sharer in this last tribute of affection.

"I prepared to leave ——, and to go, I knew not whither, and I cared not. I detested the idea of home, and determined not to go where it was possible I should meet Aspasia. All other parts of the creation were alike to me. Clanmar was much with me the few days I remained at ——. He, however, had no power as yet to engage my attention or affections. I became every moment more abstracted, and only longed for solitude wherever I could find it. Clanmar wished to travel. He proposed it to me. I liked the plan, because I would have liked any change; but the idea of his being with me did not please me; yet he was so feelingly attentive to me, so considerate and indulgent to my humour, that I could not help being grateful, and agreed to do as he wished. He seemed delighted, and immediately set off for London to make every necessary preparation. I took a melancholy leave of Mrs. Churchill, and her sweet and interesting family, the night after Clanmar's departure, and left her house very early in the morning after—a beautiful morning in spring. All was in complete contrast to my feelings—all looked smiling

and gay. The fields were fresh and beautiful. The birds, the children, as I passed their cottages, all seemed only awakened to happiness. Even Churchill's grave, when I went for the last time to lay my aching head and breast upon it, was gilded by the rays of a bright morning sun; but no gloom was ever near him.

"It was towards evening when I stopt at a small inn in the little town of ——. My thoughts during this solitary day had been most painfully gloomy. Like all who are young in misfortune, I felt as if heaven had marked me out for suffering; and the gay appearance of nature around me seemed to mock at the grief that was inflicted: while recollections of Churchill, his ardent affection, his wise and gentle admonitions, his friendship so tried, so perfect, lost to me for ever, overwhelmed my exhausted and rebellious spirit.

"Gloomy and miserable, I followed my conductor to a little parlour of the inn, and, desiring that I might not be disturbed, continued to pursue my wretched thoughts. The noise of the house did not interrupt me, but that of a carriage driving rapidly into the court did. I dreaded meeting any one I knew, and impatiently approached the window to discover if I had any cause for this fear. It was an open carriage, in which there were two ladies and a gentleman. One lady's face was turned away, but I knew the figure too well, and started back from the window.

It was Aspasia. I cannot describe the confusion of my feelings—my promise to Churchill—recollections of Aspasia—friendship—honour—tenderness—yet my first impulse was to fly from her. But I dared not venture to pass near her carriage. I had promised never again to see her. The expression of heavenly joy which animated Churchill's countenance when I made that promise, was again before me, and the scenes that followed. I became calm, and determined to remain where I was till she departed, and then hasten to where I should have no dread of ever beholding her. I waited in anxious expectation to hear the carriage drive away, but in vain; and I began to dread an intention on her part to remain at the inn during the night, and determined, should that be the case, to leave the house as soon as I possibly could, without being seen by Aspasia. But a more severe exertion than flight was destined for me. After listening anxiously to every sound, for what appeared to me a tedious length of time, my servant entered, and presented me with Aspasia's card, saying, 'The lady was in a parlour below, that she could only stay for a few moments, and desired to see me.'

"'And who informed the lady that I was here?' asked I, angrily.

"She had seen my servant, and recognised him.

"I felt myself a coward. I dared not go to

Aspasia. I dared not trust myself to see her; indeed, I had promised I never would. I could not send a message. I dreaded the effects, should I suddenly break to her my intention to part from her for ever. I hesitated in a state almost beside myself, but hearing a noise below, and dreading that she herself might come in search of me, I desired my servant to admit no person whatever, and rapidly wrote the following few words to Aspasia:—

"'I cannot see you, Aspasia. If you knew how I am changed you would not wish to see me; my most ardent desire is, that you should forget my miserable existence. I shall soon write to you more fully—quite fully. In the mean time spare me.'

"I sealed my note and sent it, desiring my servant to follow me as soon as he could get horses, and determined to leave the inn on foot to escape the possibility of meeting Aspasia. I had to pass the parlour where she was, and approached it softly. What poor and shrinking creatures guilt makes us! I heard her voice exclaim,

"'What! a note! where is Mr. Dunallan?'

"'Gone, madam,' replied my servant. I started at the happy falsehood.

"'Gone! gone! how! impossible!' exclaimed Aspasia.

"'My master has left the house on foot,' replied my servant, whom I never before detected

falsehood, 'and has ordered me to follow the carriage as soon as I can get horses.'

I thought Aspasia had returned into the par- and approached softly to pass the door; she l in the entrance, a little turned from me, was slowly reading my note. I advanced ıer step; she started, and turned round; I ; as if transfixed to the spot; she became ly pale, but with a look of disdain, waved ıand for me to pass, then regarding me more ly, her countenance softened into an expres- of pity and tenderness.

'How changed indeed!' exclaimed she, look- arnestly at me, and then observing my deep ning, she burst into tears.

'Forgive me, Dunallan,' said she, 'but why ou shun me? Do you think I am only form- amuse you in the day of prosperity? You ot know me, Dunallan,' added she, passion- .

'I do know you, Aspasia,' replied I, ely daring to trust myself to look at her; 'I you are too noble, too generous, too—— his is not a place in which I can explain my- observing people approaching. 'Come in- is room a moment then,' said she.

'No, no, I must not, I cannot. I shall write he instant it is in my power.'

'But when shall we again meet, Dunallan?'

'I cannot tell; I will write every thing.'

'You must not leave me!' exclaimed she,

quite regardless of the people who were collecting near us, 'you shall not leave me, till you have fixed a time for us to meet again.'

"'Impossible, I am going abroad.'

"'Abroad! when? Do you go alone?' asked she eagerly.

"I knew not what reply to make, and, annoyed by the people who gazed at us, I peremptorily ordered them away, then seizing Aspasia's hand, led her into the parlour, and said, as coolly as I could, 'I go abroad immediately; a friend goes with me. We shall not return for some time. Aspasia, we ought, and we must forget each other. But allow me to write, I cannot speak.'

"She could not either, but became excessively pale.

"'Farewell,' I attempted to say, but could scarcely articulate the word. She bowed coldly. I went towards the door, and opened it, when I was arrested by a deep sob. I turned round, and saw Aspasia just fainting. I flew to her, and received her in my arms as she fell. I gazed at her pale and lovely countenance as it lay deprived of animation; 'and this is my work!' thought I, 'and can it be virtue to leave her to suffer? No, it is cruel, detestable selfishness. I laid her on a sofa, and rang for assistance, and then, regardless of what happened, supported the lifeless form in my arms. The room was soon filled with people, who looked strangely at me, but I cared not.

The lady and gentleman also entered who had been in the carriage with Aspasia. I knew neither. They looked surprised and alarmed, and the gentleman eyed me with looks of suspicion and displeasure, and approaching, haughtily offered to relieve me from my charge.

"'I shall apply for relief when I wish for it,' replied I, with equal haughtiness, 'and when I see any one I deem entitled to offer it;' and then giving orders to those around me to bring assistance, I continued supporting Aspasia until the efforts of the lady who had been her companion restored animation. She opened her eyes, and looked languidly around; but at length fixing them on the gentleman, who, after my angry reply, had stood silent at some distance, she started,

"'My brother! and where is ——' she did not pronounce my name, but, looking eagerly around, she discovered her own situation, and whose arms supported her. An expression of pleasure for a moment brightened her countenance, but instantly changed to alarm on again turning to the now stern aspect of her brother. She started from me, and seizing his hand,

"'Augustus,' said she, 'I will explain all this to you;' then turning to me, 'Now, my friend, I shall detain you no longer.' She seemed anxious I should depart.

"Her brother coldly withdrew his hand from

hers, and desiring every one to leave the room, as there was no further need of assistance, also with a haughty look included me in the number. The others instantly obeyed; I stood still, returning his haughty looks with interest. Aspasia approached me, and, with an imploring expression of countenance, 'I entreat you to leave me,' said she.

"'Since *you* wish it, I certainly will, Aspasia, but I remain here this night;' and, throwing my card on the table as I passed her brother, I slowly left the room.

"When again shut up alone in my apartment, I dared not trust myself to think; but, pacing in agony from one end to the other of its narrow bounds, repeated to myself an hundred times, 'The die is cast! my fate is determined; I cannot draw back!' When a recollection of Churchill would have returned to me, I repelled it with terror; it brought distraction with it. I continued pacing my room, and listening to every noise, as I expected a messenger from the brother of Aspasia—but none came. Night drew on, and I knew not what to dread or hope. I rang for my servant, and inquired if the party still remained in the house. I was answered in the affirmative; that they had continued shut up together with Aspasia ever since I left them, and had given orders that they should not be disturbed. It was supposed that they would remain for the

night. My servant also informed me, that the lady who accompanied Aspasia was the wife of her brother, Colonel Hartford. I knew the character of this lady. I had often heard Aspasia speak of her as one of those plain, sensible, correct women, whom she never could make comprehend what she felt on any subject. I now began to feel for Aspasia more than for myself. What might she not suffer from an angry brother, and a sister so unlike herself! I almost determined to break in upon them, and offer her my protection, but dreaded adding to her difficulties. It was past twelve o'clock when my servant brought me the following note:

"'Colonel Hartford requests a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Dunallan at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. Colonel Hartford is aware that any communication from him to Mr. Dunallan would have mutually been more agreeably conveyed by a third person; but the nature of the conversation he alludes to makes that impossible.'

"I immediately wrote a note consenting to this meeting, and then returned to my miserable thoughts. From what I had seen of Colonel Hartford, I foresaw that a conversation with him, could only end in a meeting of a more serious nature; such a meeting, for such a cause, must for ever ruin the character of Aspasia, and then every law of honour, and of the world I

had lived in, bound me, should I survive, not to abandon her. I groaned in agony as I finished this sketch of the future. Churchill's dying words and looks had mingled with my thoughts, and I again hurriedly paced my chamber, attempting, if possible, not to think at all. I did not go to bed, for I could not sleep, and I dreaded its quiet. At last I recollected that these moments might be the last I should have, as our meeting would not probably be long delayed if Colonel Hartford should feel as I expected he would. I wrote to Aspasia, and to my father, and to Mrs. Churchill, though the last almost deprived me of my little remaining fortitude. As I finished these letters the day began to dawn. It was a fresh and beautiful morning; and I felt, as it brightened, that my thoughts only changed from the deepest gloom to the most overpowering sadness. That sun I had seen gild the grave of my friend the preceding morning, it might soon also gild mine; and should we then meet? If he had not believed an illusion,—never! and if he had, all was only uncertainty, and uncertainty brings no peace even to the guilty. If I survived, my broken promise to Churchill would live for ever with me; but Aspasia would not be unhappy, and I should at least suffer alone; each alternative shut out all hope of happiness; I knew not which most to dread. At last I yielded to fatigue, and throwing myself on the

bed, slept till my servant called me to meet Colonel Hartford. My short sleep had revived my spirits, and I entered the room where the Colonel waited for me, prepared to meet the haughty and threatening looks with which he had eyed me the evening before. His back was to me as I entered, but when he turned round, I was struck with the change in his appearance; he was now pale, and evidently distressed, though attempting to suppress his feelings. After the door was closed, and a short, and, on his side, an embarrassed pause—

" ' Mr. Dunallan,' said he, ' I am acquainted with your character, and think that, in our present circumstances, I shall act most wisely by being perfectly open with you.'

" I bowed, I believe coldly, for I was not prepared for such an address.

" A slight flush passed across the brow of Colonel Hartford, and he stopped and hesitated. ' I am not accustomed,' added he, a little haughtily, ' to ask favours. I do not well know how to set about it; particularly where ——' he stopt;

" ' Where you have been injured;' said I; ' Neither am I accustomed to inflict injuries,' added I, ' and I know not how to plead guilty.'

" Colonel Hartford smiled, though the smile was a sad one.

" ' I am right, I perceive,' said he, ' and will proceed. Aspasia has confessed her affection for you, Mr. Dunallan,' added he, looking on the ground, and reddening as he spoke; ' but she has authorised me to say, that she feels for her family, and will attempt to subdue a passion, the indulgence of which can only end in her and your misery. This, however, I confess, has been extorted from her by entreaties, and every possible means; and, I feel too certain, would yield to one wish of yours.' The Colonel paused.

" ' What do you wish me to do?' asked I.

" ' Mr. Dunallan,' replied he, ' I have no reason to suppose my wishes could overcome such feelings as I witnessed yesterday. I would appeal to those feelings, and ask you, if they can endure seeing the creature you so much love, the victim of shame, and remorse, and guilt?'

" I started, for I perceived that Aspasia's brother was deceived, and supposed her still innocent. He ascribed my change of countenance to another cause.

" ' I see,' said he, ' I speak to one still young in evil as in years.'

" I shook my head, too conscious of his mistake.

" ' You think not. Well, be satisfied with what you know of it; and be assured that guilty pleasures are fatally injurious not only to

happiness and to respectability, but even to the powers of the mind, to all that is valuable in this world; and, if there is another—but I go too far. I wished to appeal to your generosity. Aspasia has married into a family very different from her own in all their opinions and sentiments. She has too completely adopted those opinions, which are pernicious in the extreme, and her own family are deeply distressed on this account, for she is beloved by them all. Were she to yield to the influence of the false views of right and wrong which she has adopted with regard to the most sacred of all connexions, she would kill a father whose life has been devoted to his children, and who could not survive their dishonour. She would,—but I shall say no more; you must understand me, Mr. Dunallan; my meeting you in this humiliating manner, on such a subject, must prove to you the extent of the misery I attempt to avert.' He turned away, almost overcome by emotion.

"'I do understand you, Colonel Hartford, and shall be equally frank with you. I cannot promise never again to see Aspasia, because I dare not trust my own promises. You will believe this, when I tell you, that it is not yet a fortnight since I promised to the friend I most loved on earth, and that friend in his last moments, that I would never again see Aspasia; and though

misery must follow the breach of such a promise, I have broken it.'

"'But did you not meet her by accident yesterday?'

"'I did; and attempted to shun her; but when she fainted, and I again found myself near her, I determined to give up all rather than quit her. In intention, at least, I have broken that most sacred promise.'

"'Break it no farther, and you will be able to forgive yourself,' said Colonel Hartford.

"'And Aspasia—unfortunate.'

"'I know exactly how you will feel regarding her,' interrupted Colonel Hartford, 'but all reasoning must be false, Mr. Dunallan, which supposes a life of guilt can, even in the society of the most beloved object, be a happy one. Leave Aspasia to reflection, and the cares of her family. I assure you they shall be tender cares; and she certainly will be less unhappy than she would be were she guilty.'

"'I go abroad immediately,' replied I, 'that, I believe, is a better security than my promise. One letter I must write to Aspasia. If I dared, I would say it should be the last.'

"'Mr. Dunallan,' replied the Colonel, 'I feel secure of your sincerity at least; and see plainly that your own happiness depends on your separation from my unhappy sister.'

"We then parted, and I immediately set off

for London. I felt as if I had escaped from destruction; yet I deeply blamed myself for having seen Aspasia, at least I might have avoided much that had happened; and I felt all the degradation of guilt, when I recollected that I had left Colonel Hartford without having undeceived him; yet this I thought, for Aspasia's peace, I could not do. But one crime gradually taints the whole character. An adulterer must overcome his repugnance at being a hypocrite also. I did feel happier, however, and again dared to indulge in recollections of Churchill. I now regarded him as almost my guardian angel; yet I could not banish thoughts of Aspasia;—most painful, sometimes almost insupportably painful thoughts.

"In a few days I embarked with Clanmar for Italy. I do not mean, however, my dear Catharine, to describe to you at present any of those countries through which I wandered for the two following years. My admiration of the beauties of nature, and my thirst for knowledge on every subject, did not abandon me; but they were influenced, for most of that time, by the wretchedness of my feelings.

"We passed the first six months in Italy. Clanmar was, for a short time, almost as miserable as myself; but his grief was soon over, and he again sought those pleasures and amusements, in which a youth of idleness, and complete indulgence, had led him to seek for happiness. Yet he never forgot his melancholy companion, but

sought to draw me into those scenes which he found, at least for a time, dissipated his own melancholy; for Clanmar was formed for higher pursuits, though early neglect had left his uncultivated mind a prey to all the impressions it might receive from books that interested his passions, or amused his idleness, without informing his mind; and from the scenery of a beautiful country, to which he was exquisitely alive. But Clanmar's amusements and pleasures had no charms for me. Your sex, my dear Catharine, to whom he was devoted, I shunned, for I felt a melancholy pleasure in sacrificing all the fascinations of their society to the recollection of Aspasia. I had kept my promise with regard to her, and had written but one letter, though her answer to that one had breathed nothing but despairing wretchedness. I had been a hundred times on the eve of returning to England to offer her my love and protection, but was happily deterred by the recollection of Churchill, and of her brother's conversation with me. I however wrote to Colonel Hartford, that he must at least let me hear of her, if he expected me to remain at a distance; and he wrote me with extreme kindness, frankness, and feeling. This correspondence was the only pleasure of my existence. I wandered from one scene of beautiful ruins in that beautiful country to another. I inquired into the nature of the government of each state, and the character of its inhabitants; and all seemed to be, like myself, the wretched remains of

something better and greater. Clanmar's pursuit of pleasure, at the expense of every thing else, at times grieved me, but I felt as if it was impossible to decide what was good and what was evil. The time had been, that I could have expatiated to him on the powers of the human mind, and the happiness to be derived from its cultivation; but that time was over. I felt my own weakness, and pretended not to teach another. When the mind, my dear Catharine, is in this weak, and useless, and gloomy state, I believe it is natural to feel a rebellious displeasure at the Author of our existence; at least I felt this to an extreme degree. When I beheld the profuse beauty of nature, contrasted with the misery and degradation of those for whom it was created, instead of feeling that it was the effect of goodness, it seemed derision. I had read the observations on parts of the Bible, which my ever-lamented Churchill had written for me. I was reading attentively the Bible, also, which he had given me, and because he had loved it I held it sacred, though my mind and feeling still revolted at many parts of it. I, however, became acquainted with its contents, and with its language and style; and had discovered the sources of all Churchill's peculiar opinions. His own observations were short, but powerfully convincing. As yet, however, this volume, so prized by him, had no influence whatever on me.

"After leaving Italy, we went into Switzerland, and its scenery for a time wholly engrossed both Clanmar's attention and my own. He sought for no other pleasure than that of contemplating it; and I, too, for a time, forgot all other things. Born and reared amidst mountainous scenery, this had an indescribable power over us. We thought we could have remained for ever with pleasure amongst its sublime and varied beauties. But Clanmar, in a short time, again longed for his usual pleasures and amusements. He went into society in search of them, and left me much alone. My melancholy returned, and I spent eight or nine miserable months almost in solitude. During this time, however, one cause of my unhappiness was removed though even its removal left a sting of disappointment and bitterness. Aspasia had learned to live without me, and even to be happy. Colonel Hartford had written me regularly, and with the compassionate concern of a father; and his last letters had described Aspasia as the charm of every society, by her powers of conversation, and other attractive graces. I felt certain that Colonel Hartford had always written me the exact truth, and I was forced to believe him on this occasion; but though it was a relief to me to know that Aspasia was not unhappy, I also felt that now there was not a creature on earth who really loved me.

"It was at this time, my dear Catharine, that

my father became urgent with me to return home. You know, my sweet friend, what his wishes were; and you will now understand how little I could feel disposed, at that time, to look for happiness in a new attachment, or to hope to find that warm and constant affection my heart sighed for in any of your sex. I excused myself to my father, and left Switzerland to remove myself farther from his entreaties.

"I now endeavoured to forget Aspasia, and happier feelings began to return. Thoughts of ambition and a desire for distinction sometimes resumed their long lost power over me. 'What had I done,' thought I, 'to prevent my aspiring to any degree of eminence? What had I done, that any young man in my situation, and with my temptations, would not have done?' I sometimes felt as if Churchill had led me to think myself more guilty than I really had been: but no feeling of displeasure against him ever gained admittance twice; and when I thought of returning to the world and to active life, my consciousness of weakness made me desire most anxiously to find some principle to guide and strengthen me more powerful than any I yet knew.

"I determined, therefore, to study again, and more carefully, that system which had so completely influenced my almost perfect friend. I shut myself up for this purpose several hours every day. I studied with my whole attention,

and at last, with the assistance of what Churchill had written for me, I became master at least of the system of religion which he had drawn from the Bible. I had followed him through the whole scriptures, and saw clearly, that this system was supported by every part of them; or, rather, that it was an abstract of the whole spirit of those scriptures. I found that, according to them, man was originally created for the happy purpose of knowing, and serving to glorify the Author of his existence. All his powers and affections were formed for those noble purposes: all his felicity was to flow from the exertion of those powers and affections to those exalted ends. But man had not fulfilled the purposes for which he was brought into existence. He had disobeyed the goodness which had bestowed life upon him, and had perverted his power and capacity of choosing for himself, by offending in the single point in which it was possible for him to do so: he had chosen to know evil, at the known risk of incurring the displeasure of God, and he was justly given over to its influence.

"Thus far, my dear Catharine, I could acquiesce; but next followed, that the children of our first, unhappy, rebellious parent, inherited his guilt; and though still in possession of the powers, and capacities, and affections at first bestowed on him, these were so influenced by evil, that though still ardently thirsting for that hap-

piness for which they were originally destined, they sought it every where but from its true and only source, and therefore were continually disappointed.

" Churchill attempted not either to explain or vindicate this doctrine, so difficult to comprehend or reconcile to our ideas of justice. He found it in every part of scripture, and only asked the question, ' Whether the state of the moral world could be accounted for on other principles?' I supposed he had been aware that he could not defend this point, and read on; but, on the contrary, I found that upon these principles the whole system was founded, and every page that followed only tended to their illustration. The state of the human mind and heart by nature, I found uniformly represented in scripture as defective in all that is valuable in the sight of heaven, and always deserving of its displeasure; and that deliverance from this displeasure is absolutely necessary, before we can be restored to the favour of our Creator. The means of this deliverance, Churchill pointed out to me, was revealed in the very beginning of the scriptures, and discovered more and more distinctly down till the coming of Him whom, eighteen hundred years after that event, Churchill had loved with the real and deep conviction of his heart, as his Lord, and Master, and Saviour.

" This was my beloved Churchill's religion.

He, perfect as I thought him, regarded his own nature as perverted and depraved, and was fully convinced that he required an atonement to expiate his guilt; a holiness to answer for that law broken by him; and a new principle of life to restore the affections of his heart, and the capacities and powers of his mind to their original object and use; and all these, he had often declared to me, before I had attempted to understand him, he had found in the knowledge of that divine Being who is 'despised and rejected of men,' till they have sought happiness every where else. 'But,' he would add, with the deepest emotion, 'none who find Him seek farther.'

"I now knew Churchill's system, and in some degree understood it, but I knew not how to make it my own. I felt that it did account for the state of my mind and feelings. I had sought happiness in guilty pleasures, in ambition, and in the study of men, of books, and of nature, and I was still wretched. But how was I to find what Churchill pointed out to me? How was I to ascertain that all he had felt was not an illusion?

"One beautiful evening I had walked out by the lake, my thoughts busily occupied with the subject I had been studying, and from that cause, even more than usually alive to the beauty and sublime grandeur of the scenery around me. I had got into a solitary recess at the foot of one of the mountains which surrounded the lake, and

remained long in this favourite retreat, sometimes deep in thought, sometimes contemplating with rapture the varied beauties which surrounded me. The lake in all its splendour lay before me. The sun poured its bright rays into its bosom.

"'Oh! that thy Creator would illuminate mine!' I ardently sighed as I gazed on its brightness; and, bending my knees for the first time since I had knelt at my mother's lap, I burst into tears.

"This softness was luxury to a heart which had been so long imbittered and rebellious.

"I attempted to pray, but I knew not how. I wished from my soul I could believe the scriptures, but uncertainty clouded my ideas of the Being before whom I knelt. Yet when I rose, though life had not been poured into my soul, the calmness at least of the lake had entered into it. From that day, my dearest Catharine, light also began to dawn. I read, I reflected, I learnt to pray, and at last found that peace which is past understanding,—that source of happiness which, as my friend had said, when once found, we seek no farther. The knowledge of which makes all else in comparison wholly valueless.

"And now, my dearest, sweetest friend, you know all the events, and misery which led to that change in my opinions, which you have so often heard ridiculed.

"I feel no surprise that it should excite ridicule. How can I, when I recollect the light in which those opinions I have now adopted once appeared to myself?

"I have little more to say, my sweet friend. From the time I fully comprehended the first principles of the Christian religion, every thing in nature, every thing in society, every feeling, and every power of my heart and mind appeared to me in a new light; but I learnt slowly, and have still much to learn, of the extreme weakness and ignorance of the human mind; and of the perversion of the heart, and the strength of its passions. I have now, however, discovered the source of true knowledge, true virtue, and true strength. That you, my beloved Catharine, should also discover this, is my most ardent and constant prayer.

"After I had been abroad about three years, I was called to England by the melancholy intelligence that my only sister was thought dangerously ill. I hurried to her; but my aunt will tell you her melancholy story, my dearest Catharine. I witnessed in her the powerful and happy influence of those principles I had embraced,—they soothed her bed of death.

"We conveyed her from one place to another, in the vain hope that change of air and scene might restore her, but without effect. On our return from ——, we stopt at Mrs. Churchill's, and there my sister became so much worse, that

she could not be removed. Mrs. Churchill was a mother to her, and she remained in her house till the last scene was over. Mrs. Churchill rejoiced in my change of sentiments, and in the cheerful, and at times even joyful resignation of my poor sister.

"Mrs. Churchill's family had improved under her care in every way. George was at college, the younger children amiable and interesting, and in all the bloom of health, happiness, and peace. Poor Mrs. Churchill looked wonderfully older, grief had made slow but sure ravages in her constitution, resigned and pious as she was.

"During my stay in England, I met many of my former friends; but, in general, we mutually found each other changed. Walderford and a few others still retained their affection for me, and I became, through Walderford, acquainted in society in which my newly imbibed principles were understood and valued. Amongst these I formed many friendships; but an unfortunate wish of my father's made me abandon all these, and again leave my country. I need not name this wish to you, my dearest Catharine, but I would explain to you why I felt so averse to fulfilling it, and my chief reason was this:—I had learnt that a promise had been won from you, while a mere child, similar to that which my father had obtained from me. I shall tell you how I became acquainted with this. For a short time

after I returned to England, my sister's illness took a more favourable turn, and I took that opportunity to pay an unexpected visit to my father. I found him in the same most unhappy situation in which I had left him, and the more kindly he received me, and the more affection I felt for him, the more distressing was it to witness that situation. I had only been one day at home, when my father returned to his favourite theme—my settling in my own country. He made me the most extravagant offers. I endeavoured to evade giving any answer; but that was impossible, at last I said,

" ' But, my dear father, do you wish to have your son rejected by Miss Dunallan? You describe her as surrounded by the most agreeable admirers. I have no chance in such a competition.'

" ' Oh,' replied he, ' you are safe; the lady may amuse herself in making conquests, but it is many years since she made a promise never to marry any man but the one chosen by her father.'

" ' Many years!' repeated I, ' Miss Dunallan is still very young.'

" ' She is,' replied my father, ' but Lord Dunallan has taught her to regard her promise as sacred, and she is one of those proud spirits who feel more bound by such engagements, than by the ceremony of marriage itself. There is but

one event can break this bond,' added my father, 'and you will read it there,' giving me a letter.

"It was from your father, my dear Catharine, and its contents confirmed all my father had said, and declared that th y thing which could absolve his daughter r promises, was his permission to make ano choice, a permission nothing would induce to give but the certainty that I wished to c the connexion.

"I detested this ty y, and determined as far as I could, consist ly with my promise to my father, to give you, my dear Catharine, the power to make a choice for yourself; and in displeasing your father by delay I supposed that I promoted this plan.

"After much entreaty I obtained my father's consent again to go abroad; for, determined as he was, that I should sometime fulfil his wishes, his naturally yielding temper could not resist my importunity in asking delay.

"I will not conceal from you also, my dear Catharine, since I now can with truth say I was deceived, that I disliked the character I had heard of you; and, believing also that I should be very little suited to your taste, I looked upon our union as the beginning of misery, as far as domestic concerns could produce it, to both of us. I therefore took leave of my friends, and my country, and again became a wanderer.

"You know, my dearest Catharine, what called me home and what followed. It was during my stay abroad that, at the request of some friends in England, I undertook my present mission. They knew my wish to remain abroad, and that I cared not where, but only longed to make my existence of some use to my fellow-creatures—and now I am banished for I know not how long.

"I have put you in possession of all my secrets, my sweet friend, shall I add this most true one, that, during my banishment, I look forward to your letters, to your promised confidence and friendship, as my dearest and most longed for earthly pleasure. Adieu, dearest Catharine, remember your promise of perfect openness with your devoted friend,

"E. H. DUNALLAN."

CHAPTER XII.

CATHARINE had been so completely absorbed while reading Dunallan's letter, that the time had passed away quite unobserved. She had read it with the most varied feelings. Some parts she scarcely, even after several perusals, understood. Conscious of this, she was again searching for those passages, when to her surprise, she was summoned to meet Mrs. Oswald at dinner. She complied with the summons, but was so absent that she answered at cross purposes whatever was addressed to her. Mrs. Oswald at last gave up all attempts at conversation, and continued to eat her dinner in silence, but soon exclaimed,

"Oh stop! don't eat that, my dear."

"Why, Madam?" replied Catharine, starting from her reverie.

"Because, my love," said Mrs. Oswald, continuing to laugh, "you have declined John's offer of sugar, and have completely covered your pudding with salt."

Catharine blushed and joined in Mrs. Oswald's laugh; and during the rest of the time she re-

mained in the dining room, she was tolerably present to what passed.

After dinner Mrs. Oswald said she had a short letter to write, and Catharine had again engaged herself as deeply as ever with the contents of Dunallan's packet when obliged to meet Mrs. Oswald at tea. Now, however, there were no servants present, and she avowed the cause of her absence of thought. Mrs. Oswald seemed to enter quite into her feelings, and rising in her quick way after tea, said,

"Good bye, my dear, I shall be busy till we meet at prayers, and I believe you will not be at a loss to find employment; whenever you have any thing to say to me, however, remember I am quite at your command."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I shall have a great deal to say to you, but as yet I scarcely know where to begin."

"I know that, my love, so good bye. I hope Edward in that letter has made you fully acquainted with all his singularities."

"Not quite; he still refers me to the books he recommended to me; and, though he avows that his intention in thus kindly—thus condescendingly, making me acquainted with all his secrets, as he calls them, is to describe to me the change that has taken place in his opinions, yet, when he comes to describe what that change is, he does so in a few short sentences."

Mrs. Oswald smiled, "That is, indeed, rather provoking, my love, and I will not attempt to plead his excuse. You must make your complaints to himself." She then left Catharine, who returned to her letter.

"Yes, I must complain to himself," thought she, pleased with the idea; "but what shall I say to many parts of this letter? Aspasia, what can I say regarding her? Unfortunate Aspasia!" thought she, sighing; but recollecting that she had been the means of rendering Dunallan guilty and unhappy, and then had forgotten him, she thought of her only with detestation; the idea of her was painful, and she attempted to banish it, but could not succeed. She, however, was quite aware, that, in his attachment to Aspasia, contrary as it was to the morality of religion, Dunallan had not been more guilty than many others who regarded their past lives without any apparent feeling of self-reproach. Her father, and those friends with whom he most frequently associated, had spent their younger years together. Some of these they had spent abroad; and Catharine had often heard those years of gallantry and dissipation recalled as the happiest of their lives. It was true her presence had sometimes been forgotten when the charms of Madame de —— or Lady —— had been expatiated on with delighted recollection; and when her father and his friends had reproached each other, or rather

from their tones of voice, complimented each other.

"Ah, Sir Hugh, you were a sad inconstant fellow!"

"And you, my Lord Dunallan, have nothing to reproach yourself with on that head certainly, ha, ha!"

"Do you remember that poor devil S———, Sir Hugh? Do you remember how he was managed by his pretty, intriguing, little wife,—your hundredth love, as you used to call her?"

"And whose affections you, my Lord, stole from me. Ah, you mean to pay a compliment to the strength of my friendship when you recall that story!"

Catharine had always been disgusted by such conversations, and she loved Dunallan for the misery he had suffered while entangled in guilt. She ardently desired to comprehend those principles which he described as so powerful, and whose influence seemed so delightful—so purifying. She ardently wished that she also might feel their influence; for she had learnt to esteem Dunallan's understanding too highly to believe that his reason could be subdued by an illusion of his imagination, which she had supposed the case with those enthusiasts, with whose notions she had been led to suppose Dunallan was tainted. She had read various parts of his letter over many times, and sat in deep thought over its

ıtents. Dunallan's attachment to Aspasia was part of his story which, however, left the ;pest and most unpleasing impression, and ich still recurred when she attempted to fix · thoughts on other subjects. She could not guise the truth to herself; Dunallan had been ;sionately attached to this woman, who seem- by his description, to have been very charm- :. Catharine sighed when she recalled that ;cription: "Such powers of conversation! ch grace! Such cultivation of mind!" "Ah!" ıught she, "these are the charms which irre- ;ibly attract the heart against its better resolu- ıs! The innocence of a country education, l of country morals, must be approved of on ıl reflection; but can reflection guide the ırt? Can religion dispose of the affections as it ases?" She shook her head incredulously at ; idea; "or does Dunallan's religion, which ms to consider the human heart so evil, forbid to fix our affections at all on what is so un- rthy? No; for how ardently does Churchill e his friend!" Catharine had wept over urchill's story. "Unhappy Dunallan!" thought ; "while I supposed him wandering every ere in search of pleasure, regardless of the n he inflicted on his father, he has himself en endeavouring to fly from suffering—and m me," she could not help adding. "But he ıst shrink from the idea of ever again being at-

tached to any one; and after what he has known of real affection, how hateful to him must be the idea of a connexion for life with a creature he may neither be able to reason nor moralize himself into loving."

Thus far only had Catharine arrived in arranging her ideas, when again obliged to join Mrs. Oswald.

"Well, my love," said that Lady, "are you now more reconciled to Dunallan's method of making you acquainted with his sentiments?"

"My dear Mrs. Oswald," replied Catharine earnestly, "will you be frank with me, and reply to a few questions I wish extremely to have answered?"

"Certainly, my love."

"Well, then, my dear Madam, tell me first, does your religion, and Mr. Dunallan's, lead you to think every body bad, however amiable they may appear to be? Do you really believe that, if we knew the hearts of every one, we should find them all bad? For this, I think, is Mr. Dunallan's opinion, and I confess it appears to me a very shocking opinion."

"The opinion, as you state it, my love, is certainly not Dunallan's, at least, not exactly so. Such an opinion supposes the whole world hypocrites, and those who appear most amiable only most hypocritical. This is not his opinion certainly; it is not even his opinion that we

ought to form an unfavourable idea of any one, but upon the most positive proofs that they merit it."

"Yet, my dear Madam, both he and his friend Mr. Churchill consider the most perfect goodness to which we can attain as of no value—at least, so I understand him; but you yourself shall judge of what he says."

"I am perfectly acquainted with his sentiments on that subject, my dear Catharine; they are my own. It is my love, in the sight of a holy God, that he believes and feels that every human creature, however amiable he may appear in the eyes of his equally defective fellow-creatures, must appear worthless and guilty."

"Worthless! guilty! Do you not use very strong terms, my dear Madam?"

"No, my dear love, I use the words of the Bible, which says that the human heart is 'desperately wicked.'"

"Every human heart, Madam?"

"Yes, my love, no exception is made."

"And can you really believe this Mrs. Oswald, and still love your fellow-creatures?"

"My fellow-sinners, my Catharine. My belief of this ought, and sometimes does, to a painful degree, increase my love and sympathy for them."

"But I suppose, Madam, the Bible means, that,

compared to the perfections of the Divine Being, human nature is weak and insignificant."

"No, my love; for though this is assuredly the case, reproaching us on this account would have been unjust. We only deserve censure when we put our powers to an unworthy use, not because those powers are weak and limited. It is a comparison between those rules given us by God in the Bible, to direct our conduct and affections, and the manner in which we ourselves choose to direct that conduct and those affections, which proves to us that we are naturally inclined to act differently from the will of God, and to feel love, and hate, and hope and fear, for those objects which are totally different from those which God commands us to love, and hate, and fear, and desire; but I preach, and will tire you at this late hour."

"Oh, no, my dear Madam, I feel the deepest interest in conversation such as this. You seem to think that we naturally incline to disobey the commandments of God; now I think, if I only knew his will, it would delight me to obey it."

"And is there any difficulty, my love, in knowing that will on every occasion where we have to think or act?"

"But I am not conscious of ever having intentionally acted very contrary to that will."

Mrs. Oswald smiled.

"Why do you smile, my dear Madam?" asked Catharine blushing.

"Ah, my love, nothing could prove more forcibly to me, that you have never attempted to make that will the rule of your life. Recollect, my Catharine, the first requisition of that will, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind, and all thy strength.' But good night, my sweet love; may you be enabled to form just opinions on this most important, most interesting of all subjects."

Mrs. Oswald and Catharine then parted; but Catharine did not go to sleep. After dismissing Martin, she again returned to Dunallan's letter; nor did she leave it till reminded of the hour by the dawning day.

Next morning she would gladly have dismissed Martin for another hour when she came to call her, but, recollecting Mrs. Oswald's smile the night before, she got up, and, though languid and unrested, was ready to appear at the hour of prayers.

This day brought another letter from Dunallan. It was short and hurried, written just before he sailed, but full of such deep and tender concern for her, that Catharine, unable to restrain her tears, retired to her own apartment, to indulge the mingled regret and pleasure it inspired. "Why did I not know him sooner?"

thought she; "why did I suffer prejudice to blind me to his character? How lively, how deep must his feelings be, who, in the midst of business of such importance, can find time to write thus kindly—thus sweetly, to a creature whom he can only pity. But perhaps——" She read his short letter again. Every word might have been addressed to a sister. It concluded thus: "Adieu, my sweet, my lovely, and beloved friend." "Well, my dear, my excellent, my beloved Dunallan," thought Catharine, "whatever are your feelings for me, the aim of my life shall be to deserve your most valued esteem, and when you return, you may perhaps yet be happy in your home."

With that resolution, Catharine immediately set about that exact scrutiny of her own character, and constant attention to its improvement, which she thought necessary to fit her for a companion to Dunallan. She eagerly began to form rules for spending every moment of her time to advantage, and she determined they should on no account be infringed.

She had, after many alterations and improvements, completed this plan, and commenced the occupation she had proposed for the coming hour; which was to read, with a determination to yield neither to fatigue nor dullness, one of the books recommended by Dunallan. She, however, found it neither dull nor tiresome, but, on

the contrary, was reading with very deep interest, when a servant came to announce two visitors—Mrs. Ruthven and her daughter.

"How vexatious! How troublesome!" exclaimed Catharine, "Is Mrs. Oswald with the ladies?"

"No, Madam, Mrs. Oswald is gone out.'

"I shall be with them immediately. How provoking!" continued she, "my whole plan destroyed at once. But I know at least how to prevent very frequent visits," putting up her books and papers, and leaving them with regret.

Mrs. Ruthven's appearance soon disarmed Catharine of her displeasure. She was a very fine looking old lady, with a pale and interesting countenance.

"I fear I have interrupted some agreeable occupation, Mrs. Dunallan," said she, after the first compliments were over.

Catharine hesitated——"I was only reading, Madam."

"But can any occupation be more interesting?"

Catharine smiled, and confessed, that she had indeed been very deeply engaged. "I fear," added she, "my looks have betrayed my want of hospitality; the book I was reading ought to have inspired me with very different feelings."

It was the mild and pleasing expression of Mrs. Ruthven's countenance, joined to a maternal

kindness, and sweetness of manners, that always reached the heart of the motherless Catharine, which so soon brought her to this frank avowal of her fault.

Mrs. Ruthven looked fixedly at her for a moment, with more than the common interest which beauty and amiable manners inspire; and then sighing deeply, turned her eyes to a portrait of the last Mrs. Dunallan, which hung on the opposite side of the room. Catharine followed her eyes; she looked for some moments, and then sighed very deeply.

"You knew that lady I suppose, Madam," said Catharine.

"I did, and ——"

"And you remember how different she was from the present lady," interrupted Catharine, with a playfulness which, however, did not prevent her eyes from filling with tears.

"I am not yet acquainted with the present lady," replied Mrs. Ruthven, her eyes also filling, "but unless the promise is very false, I must grieve that my departed friend has not lived to possess the one blessing she desired above all others—a daughter. But this is a foolish regret," added she, smiling sadly. "It is many years since I have been in this house," continued Mrs. Ruthven, "but the happiest hours of my life were spent in it. You will not be surprised, therefore, Mrs. Dunallan, at my

wishing once more, before I die, to see it, and her who is in future to be its chief ornament and happiness. I know you will tire of an old woman, but ——"

"Oh! do not think so poorly of me," said Catharine. "The first desire of my heart is to resemble your friend, Mr. Dunallan's mother. There is no person I have desired so much to see, as one who could describe her to me."

This was a welcome theme to Mrs. Ruthven, and when Mrs. Oswald, an hour after, returned from her walk, she was surprised to meet, at the entrance of the house, Catharine, holding in hers, the hand of the infirm old lady, while she supported her with her arm thrown around her waist, and listening so eagerly to her as they walked, that she did not even observe Mrs. Oswald's approach.

After a cordial embrace on the part of Mrs. Ruthven and Mrs. Oswald, Catharine and her infirm companion proceeded in their interesting conversation, leaving Mrs. Oswald to entertain poor Miss Ruthven, whom Catharine had entirely overlooked.

"I wish once more," said Mrs. Ruthven, "to view that spot where my departed friend so often charmed me by her sweet and heavenly conversation. She always succeeded in warming my cold and worldly feelings by the ardour and purity of her piety. Though many years younger

than I was, she had got far before me in her course. The world had become nothing to her, though still fitted to adorn it. She knew its vanity, and longed to leave it; while she acted as if its duties were her delight."

"But," asked Catharine, "did she not wish to live on her son's account?"

"He had been taken from her," replied Mrs. Ruthven. "She knew his father would leave no attempt untried to destroy the early lessons of piety she had attempted to impress on his young mind—this was her severest trial; but she had learnt in a wonderful degree to join the most unwearied exertions, where human exertions could avail, to the most perfect submission and confidence in the Divine will, where those exertions were fruitless. 'Perhaps when I am gone,' she used to say to me, 'Mr. Dunallan may think more favourably of my principles; at least he will lose his dread of them, and endeavour no further to eradicate the impressions I have attempted to make on the mind of my child. I have committed him to God, who, I feel almost confident, will answer the prayers I have offered up, ever since his birth, for his best interests. God is my witness, who gave me the desire, that to see him truly religious, to see him even the most lowly gifted servant of my Lord, would delight me a thousand times more, than to see him, without religion, the most exalted of human

beings. God has formed him all that the fondest or vainest mother could wish; and when his own best time comes, he will impart to him that living principle which will direct all his powers to the honour and glory of the giver, and then he must be happy.' Her prayers have indeed been answered," continued Mrs. Ruthven; "I trust, that those she so ardently offered up for you, my dear Mrs. Dunallan, may be equally so."

"For me!" repeated Catharine.

"Yes, for you. She knew the plans formed by her husband and Lord Dunallan to unite their families; and foreseeing that those plans were likely to succeed, she felt, and prayed for you with the tenderness of a mother."

Catharine was much moved, and walked on in silence. At last, guided by Mrs. Ruthven, they stopt at the very spot where Dunallan had chosen to spend his last evening before he left Arnmore. Catharine had visited this spot daily since that time—it was indeed her favourite resort; and when Mrs. Ruthven stopt, she inquired, with much emotion, "if that had been the favourite retreat of Mr. Dunallan's mother?"

"It was her chosen retreat," replied Mrs. Ruthven, "where she enjoyed that solitude and communion with heaven which were too often interrupted within doors, by the strange caprices of her husband." Mrs. Ruthven looked mourn-

fully around. "How lovely! how flourishing!" exclaimed she, "while she who planned and arranged all these beauties is ——"

"Is surrounded by what is far more glorious and beautiful than this," interrupted Catharine, pressing the hand she held in hers. "That reminds me of her," said Mrs. Ruthven, smiling sadly. "She who felt as a mother for you, my sweet young friend, hated every thing like gloom; and used to say to me, when overpowered by the lowness of my naturally weak spirits, that she would not suffer me to be melancholy when I knew the true source of joy and happiness: nor would she allow my imagination to follow those I loved to the horrors of the grave, when, as she said, I was invited to contemplate them amidst the spirits of those made perfect in happiness, as well as purity."

"Oh! that I did resemble her," exclaimed Catharine. "I must tell you, Mrs. Ruthven," continued she, "the reason why I received you so inhospitably this morning. I had been forming a plan of life for myself in this solitude, where I am determined to remain till Mr. Dunallan's return; and I had forgot that I should have any thing in the world to do but attend to this plan, which only included the attempt to improve my own mind and feelings by the strictest attention to them; and by the assistance of some books recommended to me by Mr. Dunallan: and my

only other intended occupation was to attend to some institutions for the improvement of his people, which he trusted to me. Now, my dear Madam, as I commenced this plan of mine, by feeling extremely discomposed on hearing of an interruption, which I now find was to give me very great pleasure, I think my plan must be very defective; and I should greatly wish, if the recollections are not too painful to you, to know how your friend, Mr. Dunallan's mother, found time to do all she did, for Mrs. Oswald quite discourages me by the accounts she has given me. Mrs. Oswald, however, was herself early separated by marriage, and always afterwards resided at a distance from Mrs. Dunallan, and only tells me what she heard from others."

"I shall be most happy, my dear young friend, to tell you all you wish to know on this subject," replied Mrs. Ruthven; "and I feel grateful for the confidence you have placed in me respecting your very natural little disappointment this morning, when interrupted by my visit. I admire your design of forming a plan. I also very much approve of your intention to remain entirely at home during Mr. Dunallan's absence; so much so, that I shall not even ask you to visit me, much as I should prize such a visit; but you must make no exceptions, as you will give offence in a county where Mr. Dunallan's family has long been one of the first consequence; but be-

the other hand, believing as simply, the promise of a new nature to those who ask it aright, she applied in humble confidence to her Saviour for that new nature; and while thus employing the means appointed by himself—reading with an ardent desire to comprehend and obey—praying for the power—examining her heart and soul in his presence, with the single wish that they might be wholly and unreservedly devoted to him, she felt that promised peace which passeth understanding, and cannot be described. She returned to the world tranquil and serene—she had reposed her cares on that arm which supported the universe—she had fixed her supreme love on the same glorious being—she had implored his aid, to preserve her in that line of duty, which was pleasing to himself; and, in her continually difficult and trying circumstances, no voice for many many years before her death was ever heard to speak of her but in terms of praise and admiration. It seemed indeed as if the promise of the prophet had been fulfilled to her, 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.' She was the life of every society, though she generally contrived to give a more grave and rational turn to the conversation, than many of her husband's friends would have relished in another; but her character was so well known, and at the

same time, her anxiety for the real interest and happiness of every fellow-creature, was so evident, and so sincerely earnest, that those who did not abandon their vices and irregular habits, yet candidly avowed to her their belief that goodness alone could produce happiness, and seemed to feel an unaccountable pleasure in describing to her the dark and melancholy thoughts which sometimes imbittered their calmer hours. In short, my dear young friend, this most amiable of human beings was so, because she received the power from on high—a power which she had learnt so greatly to value, and to connect in her thoughts so intimately with happiness, that in seeking the one, she felt she was also seeking the other; and therefore she began each day by devoting its first hours to this pursuit. The events of the day she considered as guided, or overruled by the providence of her God and Saviour; and she received whatever was presented to her, of happiness or disappointment, as from a father who knew her nature, and what it required to improve it, better than she herself did." Mrs. Ruthven paused, and looked round at Catharine, who had leant back while she spoke—she was in tears.

"Why this, my dear young friend?"

"I cannot tell," replied Catharine, smiling, and wiping them away, "I really cannot tell; but I wish I knew the *happiness* of religion: as yet I only know it as a restraint, or, at most, I

feel admiration for the character of the Divine Being through the beauties of his creation."

"Follow on to know the Lord, and you shall know him, my sweet young friend," replied Mrs. Ruthven, with great tenderness; "and believe me, who am a weak-spirited sinful traveller to that better country, that the knowledge of Him, even to the weakest and most unwilling to trust in his goodness, is a source of peace and happiness which, though it may not save them, through their own weakness and culpable want of faith in his promises, from many sins and sorrows, yet is so superior to all the world can give, that when once attained, we scarcely need any other proof of its being the gift of heaven."

"Thank you, my dear Madam," replied Catharine, "I believe all you say, and hope I shall one day understand it. In the mean time, I shall attempt to imitate Mr. Dunallan's angel mother, at least in studying the will of God on my bended knees, the first moments of every day. But here comes Mrs. Oswald. We must, my dear Madam, resume this conversation again."

"Certainly, my sweet Mrs. Dunallan, it can scarcely be so delightful to you as it is to me."

Mrs. Ruthven remained two days longer at Arnmore, and Catharine learnt much of *her* character, whose steps she now so ardently wished to follow. On going away, Mrs. Ruthven offered to leave her daughter with Catharine, to en-

liven, in some degree, a solitude, which appeared to her too severe for one so young, and so evidently formed to love and be beloved in society, Catharine felt her kindness, and though Miss Ruthven had excited little interest in her feelings, she accepted the offer with gratitude. But though she attempted to make the time pass agreeably to her guest, she could with difficulty at times command her wandering thoughts, while conversing with the amiable, gentle, but commonplace, Miss Ruthven.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE morning after Mrs. Ruthven's departure, Catharine was called an hour earlier than heretofore, and began that examination of her own heart, which she had determined should be the first occupation of each day; but she scarcely knew where, or how to begin. She knelt down with the Bible open before her, and became overpowered with a kind of awe quite new to her. "How very serious is this occupation!" thought she, when she recollected Mrs. Ruthven's description of the manner in which Dunallan's mother had performed it. She had examined every motive and desire of her heart, as if in the presence of her Creator. Catharine attempted to do the same. She read, and prayed that she might understand. She reflected on her past life, and compared it with what she knew of the precepts of Christianity, and she saw, that in that pure light it appeared only a succession of trifling pursuits, and a continued indulgence in all that her heart desired, without any reference to the Being who demanded the first place in that heart. She rose from her knees humbled and dejected; and, for some days, though she persevered in her morning task, yet she felt no increase of happi-

ness; on the contrary, she was at times really miserable. Gradually, however, as she became more acquainted with scripture, she perceived that peace of mind did not consist in ignorance of the strictness it required, as she had been tempted to think, when, on comparing her heart and life with its demands, she found, that the more she knew them, the more was she convinced that she never could perform them. She had said to herself repeatedly, "No human creature can; the sincere attempt must be all that is required:" but she could not rest satisfied with this conclusion, because she could find no satisfactory answer to the question which necessarily followed, "Why were rules so impracticable given to direct us?" But as she read on, in simple earnestness of mind, the Christian system opened more fully to her understanding. She read Dunallan's short sketch of its outlines with the deepest attention: she conversed freely with Mrs. Oswald, who greatly assisted her in this search after truth. Catharine's was not a mind that could acquiesce submissively in remaining ignorant on any subject that had once excited her curiosity, and on one of such vast importance as that which now occupied her thoughts, she sought information with unwearied ardour, and she gradually, but clearly and convincingly, discovered the meaning of those parts of scripture which had at

and had described her own and Catharine's disappointment at never hearing from him; and his neglecting to reply to her letters at first surprised, and then alarmed her.

At last the long looked-for letters did arrive. Catharine retired with hers to her own apartment. She dared not trust herself to read it in the presence of the young party now assembled at Arnmore. She trembled so violently she could scarcely break the seal. She at last, however, unfolded this long, long expected letter. One page, and the half of another was written. She dared scarcely read.

"I have just received your letter, my dear Catharine, and answer it immediately." "My letter!" exclaimed Catharine, "My twenty letters!" for she had not ceased writing to him, though, of late, colder in her expressions of esteem and gratitude. She read on—

"You say you continue to find pleasure in the occupations I recommended to you. Mrs. Oswald also assures me that you seem happy. I endeavour, therefore, to banish my uneasiness on your account. You know there is nothing which I should not feel it my duty and happiness to attempt, which could in the least degree add to your comfort, or even amusement; unfortunate and most guilty as I feel myself to be, in having deprived you of the power of choice in the most important of all your earthly concerns, I

would not so often repeat this, did I not wish to impress on your mind how greatly I feel this consideration adds to your every other claim on me. I feel your generosity in assuring me that you are not unhappy, and your goodness in desiring to please your absent friend in all you do. Be assured I am not ungrateful; yet I wish you more to follow your own inclinations. Whatever you do will most please me, if I think it has interested or amused you.

"My friend has not deceived you in saying, I may be home sooner than I expected when I left you; but, dear Catharine, excepting, if possible, to discover your wishes more perfectly, my coming home, be assured, will make no difference. I ask only to be regarded as your friend, as the person on earth most bound to watch over your happiness, and who must ever be

Your sincere, your devoted

EDWARD DUNALLAN."

Catharine read, and reread this letter. She compared it with his last;—how changed! Yet it was not unkind; it was, as he ever was, feeling and anxious for her happiness, even to a degree that lessened his own; but his manner of writing to her was too, too plainly changed. What could he mean, particularly the last part of his letter? "I have expressed myself too kindly to him," thought she, blushing as she thought, "and

this is the way he has chosen to show me that he thinks so. A few weeks' absence has proved to him, that the interest produced by pity for my unhappy situation cannot last, and he fears my foolish affections will be fixed on him in a way he cannot return.

Catharine threw herself on her knees, and wept bitterly. She prayed for submission to the Divine will—to all its dispensations, however painful, however mortifying. "I require to be mortified—I know it," continued she; "enable me to love the hand that chastens to improve. I would fix my affections on earth—raise them to thyself, and teach me to believe in the love I cannot see in this bitter draught."

Catharine remained more than an hour alone, and then returned to Mrs. Oswald and her guests, perfectly composed, though pale and dejected.

Mrs. Oswald said nothing of the contents of her letter, and Catharine made no inquiries; she perceived, however, that Mrs. Oswald was remarkably grave, and treated her with more than her usual tenderness. Catharine dreaded that she had something painful to learn regarding Dunallan, and earnestly examined Mrs. Oswald's countenance, to discover what she had to fear. Mrs. Oswald seemed to read her thoughts, and held out the letter she had received, saying, "I have no secrets, my love." Catharine took the

letter reluctantly, but Mrs. Oswald pressed it upon her; and inviting some young ladies who were present to go with her and examine some newly arrived plants, Catharine remained alone.

Dunallan's letter to his aunt was kindly, but not cheerfully written. He did not mention Catharine till near the close of the letter. He expressed pleasure at hearing she was not unhappy: "She is young to every thing," continued he; "Novelty has still many charms for her; and if the disposition, you my dear Madam describe, increases, I hope it may be possible to preserve her at least from unhappiness during those years in which hope and imagination are so vivid, that the quiet and rational enjoyments which I alone can offer her, appear irksome and insipid; after that period, there may, perhaps, be some real happiness in store for both of us;—but no more of this. Happiness, my dear aunt, I need not remind *you*, is not to be often found on this side the grave. If I could feel innocent in the part I have acted towards her!—but that is past now beyond recall." This was all that was said of Catharine; but there was a degree of impatience to be home, expressed in this letter, which surprised her. "Why should he wish to be home? What happiness can home offer to him?" thought she. "But I always regard myself as all that he possesses at home. How absurd! What, to such

a man as Dunallan, is one private connexion! If his feeling heart could be satisfied that I was happy, he would soon forget my existence. I only am a load to him—a cause of pain and anxiety. This shall not be. I will write so as to convince him, that I at least know, that the source of the purest happiness is not in this world—not even in possessing the affections of the most perfect beings it contains; and I trust, that in seeking happiness from its only true source, the liveliness of hope and imagination will be so directed, as to convince him that it increases that happiness a thousand fold."

Catharine returned her letter to Mrs. Oswald without making any remark, who received it also in silence.

At night, when the rest of the party had retired to their apartments, Catharine followed Mrs. Oswald, "Will you admit me for a few moments, my dearest madam?"

Mrs. Oswald drew her affectionately into her bosom, "My beloved Catharine, I know what you must have suffered during this day of disappointment. But, my love, I am completely persuaded that there is some mystery hangs over this long silence of Dunallan's, and this strange alteration in the style of his letters—some mistake, that only requires explanation."

Catharine kissed Mrs. Oswald tenderly, and

then drew away from her. For a few moments she could not speak. Mrs. Oswald herself wept.

"My dear, kind Mrs. Oswald," said Catharine at last, "this has indeed been a day of bitter disappointment to me; but I think you will believe that I neither deceive myself nor you when I assure you, that it is not so insupportably severe as I dreaded it would be when I first read that long-looked-for letter. The idea, that every event of my life is ordered exactly as it happens by a tender and merciful Father, is almost as powerfully present to my thoughts and feelings as the painful contents of these letters; and the idea is so sweetly soothing—so elevating, that I cannot say I am very unhappy; indeed, what I feel, though it is unlike common pleasure, is superior to it. But, my dear Madam, I do not believe there is any mystery where you suppose there is; and I am now come to ask you to make me a promise without which I cannot feel satisfied."

"If the promise is, not to attempt to unravel this mystery, my dearest Catharine, do not ask me, for I cannot give it."

"Then, my dear Madam, I must submit, and indeed be most wretched."

"How, my love?"

"Because, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I cannot

help feeling certain, that this idea about mystery is quite groundless. You will lead Mr. Dunallan to suppose that I expect more of his regard than he can bestow; this will make him consider himself unjust, and then he will be unhappy; and this is the only thing I now really dread, and which would, I am sure, make me miserable."

"Ah, my Catharine," replied Mrs. Oswald, "would you, from such false refinements, such trifling delicacies, suffer some injurious mistake, some deception to proceed, which may in the end prove fatal to the happiness of both?"

"But, my dear Madam, how is it possible there can be any mistake? Mr. Dunallan must have received our letters—it is plain he has from some passages in his. The only mistake is this, that I have supposed he felt more tenderness for me than he does, or can. You, my dearest, kindest Mrs. Oswald, have assisted me in this delusion, and Mr. Dunallan wishes to undeceive us."

Mrs. Oswald shook her head, "What romantic delicacy, my love; it is unworthy of you."

"But, Madam," replied Catharine, rather hurt, "it is I who must suffer either way; may I not at least have my choice?"

"Certainly, my love; forgive me, if, in my anxiety for your happiness, I seem to forget your

right to dictate in what so nearly concerns yourself."

"Forgive me, my too kind Mrs. Oswald, I may be, I probably am, wrong; but will you at least wait till I have had time to think over this matter?"

"In the way that Dunallan's mother used to examine every subject?" asked Mrs. Oswald, smiling kindly.

"Yes," replied Catharine.

"Surely, my love; your decision, after such an examination, will entirely satisfy me."

Catharine never found such difficulty in deciding any question. There was surely no *good reason* against Mrs. Oswald's making the simple inquiry she wished; yet, when obliged next morning to join that lady, and her other guests, Catharine had been unable to form any opinion which satisfied her on the subject. After breakfast, Catharine, who had never suffered visitors, or any other cause, to prevent her from attending to those institutions intrusted to her by Dunallan, prepared to go and visit her school. Mrs. Oswald offered to accompany her; and, on their way, inquired whether she had formed her opinion on the subject of their conversation the preceding night.

Catharine hesitated. "Is it necessary that one should be able to give a convincing reason

for every difference of opinion, Madam?" said she at last; "for I confess that, after I have thought over, and studied this subject almost ever since we parted last night, I have been unable to find one reason which you will admit, for differing from you; yet I still do so as much as ever. May feeling, or delicacy, or instinct, or any thing you choose to call it, not decide on some subjects?"

Mrs. Oswald smiled. "I see that you have come to the same conclusion I have, my dear Catharine. I have found it vain to try the merits of this subject by any rules but those of feeling; and I remember when I should have felt exactly as you do; and, therefore, for the present at least, I must just do as you wish."

"My dear Mrs. Oswald, a thousand thanks! This is too good! Oh, how I thank you!"

"But you will write Dunallan, my love?"

"Yes, I ought—I must; but I know not how ——"

"Write naturally, my Catharine, write just as you feel; I also shall write by this evening's post: our letters must go together, since I am to say nothing about you. Your letter may cost you some thought; I shall attend your school for you if you choose to return and write it now; your guests will expect you to join them soon."

Catharine gratefully accepted of Mrs. Oswald's

offer. She felt that her letter would indeed cost her much thought. She dreaded betraying the slightest feeling of disappointment; and she equally dreaded any expression escaping her that friendship alone might not dictate. After many changes, and still unsatisfied with what she had written, she was obliged to conclude and join her guests.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.